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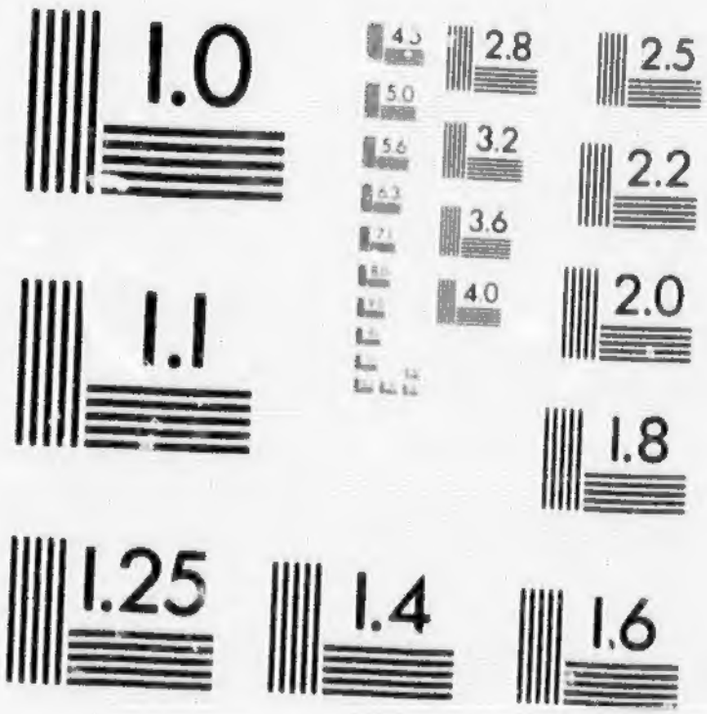

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THE ISLAND
SCRAP BOOK

Presented to the Rev. Dr. Chas. D. Cleveland,
by Hubbard Cole Winslow to the
Pastor of Rochester D. C. Colonade, on
his 70th Birthday, celebrating the 40th anniversary
of his Eighteen Hundred-Day.
December 15th 1881.

"Preach the Word; be instant
in season, out of season; reprove,
rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering
and doctrine." 2 Tim. 4:2.

THE

ISLAND SCRAP BOOK.

EDITED BY G. HUBBARD.

CHARLOTTETOWN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR.

DEDICATION.

To Captain Orlebar, R. N.

Honored Sir,

In being allowed to dedicate this trifling Production to you, I do it with a feeling sense of veneration.

It is now above seven years since I crossed the wide Atlantic, since I left my native shore, "*The Isle of Beauty*," I then quitted it according to Stipulation made in London for three years. How far that Agreement has been auspicious; or to what extent, we have answered your benevolent design, the telling touches of time shall best declare.

In further presenting this Publication, I must also accompany it with my fervent wish, that you and your Lady may long enjoy life with all its most desirable blessings, and that your sons and daughters may rise up into the same; to increase the more your domestic felicity.

I Remain,

Respected Sir,

Your obliged

and dutiful Servant.

G. Hubbard.

Juv. and Inf. Schools,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Oct. 30 1850.

PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READER.

In presenting this trifling work to your notice, I must accompany it with a few observations in reference to its origin, &c., and the manner in which it was got up. This I do on purpose to secure your consideration for the many *errata* and *irregularities*, you may discover in the production.

Feeling myself some time ago, in want of a little amusement, having some leisure hours, I was tempted to try the good nature of my neighbour Mr. Bremner, Printer, to admit me in his Office. He was no sooner solicited, then he most kindly assented, and I was soon where I wanted to be—*among the Types*. For the first time in my life, I took up the printer's composing stick, and with a little instructions from my friend I begin the ISLAND SCRAP BOOK, as an object before me, and could sing with the Compositor—

"Click—click, go the types in the "stick,"
They glide in together with ominous sound,
As swiftly the hand that collects them goes round
And arranges them firm in the "stick"—Click—click.

Click—click, see them now in the "stick"
What wonderful things they are now, as they sit;
One moment 'tis satire, and then it is wit—
Unmeaning when single—combined when they hit
A terrible blow with their click—click—
In putting them up in the "stick,"—Click—click."

As a raw Tyro among the types, and as Learners spoil good tools, it was requisite some means should be adopted lest, it should be so here; I therefore applied myself to some very old type laying bye in the office, which had told many a tale; this may account for some of the irregularities in the punctuation, such as wanting a full stop, where worn down, or the slender letters, as with the l or the i. Accidentally, some of the new brevier got mixed with the old; and the letters not being of the same length, disappeared altogether, what with this, and the bad qualification of the workman—much indeed cannot be expected, you must then gentle Reader grant me some allowance, when you perceive a *bite* *—a *friar* †—a *mark* ‡ or a *mackle* § and give me credit on the score of patience.

Patience! what shall I say of patience? O I am much indebted to her in passing through the silent hours in this compilation! When I began I had no arrangement of matter before me, I then designated it the SCRAP BOOK!—I had not even determined upon the form, and first arranged it much smaller—But after setting up some pages, I went about overrunning the whole matter, making plenty of pye*—the correction of my proofs too were such, as to make the page appear like one of hooks and strokes. Some of the errata were truly ludicrous, I have read of an Author complaining of a Compositor making this errata—

"But a week or two since on my ode upon spring,
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing;
When I talk'd of the dew drops from freshly blown roses,
The nasty things made it "from freshly blown noses".

A few errata of my own at my first setting up I here insert—

"for ever grant us (*peace*) peace—*See Arithm.*"
"The *Gulpin* Sidus revolves round the Sun in an orbit &c." *See Arithmetic.*
"An Arithmeticae Paradox"

The following is found at the bottom of page 8 Arithmetical Series, and the Reader will perceive, I was following the Hebrew scribe, coming back from right to left.

ȝ85 ro 7: 001: 21 evah ew, d7 tes: sraep 12 eais ere!I-9*

* A bite—Is when the entire impression of the page is prevented, by the frisket's not being sufficiently cut out.
† A Friar, where any part of the form has not received the ink. ‡ A Mark, where the ink lies in blotches.
§ A Mackle, where part of the impression on the page appears double.

* Pye, when the page is broken, and the letters confused.

I must now say a few words upon the quantity and quality of the contents of the SCRAP BOOK. Firstly then upon the quantity, and here I must state, the book contains a great deal, although it appears meager in thickness. The matter is very close, in some cases even crowded, beside the two first pages of poetry; there are above 150 scattered pieces—there are 200 aphorisms or maxims, 100 riddles, letters, tales and sketches from lectures,—something useful on eating—drinking—seeing, with various other pieces.

As to the quality of the matter. The Reader must remember, it is a SCRAP BOOK. Therefore nothing much connected can be expected. The language throughout is of a moral character, and in some parts of a religious; and here I must make a remark. Although I have been diversified in my arrangement yet, only limited in principle. I have not studied to please all, I have not studied to please any, but I candidly confess, I have wholly studied to please myself in the subjects of a religious character. Those who think as I do will be pleased, to those who differ I must say, that I cannot help it, any more than I can help the features of my face differing from theirs.

I was in doubt whether or not to put in the whimsical page, and perhaps I may be charged with some degree of levity for doing so; my only apology is, that I have endeavoured to make the pieces as innocent as possible; leaving out any improper words I may have found in the copies, even the cockney sportsman, the lightest piece among them; is altogether harmless in his shooting peregrination.

Lastly, I have to state, all that is done here, has been done for amusement. No opinion has been sought concerning the selection; except in the first 3 or 4 pages, which my friend Mr. Bremner was kind enough to superintend and correct; I have gone on alone, selecting —composing—correcting—imposing—striking off—folding &c.—many hundred pulls I have given at the old fashioned centenarian press in my friend's possession, it has afforded me considerable amusement; and now dear Reader, I take my leave, and may you be interested with the trifle, and kindly pass over the many faults which it contains, remembering—*Who did it!*

G. Hubbard

THE ISLAND SCRAP BOOK.

I OFFER YOU SCRAPS FROM MANY BOOKS.

CHARLOTTETOWN,] EDITED BY G. HUBBARD. [P. E. ISLAND.

CRIME AND CONSEQUENCE.

"The way of transgressors is hard."

The following production was put into my hands by a Gentleman of Georgetown. The writer kept a School not far from that place, and was known to some of the present Inhabitants. In a fit of despondency, brought on by drunkenness, he committed suicide, by hanging himself to a tree in an adjoining wood, after leaving the following note in his desk:—

"My conduct of late has been so bad, that I am ashamed to meet mortal more; I may be found near Morley's place, dead, as I hope to be. Farewell! Heavens bless you, and pardon me."

The Author wrote the lines following—which will be found in the Poem—and are very expressive of his tragic end—

"I'll meet the fate, to which my folly hurried,
Die as a fool, and be by strangers buried."

EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY HUGH BRODIE.

I will not plead the cause of crime—BYRON.

Half-way between the Line and the North Pole,
And west from London sixty-three degrees,
A merchant dwelt, was broken oft as whole,
And I shall call him Tipple, if you please.
He was a man who lov'd to live at ease,
And drank good spirits when his heart was dull.
On smuggling trips he rode the Fundy seas;
And when he found his little purse nigh full,
He hired a public house, and bought a bull.

Not like the bulls his honest father had,
Quadruped beasts that lived on straw and hay.
But one whose fiery blood made people mad,
And had the health of millions for its prey—
The Minotaur of Crete did never slay
So many youth. The bulls which Egypt's land
Once idolized, bare very little sway
Compared with that which Tipple's could command;
O how we fell before it when we could not stand.

Rum puncheon was the mighty monster's name,
Whose blood made wicked men increase in badness.
From Demerara's sickly clime it came
To spread contagious folly, vice, and madness.
And though much noted for inspiring gladness,
The mirth it caused was of a frantic kind,
That raised the heart to throw it deep in sadness.
And give despair possession of the mind,
As many ruined men by sad experience find.

Soon all within the village were convened
To see a scene which yet to them was strange,
And gaily matrons on the puncheon leaned;
They little deemed this would ere long derange
Their husbands' sober habits, and expunge
The prudent purpose, that foresight planned.
Their peaceful homes to dens of riot change,
And bring all useful labour to a stand,
And give the wilderness again the cultur'd land.

The Indians first got such a powerful dose
From Tipple's Bull, as set their heads a reeling;
The learned Doctor next did discompose
His nervous system for some pleasant feeling;
Beside this master of the art of healing,
The Teacher cock'd his consequential chin;
And the poor Tailor minded not his railing,
But drank as if he meant to fill his skin—
The Sutor, Smith, and Joiner too, to taste came in.

Soon many heads with vanity grew light,
And felt it pleasant thus their wits to lose;
The more they tippled, fancy grew more bright,
And some were proud fierce passions to disclose,
Till words began to be enforced with blows,
And sons against their parents to rebel;
The neighing and the cackling laugh arose;
The grunting curse and fiend-like female yell,
And echo started to repeat the notes of hell.

My muse retreats with trembling from the task
Of painting scenes where she did sorrow reap;
She dreads perfidious conscience to unmask,
And wound the spirit with remorse too deep;
For in her sacred cells doth conscience keep
A record of remembrances unholy,
Which, if reflected calmly on, would steep
The moving soul in hopeless melancholy:
O that I ne'er had been the dupe of vice and folly.

A change came o'er our lovely village scenes,
That lately bloom'd like gardens of the bless'd,
The fields were turn'd to commons—fertile plains
And clearances were suffered to run waste.
The houses once adorn'd with artful taste,
Began the signs of sloth and want to show,
With straw and rags in broken windows placed.
The barns admitted rain and wreaths of snow,
And hay and grain were rotted in the mow.

And many hopeful sons to drunkards turn'd,
And brought their parents weeping to the grave
And tender wives in love's deep sorrow mourned,
To see their husbands, self made idiots, rave
And smile like demons o'er the grave they gave,
Involving families in want and woe,
Without remorse; for drinking can deprave
The soul to such a pitch, that there is no
Excess of sin to which it would not go.

But these misfortunes never marr'd the mirth
Of jolly boys who served the jolly god.
They deem'd themselves the only men on earth;
Who never swerved from pleasure's flowery road;
And Tipple's parlour was their chief abode,
Where village sages met to read the news
They had small knowledge of affairs abroad:
On province politics these patriots chose
To controvert in style, brief or diffuse.

They held religion as the bane of life
To poison pleasures, nature bids enjoy,
And priests were counted hypocrites whose strife
For jarring creeds was fitted to destroy
All public social concord, and annoy
The homes of private life with vain disputes;
"Man's duty is of pleasure still to cloy,
Live, eat, drink, die, and perish like the brutes."
Such was their faith—a faith of cursed fruits.

To search these matters a debating club
They form'd; the Doctor was made president,
The mettle Captain they agreed to dub,
Vice-President. The Dominie was meant
For Secretary, but would not consent,
Because his nerves were so much given to shaking,
He could do nothing, till, with grog, he blent
His blood to give his burning clay a slaking—
How dire the punishment to be so plagu'd with quaking.

When the Club met they push'd the grog about,
Which to the fancy mighty force, afforded.
The question for debate was given out,
And none his sentiments upon it hordes:
But one debate deserves to be recorded,
And I design to tell it at my leisure,
To give the meaning, though it be not worded
As first delivered, but, in rhyme and measure—
"Does war or drinking most abound with pleasure?"

This was the question by the Captain given,
He stood erect to open the debate;
His eyes he briskly roll'd from earth to heaven,
And thus began his arguments to state:—
"The voice of man, through every clime and date,
Ne'er fails to name the hero with applause;
Renown to him, and happy be his fate,
Whose life is wasted in his country's cause,
Or lost to guard the state from foreign laws."

But in a crowded city to go through,
An hospital humanity has raised,
The victims of intemperance to view,
How would we shrink from wretches so debased,
At their enormous misery amazed,
And, horror struck, how would we mourn our kind
Who div'd in guilt until they had erazed
Each virtuous thought and feeling from the mind,
And now the dire reward of such debasement find!

O! I have seen what painting cannot show—
The forms with poison oozing through their pores;
The mind erazed with self-procuring woe;
The numb and shaking limbs and eating sores,
With all diseases retribution stores.
To deal on every vice as man decrees—
For chiefly all the misery man deplores
Springs from Intemperance, parent of disease:
Paint this in your own minds—I loathe themes like these.

The Captain ceased, and with a tear retired—
His fate and frailty he severely felt—
His clever spirit made him be admired,
And for his country he some blood had spilt—
His words affected one compeer in guilt,
The learned Teacher was that feeling one;
His heart did in affliction's furnace melt,
As with weak effort rose the shaking man;
He cough'd, and spat some blood, and thus began:

"The blood is oozing from my rotting lungs;
Each fibre of my body is in pain.
But were these writhing fibres turn'd to tongues,
All eloquent I with them would arraign
My fellow sots; and reckon and explain
The countless ills that from our conduct flow,
In hopes some would reform; but O, how vain
Is all that man can speak, or write, or know,
To save souls caught in such maelstroom of woe!

Yet fortune, friendship, love and science smiled
Benignly on the morning of my days,
And gave fond parents cause to hope the child
They favoured most would prosper in his ways.
In classic halls I gained the mead of praise;
And sprung impetuous on the road to fame;
But I to simple pleasure framed my lays,
And, led by genii of excess, became
The wretch you see immersed in misery and shame.

Ere, prime of manhood, to the grave I go,
Consumption on the springs of life has seized.
One comfort is my parents ne'er may know
My early fate. This form will soon be eased
Of life sad burden; but my soul's diseased
Yet strong to suffer, though with torture wearied,
By late repentance Heaven may be appeased.
I'll meet the fate to which my folly hurried—
Die as a fool, and be by strangers buried.

He ceased, sat down, and waited a reply,
But with his state his words agreed so well,
All view'd the dying man, as from "his eye
Glared forth the immortality of hell."
The Doctor rose a shocking tale to tell
Of dropsy, jaundice, colic, piles, dyspepsy,
Rheumatics, gravel, gout, disordered bile,
Consumption, palsy, madness, epilepsy,
And such diseases, bred by getting tipsy.

His speech was too professional for rhyme,
And too profound for common minds, for he a
Learned man was with genius so sublime,
He wanted words to clothe each big idea;
But soon his raptures fell, for a dyspnoea
Began to seize the victim of ebriety;
He took more rum—rum is his panacea,
Then down he tumbled, reaching with satiety—
But now a form appear'd that scared all our society.

It was the sheriff with a bunch of seizures
To take the bodies of one half our meeting;
He arrested both their persons and their pleasures,
And gave the club a melancholy greeting,
When some arose and threatened him a beating
He show'd his pistols, and call'd in assistance
Still, like a hunter of mankind, repeating,
"I'll shoot the first that makes the least resistance".
He was a Nimrod, debtors wished well at a distance.

But Tipple's parlour served now as a snare
To take poor Tipple, and a number more,
Who were compell'd to lodge in a jail, where,
Next morning found them sober, sick, and sore,
And grief and ruin seized the merry core;
Their homes were sold to a more sober race,
Who nourished peace where riot reign'd before,
And strove by prudent habits to efface
The ills Intemperance lavish'd on the place.

By Industry again the village flourished,
And virtuous pleasure dwells there in her prime.
The race of tipplers have reformed or perished,
And drunkenness is deem'd a hateful crime.
I did not try to make my song sublime;
Poetic soarings oft obscure the meaning,
I only wrote to many feeted rhyme,
Because my prose might not be entertaining—
The tale is simple, and needs no explaining.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

(*From the London Gentleman's Magazine, of* 1771.)

Description of the Island of St. John, in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, in a Letter from that place, dated Nov. 5.

We arrived here safe the middle of August. I have since been over several parts of the Island which exceeds, in most respects, my expectations. I saw the remains of many barns, and other buildings for farmers, as large as any I remember in Berkshire, and the lands appear to be excellent for wheat, and all sorts of grain and herbage. There are many orchards, which produce very good apples, and other fruits; gooseberries, currents and strawberries seem to be natives of the Isle, as they are met every where in abundance. Governor Patterson and his family arrived a few days after us; I have seen him several times; he seems good natured, and fit to struggle with the difficulties that must attend the settlement of such an infant colony.

A man-of-war, called the Mermaid, touched here; the Captain has got a fine Lot of 20,000 acres, which has the good remains of a village upon it, with a church; it was called Prim by the French, but he intends to name it Belfast, after a village in Ireland, I mention this circumstance, as I landed on the spot, and ate some excellent fruits of his orchard, which though overgrown with weeds, produce plenty, and there appear to be six or seven hundred acres of clear land belonging to it: The soil is very deep in many places of the Island, and must produce hemp and flax, but all looks forlorn, for want of cultivation; however, the Island must soon wear a new face, if the Proprietors do their duty. There are about three-hundred Settlers come from England and Scotland this summer; those from Scotland brought a Presbyterian Parson with them, a very good sort of a man. People that come hither from Europe, should set out in April, to have the summer before them, to provide houses and stock for the winter, which is now beginning to set in.

The Island is upwards of 100 miles long, and about 30or 40 broad, with many fine rivers that intersect the whole, and must make carriage easy. Here I am told are no fogs, as on the Continent, which is a good circumstance. I wish other people were animated with the same spirit for Settlements that I am; if that were the case, I think this Island, in a very few years, would make a great figure in the exports of corn, fish, pork, &c. but am afraid it will be kept back by people at home, who have got grants without intention of settling the lands. I am in treaty for half a lot, or 10-000 acres, and expect to get it cheaper than if I had purchased in London. I now act with my eyes open, knowing the situation and quality of the lands to be good. We can have cattle, pigs, sheep, and good stock from the Continent, at very easy terms; those who bring out coarse woollens, and other goods fit for this climate, and an infant colony, must make great profit on them. I would not have people come without some small property, or a knowledge of husbandry, fishery, building, Smith's-work, &c. Idle folks will not do here. Fish, is in amazing plenty all round the Island; the cod fishery must be very valuable in time, but my scheme you know is farming.

A WINTER'S MORNING IN ENGLAND.

The horizontal Sun, like an orb of molten gold, casts "a dim religious light" upon the surpliced World; the beams reflected from the dazzling snow, fall upon the purple mists, which extends round the Earth like a zone, and in the midst the planet appears a fixed stud, surpassing the ruby in brilliancy.

Now trees and shrubs are borne down with sparkling congelations, and the coral clusters of the hawthorn and holly, are more splendid, and offer a cold conserve to the wandering school-boy. The Huntsman is seen riding to covert in his scarlet livery, the gunner is heard at intervals in the uplands, and the courser comes galloping down the hill-side with his hounds in full chase before him. The farmer's boy, who is forced from his warm bed to milk cows in a cold meadow, complains it's a "burning" shame that he should be obliged to go starving by himself, while "their wench" has nothing else to do but make a fire and boil the tea-kettle. Now, Mrs. Jeramy Bellelack, properly so called, inasmuch as the unmentionables are amongst her peculiar attributes, waked by the Mail-coach horn, sounding an Introit to the day, orders her husband, poor fellow, to just get up and look what sort of a morning it is; and he shivering at the bare idea, affects to be fast asleep, till a second summons, accompanied by the heavy contact of his wife's heavy hand, obliges him to paddle across the cold plaster floor; and the trees and Church-steeples, stars, spears and saws, which form an elegant tapestry over the windows, seem to authorize the excuse that he "can't see," while shivering over the dressing table, he pours a stream of visible breath on the frozen pane.

After breakfast, Dicky, "with shining morning face," appears in the street, on his way to school, with his Latin grammar in one hand and a slice of bread and butter in the other, to either of which he pays his devoirs, and "slides and looks, and slides and looks," all the way till he arrives at 'the house of bondage," when his fingers are so benumbed, that he is obliged to warm his slate, and even then they refuse to cast up figures, 'of their own accord.' In another part of the school, Joe Lazy

finds it "so nation cold," that he is quite unabled to learn the two first lines of his lesson, and he plays at "cocks and dollars" with Jim Slack in a corner. The Master stands before the fire, like the Colossus of Rhodes, all the morning, to the utter discomfiture of the boys who grumble at the monopoly, and secretly tell one another that they pay for the fire and ought to have the benefit of it. At length he says, "you may go boys," whereupon ensues such a pattering of feet, shutting of boxes, and scrambling for hats, as beats Milton's "busy hum of men" all to nothing, till they reach their wonted slide in the yard, where they suddenly stop on discovering that "that skinny old creature, Bet Fifty the cook" has bestrewed it from end to end with sand and cinders, frost stricken as it were, they stare at one another, and look unutterable things at the aforesaid "skinny old creature; till Jack Turbulent, ring-leader-general of all the riots and rebellions, execrates 'old Betty cook,' with the fluency of a parlour boarder, and hurls a well wrought snow-ball at the Gorgon, who turns round in a passion to discover the delinquent, when her pattens, unused to such quick rotatory motion, slip from under her feet, and down topples she, to the delight of the urchins around her, who drown her threats and cries in reiterated bursts of laughter.

Now, the Comet stage-coach, boaling along the russet-coloured road, with a long train of vapour from the horses' nostrils, looks really like a comet. At the same time, Lubin, who has been sent to town by his Mistress with a letter for the post office, and a strict injunction to return speedily, finds it impossible to pass the blacksmith's shop where the bright sparks fly from the forge; and he determines, just to stop and look at the blaze 'abit', which as he says, 'raly does one's eyes good of a winter's morning,' and then he just blows the bellows a bit, and finds it so pleasant to listen to the strokes of vulcan's wit, and his sledge-hammer alternately, that he continues blowing up the fire, till at length he recollects, what 'a blowing up' he shall have from his 'Misses' when he gets home, and forswears the clang of horse shoes and plough irons, and leaves the temple of the Cyclops, but not without a longing lingering look behind at Messrs. Blaze and Company.

From the frozen surface of the pond or lake men with besoms busily clear away the drift, for which they are amply remunerated by voluntary contributions from every fresh arriving skater; and black ice is discovered between banks of snow, and ramified into numerous transverse, oblique, semicircular, or elliptical branches. Here and there the snow appears in large heaps, like rocks or islands, and round these the proficients in the art.

"Come and trip it as they go,
On the light, fantastic toe,"

winding and sailing, one amongst another, like the smoothed-winged swallows, which so lately occupied the same surface. While these are describing innumerable circles, the sliding fraternity in another part form parallel lines; each of each class, vies with each other in feats of activity, all enjoy the exhillirating pastime, and every face is illumined with cheerfulness, the philosophic skater, big with theory convinced as he tells every one he meets, that the whole art consists in merely in transferring the centre of gravity from one foot to the other, boldly essays a demonstration, and instantly transfers it from both, so as to honor the frozen element with a sudden salute from that part of the body which usually gravitates on a chair; and the wits compliment him on the superior knowledge by which he has broken the ice, and the little lads run to see 'what a big star the gentleman has made, and think it must have hurt him 'above a bit.'

The different canals are now frozen over, and goods are conveyed by the stage waggon, and 'it's a capital time for the turnpikes;' and those who can get brandy, drink it, and those who can't drink ale; and those who are unable to procure either, do much better without them.

And now Ladies have red noses, and the robin with his little head turned knowingly on one side, presents his burning breast at the parlour window, and seems to crave a dinner from the noontide breakfast. In such a day, the 'Son and Heir' of the gentleman retired from business, bedizens the drawing-room, with heavy loads of prickly evergreen; and bronze candle-bearers, porcelain figures, and elegant chimney ornaments, look like prince Malcolm's soldiers at Burnham wood, or chorister boys on a holy Thursday: and his 'Ma' nearly falls into hysterics on discovering the mischief; and his 'Pa' begins to scold him for being so naughty; and the budding wit asks as he runs out of the room, 'why, don't you know that these are the holy-days? and his Father relates the astonishing instance of of early genius at every club, card party, or vestry meeting for a month to come. Now all the pumps are frozen, old men tumble down on the flags, and ladies 'look blue' at their lovers. Now, the merry growing bacchanal begins to thaw himself with frequent potations of wine; bottle after bottle is sacrificed to the health of his various friends, though his own health is sacrificed in the ceremony; and the glass that quaffs 'the prosperity of the British constitution,' ruins his own. And now dandies in rough great coats and fur collars look like Esquimaux Indians; and the fashionables of the fair sex in white veils and swansdown muffs and tippets, resemble Polar Bears.

THE CALCULATOR.

To reason correctly, we must learn to think profoundly.

ARITHMETIC may be *arranged* under three different heads—Palpable arithmetic, Mental arithmetic and Figurative arithmetic.

PALPABLE ARITHMETIC.

Palpable Arithmetic is the method of counting with balls, cubes, pebbles, or any objects that can be seen or felt.

"This was no doubt the only method of calculation known during the infancy of society, and lasted even after better methods were invented.

The Egyptians, for instance, performed their computations merely by the help of pebbles, and so for many ages did the Greeks. Even after the discovery of the art of writing the Prætor of Rome went every year in great pomp to drive a nail into the door of the Temple of Jupiter, to record the number of years which the city had been built. The Chinese have still no other method of counting than by sensible objects, every merchant has his box of balls with which he calculates the prices of the articles he sells; and the rapidity and address with which the native traders perform these calculations quite astonish the European factors.

"Our word calculation, which is derived from the Latin word *calculus*, a pebble is a proof of the extensive use of objects in early reckoning, especially of pebbles:—" The frame used in Infant Schools for making calculations in Palpable Arithmetic is called an *Arithmeticon* or Ball-Frame. The ancients used a small tablet called an *abacus*, made of wood or of some more costly material, accompanied by a box of pebbles or counters. Instead of carrying a slate and satchel, as our school-boys do in modern times, the Roman youths were accustomed to trudge to school loaded with these ruder implements. The box was called *loculus*, and the counters *calculi*."

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Mental Arithmetic is the method of counting with the mind merely, without the aid of any palpable objects as balls, pebbles, &c. and without any character or figures to help the memory.

History furnishes us with some instances, of astonishing power on mental calculations. As the American youth Zerah Colburn, the boy Bidder, &c., &c.

"When Zerah Colburn was under eight years of age, his friends met for the purpose of taking the best methods of promoting the views of the father, this child undertook and completely succeeded in the number 8 progressively up to the sixteenth power!!! and in naming the last result, viz: 281,474 976710 656, he was right in every figure. He was then tried as to other numbers, consisting of one figure; all of which he raised (by actual multiplication, and not by memory) as high as the tenth power, with as much facility and dispatch, that the person appointed to take down the results, was obliged to enjoin him not to be so rapid! With respect to numbers, consisting of two figures he would raise some of them to the sixth, seventh and eight power; but not always with equal facility: for the greater the products became the more difficult he found it to proceed. He was asked the square root of 106,929; and before the number could be written down, he immediately answered 327.

He was then required to name the cube root of, 268,336,-125; and with equal facility and promptness he replied 645. Various other questions of a similar nature respecting the roots and powers of very high numbers, were proposed by several of the gentlemen present; to all of which he answered in a similar manner. One of the party requested him to name the factors which produced the number 247,483: this he immediately did, by mentioning the two numbers 941 and 263; which indeed are the only two numbers that will produce it, viz: 34279 multiplied by 5, 24485 by 7, 2905 by 59, 2065 by 83, 4897 by 35, 581 by 295 and 413 by 415. He was asked to give the factors of 36083: but he immediately replied that it had none; which in fact was the case, as 36083 is a prime number. Other numbers were indiscriminately proposed to him, and he always succeeded in giving the correct factors, except in the case of prime numbers, which he discovered almost as soon as proposed. One of the gentlemen asked him how many minutes there were in forty-eight years: and before the question could be written down, he replied, 25,228,800! and instantly added, that the number of seconds in the same period was 1,513,728,000. Various other questions of the like kind were put to him; and to all of them he answered with nearly equal facility and promptitude.

FIGURATIVE ARITHMETIC OR CIPHERING.

Figurative Arithmetic is the method of counting and recording numbers by means of little crooked and straight marks called *Figures or Characters*. Figurative Arithmetic is as great an *improvement* upon palpable arithmetic, as alphabetic writing is upon the rude method of Hieroglyphics or picture writing.

The first nine figures are called the *nine significant figures* or *digits*. They are termed *significant* because they signify some number; and they are called *digits*, from the Latin word *digitus*, a finger; because people in the origin of society, used their fingers in counting, and these figures are now used instead, so that they now are as it were our digits.

Although the cipher is said to have no value, that is, no significant value, yet it is of essential service in keeping the other figures in their proper places. The word cipher is derived from the Arabic word *cifr*, which means to "enumerate."

In arithmetical operations we use the Arabic characters; and in numbering chapters and other simple divisions, we generally use the Roman characters. In imitation of the ancient masters of the world, we use *seven* different symbols in expressing numbers by Roman characters. They are letters of the alphabet—I representing a one; V, representing five; X, ten; L, fifty; C, a hundred; D or IↃ, five hundred, and M or CIↃ, a thousand.

When any letter is followed by another of equal or less value, the expression denotes the sum of their separate values II, two; CC, two hundred; VI, six; XII, twelve; LXX, seventy

When a letter preceded one of greater the expression denoted the difference of their separate values, as IV, four; XL, forty; XC, ninety; that is, 5 less 1; 50 less 10; 100 less 10. The utility of using the Arabic character, in all the purposes of arithmetical computation

may be seen by contrasting it with the Roman method of notation which prevailed in Europe before the introduction of the Arabic—whilst a child can with ease multiply or divide 78,444 by 503, let an adult attempt either process with LXXVIII·CCCC.XLIV by D.VIII, and he will be puzzled.

From the facility with which we can express and represent numbers, and the expedition with which we can calculate with them, we are apt to form very erroneous notions of the magnitude of the larger numbers: one billion is easily represented by figures; but so enormous is the number, that there have not elapsed, since the creation, more than one-fifth of a billion in seconds

Method of acquiring an approximate idea of a million units.—We may assist our conceptions a little by such illustrations as the following. A million of pounds would be sufficient for the formation of 500 miles of road, at the rate of £2000 for each mile; or it would pay the passage from Canada to England and back, at the rate of £200 per mile. It would be adequate to the building and finishing of 250 Schools, at £400 each. Were a man to count a million sovereigns, one by one, and allow only a single second for each sovereign, and continue, without intermission, 12 hours every day, it would require more than 23 days before such a sum could be counted; and consequently, to count in the same manner, 800 millions of sovereigns, the amount of our national debt, would require more than fifty years. A line of a million of miles in length, would go forty times round the circumference of the earth—and since the creation of the world, little more than two millions of days have elapsed.

TABLE OF PERIODS.

1000 units make a thousand	Units 1st period.
1000 thousands make a million	2d period.
1000 millions make a billion	3d period.
1000 billions make a trillion.	4th period.
1000 trillions make a quatrillion	5th period.
1000 quatrillions make a quintillion.	6th period
1000 quintillions make a sextillion.	7th period.
	8th period

LESSON

365,	365,	365,	365,	365,	365,	365,	365
365,	00,	000,	000,	000,	000,	000,	000
	365,	000,	000,	000,	000,	000,	000
		365,	000,	000,	000,	000,	000
			365,	000,	000,	000,	000
				365,	000,	000,	000
					365,	000,	000
						365,	000
							365

1st period Units. 2d period. Thousands. 3d period. Millions. 4th period. Billions. 5th period. Trillions. 6th period. Quatrillions. 7th period. Quintillions. 8th period. Sextillions.

NUMERICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Moon is distant from the earth Two hundred and forty thousand (240,000) Miles.
The Sun is distant from the earth Ninety-five millions (95,000,000) of miles.
or Ninety five (95) thousand (000) thousand (000)
or Nine hundred and fifty (950) hundred (000) thousand (000) 950,000,000
The distance of the nearest fixed Star is not less than Twenty Billions (20,000,000,000,000,) of miles.
A Billion is Ten hundred (1,000) millions (000,000)
or One thousand [1,000] millions [000,000] } 1,000,000,000
The planet Saturn moves twenty-two thousand [22,000] miles an hour; yet it is slow as it is three hours moving its own diameter; or two hundred and twenty hundred [220,00] miles an hour
The tail of the Comet of 1811 was one hundred millions [100,000,000] of miles in length, a space larger than the whole distance between the Earth and the Sun.
The rate of motion of the Comet of 1680, when nearest the Sun was computed at one million [1,000,000] of miles an hour.
A Mackerel has half a million or five hundred thousand [5,00,000] Eggs at one time.
A certain writer states, that an Oyster has one million two hundred thousand [1,200,000] Eggs, which would produce twelve thousand barrels
Sirius, the nearest fixed star, appears not the least diminished in size, although the Earth approaches or to it at one time than another by one hundred and ninety-five millions [195,000,000] of miles

NUMERICAL SCRAPS.

Atmospheric pressure.—The pressure of the atmosphere is fifteen pounds on the square inch, which is about thirteen tons on the body of a man, or twenty-nine thousand one hundred and twenty pounds(29,120)

On the feeling of the hand.—Mr James Gardner of Regent Street, London, the Geographer, can rule blindfolded, or in the dark, with the natural angle of a diamond, on white hard metal 51 lines, in the 59th part of an inch and cross them at the same distances, with an additional one each way to form the number of squares; there are thus 2550 squares or 2551 lines in the inch in length, and there are six millions, five hundred and two thousand five hundred (6,502,-500), squares between the lines in the inch.

Aquatic pressure.—The pressure of water on some parts of the bottom of the ocean, considerably exceeds a ton on every square inch; so that the palm of a man's hand exclusive of his fingers, were it applied to the surface of the bottom, a team of ten of the strongest horses, would not be sufficient to drag it from its place.

Sidereal light.—A Ray from a fixed star, in order to reach us must go farther than a cannon ball, shot with the greatest force, could go in the space of 101,000,000 years.

Her Majesty's Crown is worth double as many pounds sterling, as there are people on this Island, according to the Census of 1842.

20 diamonds round the circle, -	£30,000
2 large centre diamonds, -	4,000
54 do. at the angle of the former,	100
4 crosses of 25 diamonds, - -	12,000
4 large diamonds on the crosses, -	40,000
12 do. contained in the flour de lis,	10 000
18 smaller diamonds in the same, -	2 000
Pearls, &c. on the arches -	10,000
141 diamonds on the mound -	500
2[illegible] diamonds on the upper cross, -	3,000
2 circlets of pearls about the rim, -	300
	£111,900

The number of muscles and bones.—Galen takes notice, that there are in the human body above 600 muscles, in each of which there are, at least 10 several intentions, or due qualifications to be observed; so that about the muscles alone, no less than 6000 ends and aims are to be attended to! The bones are reckoned to be 284; and the distinct scopes or intentions of these are above 40--in all, about 12,000.

On Divisibility.—A grain of silk (the work of a poor worm) can be divided into at least two millions, five hundred and ninety-two thousand parts, each of which may be seen without the help of a microscope.

Pepper has been put into a glass of water and on looking through a microscope, a multitude of animalcules were seen in the water, a thousand million times less than a grain of sand. How inconceivably minute then must be the feet, muscles, vessels, nerves, and organs of sense in these animals! and how small their eggs and their young ones, and the fluids which circulate in them.

The 24 Letters of the Alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733, 239 439, 460,000 times, all the Inhabitants of the Globe, on a rough calculation, could not in 1,000,000,000 years write all the transpositions of the 24 Letters even supposing that each wrote 40 Pages daily, each of which pages contained 40 different transpositions of the Letters.

Hugens thinks, there might be stars of such inconceivable distance from our earth, that their light, though it is known to travel at the rate of ten millions of miles (10,000,000) in a minute, has not yet reached us since the beginning of the world.

Relative sizes of the Planets.—Suppose a ball of 150 feet to represent the Sun, were placed at the Queen's Wharf, then a ball of little more than 9¼ inches would represent Mercury placed a little further than Government House. We must then place a ball of nearly 17½ inches at the Block House, to represent Venus. A ball of nearly the same size would represent the Earth half a mile beyond. Mars by ten inches placed at Pictou—Jupiter by one of 15 feet placed half a mile beyond—Saturn by one of 11½ feet beyond Halifax.

Again; put a Globe, of two feet in diameter, on a pole in a Garden to represent the Sun; then for Mercury, place a grain of mustard seed 164 feet distant; for Venus, by a pea 284 feet distant; for the Earth, by a larger pea 430 feet distant; for Mars, by a large pin's head, 654 feet distant; for Jupiter, by a middle-size orange, half a mile distant; for Saturn, a small orange, four-fifths of a mile distant; and for the Georgium Sidus, by a cherry one and a half mile distance.

On the Gravity of the Earth.—Taking into account the speed and bulk of the Earth, if it were to strike an object, so as to stop; its collision would be so terrific, and the heat so great, that the Earth would be shivered to atoms, and all the parts liquid or solid, would be turned to vapour imperceptible to the senses.

The flight of Locusts.—Capt. Beaufort mentions the circumstance of a certain Consul having occasion to send a messenger in a due easterly direction to the Bashaw of Sardis, in Asia-minor, he rode in a course at right angles to a flight of Locusts, this person rode 40 miles before he got clear of the moving column of these ravenous animals, it was referred from observation made with a pocket Talescope the height of the column could not be less than three hundred yards, and the rate at which it passed; not slower than seven miles an hour, this continued for three days and nights, apparantly without intermission; as these insects succeeded one another at an average distance of not more than three feet and were about one foot apart, above one another, it was computed that the lowest number of Locusts in this enormous swarm must have exceeded 1[illegible],-603,563,201,000

On the Condensation of Solar-rays and heat.—The solar rays received on a circular surface of two feet eight inches and a half, when concentrated within the diameter of an inch, will be one hundred and five thousand six hundred and twenty-six (105,626) times its intensity, or this number of times greater than the heat of the sun as it is experienced on the surface of the earth.

On the distance of a Star.—The Georgium Sidus revolves round the Sun in an orbit of above ten thousand millions of miles beyond the earth, and yet at that amazing distance it is incomparably nearer the Sun than to any of the fixed stars, as it is evident from its keeping clear of the stars and returning periodically by virtue of the Sun's attraction.

The capacity of the lungs.—The lungs vary considerably in different individuals. On a general average, they may be said to contain about 230 cubic inches, or nearly five quarts of air.

By each inspiration about forty cubic inches of air are received into the lungs, and at each expiration the same quantity is discharged. If therefore, we calculate that twenty respirations take place in a minute, and forty cubic inches to be the amount of each inspiration, it follows, that in one minute, we inhale 800 cubic inches in an hour, the quantity of air inspired will be 48,000 cubic inches; and in the twenty-four hours, it will amount to 1,152,000 cubic inches. This quantity of air will almost fill 78 wine hogsheads, and would weigh nearly 53 pounds.

On the increase of Fish—The Tench deposites about 10,000 eggs, the Carp 20,000 and the Cod 1,000,000.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A grain of sand may be enlarged, a thousand millions times more bulky.

The wing of a bat, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times, in a second.

Lyonet found in an insect, not more than an inch 3 6 hard pieces, 494 muscles, 24 pairs of nerves, 48 pairs of trackaæ, to convey air and life.

MENTAL EXERCISES.

1. What is twice the half of two?

2. What is half the quarter of?

3. A man who owned 3 fourth's of a vessel, sold 1 third of his share; what portion remained to him?

4. What part of three-pence is a third part of two pence?

5. If a herring and a half cost three half-pence, how many can be had for a shilling?

6. If a pencil and a half be worth three-halfpence, what is the value of 19 pencils?

7. How many squares on a chess-board which has 8 each side?

8. How many quarters are there in two-thirds of three quarters of a plum-pudding?

9. If 12 apples be worth as much as 21 pears, and three pears cost a penny; what is the price of 100 apples?

10. How many times will a hoop which is a yard in circumference turn in rolling 3 miles?

11. If 8 be the twelfth part of any number, what is twice that number;

12. What is once 4 and three-fourths of four?

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Ans. 2	—	1/4	two-thirds of a pence	2½	19	64	3	8	583⅓ pence.	192	7

* —Here since 21 pears or 12 apples cost 1d we have .. 100 :: 7 : 58⅓.

AN ARITHMETICAL TALE.

THE DECISION OF ALI THE ARAB CALIPH.

Two travellers sat down to dine; the one had five loaves the other three. A stranger passing by, asked leave to eat with them, and they hospitably agreed thereto. After dinner the stranger laid down eight pieces of money for his fare, and departed. The owner of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who insisted upon getting half. The case was brought before Ali for his decision, and he gave the following judgment:—"Let the owner of the five loaves take seven pieces of money, and the other but one." And this was the exact proportion of what each furnished for the stranger's entertainment, for, dividing each loaf into three shares the eight loaves gave twenty-four shares; and as they all fared alike, each person's proportion was a third of the whole, or eight shares. The stranger, therefore, ate seven shares of the five and only one share of the three loaves, and so the Caliph divided the money between the owners.

AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX

THE BLIND ABBESS AND HER NUNS.

They were twenty four in number, placed in eight cells, which the abbess caused to be built round a quadrangle; and it being deemed essential to their mystical seclusion, that she should find nine in each row, three nuns were placed in each cell, as in figure 1. With this arrangement, she was content; and so she was upon visiting her nuns a second time, although four men had been introduced among them. Nor were the blind abbes's rules a whit more transgressed, when upon a third visit, she found the four men had gone off, and carried each man a nun with him, for she still found nine in each row. The affair was thus managed:—When the men got in, they occupied each a corner cell, but displaced two out of the three nuns who inhabited these, and who now took up their abodes in the four middle cells; thus making five persons in these middle cells, while two only remained at the corners. Still these were the mystical numbers—nine in each row, (see fig. 2) But when the four men went off, as has been said, with the four nuns, and the abbess came to make her third visit a new arrangement became necessary, to cover the estrangement which had taken place; accordingly, four nuns, removed into each of the four corner cells, leaving one only in each of the four middle cells, and there were still nine in each row, as the abbess had directed, so that she neither knew of the increase of habitants at one time nor of the decrease at another.

THE TELL-TALE.

Tale-telling is an easy method of conveying Moral.

A CAVILLER REPROVED.

There was once a certain man went to a Dervice and proposed three questions. First ly, why do they say that God is omnipotent, I do not see him in any place, show me where he is? Secondly ,why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does, proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God, and if he had power he would do every thing for his own good. Thirdly, How can God punish Satan in hell fire since he is formed of that element, and what impression can fire make on itself.

The Dervice took up a clod of earth ,and struck him on the head with it, the man went to the Cadi and said, I proposed three questions to such a Dervice, who flung such a clod of earth at me as has made my head ache, the Cadi having sent for the Dervice ,asked why did you throw a clod of earth at his head? instead of answering the question, the Dervice replied, the clod of earth was an answer to the speech,he says he has a pain in his head , let him show me where it is, and I will make God visible to him, and why does he exhibit a complaint to you against me, whatever I did was the act of God, I did not strike him without the will of God, and what power do I possess, and as he is compounded of earth ,how can he suffer pain from that element, the man was confounded, and the Cadi highly pleased with the answer.

The Liar alarmed.—The Son of an old Farmer, by some chance or other, had travelled through several remote countries, and as it is not uncommon in such cases, returning home much richer in lies than in knowledge. A few days after his arrival, he accompanied his Father (a sensible shrewd old man) to a market some distance from theVillage; it happened that a mastiff dog passed that way, which as soon as the Stripling beheld. "bless me father" cried he,"this dog puts me in mind of one I saw in my travels, at least as large as the largest of our cart-horses". what you tell me replies the father gravely, astonishes me; but don't imagine that in this country, we are wholly without prodigies; by and by we shall come to a bridge, which we shall be obliged to pass, and which is much more extraordinary than the dog of which you have been talking; They say it is the work of a Witch, all I know of it is this, that there is a stone in the middle of it against which one is sure to stumble as he passes on and break at least a leg, if it so happens that one has told a lie in the course of the day. The youth was a little startled at this strange account. "At what a rate you are walking. father! but to return to this dog, how large did I say? as your largest horse? Nay for that matter, I believe I might be saying a little too much; for I recollect it was but six months old:—but I would be upon my oath that it was as big as a heifer. Here the story rested, till they were a mile or two advanced on their way. The young man was very far from being comfortable. The fatal bridge appears at a distance, 'Hear me' my dear father: indeed the dog of which I have been speaking, was very large but perhaps not quite so large as a heifer; I am sure however, it was larger than a calf." At length they arrived at the foot of the bridge, The father passes on, without a word, the son stops short.—"Ah! father" says he "you cannot be such a simpleton as to believe that I have seen a dog of such a size; for since I must needs speak the truth, the dog I mention in my travels was about as big as the dog we saw an hour ago.

Indian sagacity.—An Indian returning home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison,which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen, and, after making observation on the spot, he set off in quest of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. While thus engaged, he met some persons, whom he asked if they had seen *a little old white man* with *a short gun* ,accompanied by a *small dog* with a *bob tail?* They answered in the affirmative; and on the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had never seen. The Indian thus replied: " The thief I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white* man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. his gun I know to be *short*, by the mark the muzzle made by rubbing the tree on which it leaned; that his dog is *small* I know by his tracks;and that he has a *bob*-tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat.

The Monk.—From Colloquia et Meditationes &c.M. Luther. A Monk who had introduced himself to the bed side of a dying Nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, my Lord will you make a grant of such and such a thing to our Monastery: the sick man unabled to speak nodded his head, the Monk turned round to the Son who was standing in the room and said, you see, Sir, my Lord your Father, gives his consent to my request, the Son immediately exclaimed, Father, is it your will, that I kick this Monk down stairs? the usual nod was given, the young man instantly rewarded the assiduities of the Monk by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

Negro Shrewdness.—A missionary gives in proof of negro shrewdness, the following account. The usual punishment for playing the truant in the Lancasterian School, in Kingston Jamaica, was confinement for the same period as the culprit had absconded. This offence was far from being of frequent occurrence, but one little *piccaniini* gave me some trouble. He was a black curly headed rogue infinitely better pleased when roaming among orange and mango groves, than in pouring over "Reading made easy." One day the little urchin was brought to the school after he had been taking one of his rambling excursions, when with all the authority of a pedagogue, I demanded where he had strayed, and what reason he could give, why summary punishment should not be inflicted. Summoning as much pentence as he could into his rogish face, he looked at me with the most irresistible impudence and said, "Stop, Schoolmassa make me speak me not tell a lie, me know me do wrong; but you see, Schoolmassa, you is one great big buckra man (*white*) man, me is on little nigger; pose, Schoolmassa, you lock me up in the School all night, why dare is eno man in de whole world can hinder you. "You see Schoolmassa, one great big buckra man, me is one little niger, you flog me, you flog me till your arm him so tire, dat you no able to lift him up to give me one more stroke, me know dat dare is no man in de whole world can hinder you, "You stop, Schoolmassa, you see den Schoolmassa, dat you is one great big buckra man, and dat me is poor little niger: pose, den, Schoolmassa, dat you forgive me dis once, why, Schoolmassa, dare is no man in de whole world can hinder you."

When Pope Adrian VI was advanced to the Pontifical chair, he built a college at Louvain, and caused the following account of his rise and preferment to be inscribed over the gate: Trajectum plantavit, Louvanium rigavit, Caesar incrementum dedit. Utrecht planted, Louvain watered, the Emperor, gave the increase. Under which some impartial hand, to rebuke the ungodliness of the Pontiff added, "Hic Deus nihil fecit." In all this, God and his Providence had nothing to do.

THE FOOLISH PEASANT,—A Chaldean peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdad. He was mounted on an ass; and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals," said he to himself "for thirty pieces of silver; and with this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damsels will smile more favourably upon me, and I shall be the finest man at the mosque." Whilst the peasant was thus enjoying, in idea his future pleasures, three artful rogues concerted a scheme to plunder him of his present treasures. As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped of the bell from the neck of the goat, and fastening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to move without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening however, a short while after, to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and astonishment, that the animal, which constituted so valuable a part was gone, and he inquired after his goat, with the utmost anxiety, of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said, "I have just seen in yonder fields, a man in great haste, dragging along with him a goat." The peasant, on this, instantly dismounted and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass that he might lose no time in pursuing the thief. He then set out, and having in vain traversed the course that was pointed out to him, returned breathless and fatigued to the place from which he had departed: but he neither found the ass nor the deceitful informer, to whose care he had intrusted him. As he walked pensively onward, his attention was roused by the loud complaints of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. Turning out of the way to sympathise with a brother in affliction, he recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired of the stranger the cause of the violent sorrow that seemed to oppress him, "alas!" said the poor man in the most piteous tone of voice "as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliif of Bagdad; and I shall be put to death on the ssupicion of secreting so valuable a treasure." —"Why do you not jump into the well in search of the casket?" cried the peasant, astonished at the simplicity of his new acqaintance.—"Because it is too deep, "replied the man" and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake that kind office for me? and I will reward you with thirty piecess of silver." The peasant, overjoyed at the prospect of gain accepted the offer; and whilst he was putting off his vestment and slippers, poured out his soul in thankfulness to the holy prophet for this fortunate succour; but he had no sooner plunged into the water, in search of the pretended casket, than the man, who was one of the three rogues who had concerted a plan to rob him, seized upon his garments, and carried them of in security to his companions--Thus, through credulity and want of attention, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedness, than a tattered garment which he was obliged to borrow by the way

THE FATAL JEST.

An American Tale, founded on fact.

The young ladies of Mrs. Hainsworth's boarding school were assembled in the sitting apartment one cold evening in December, conversing on various subjects, not of the utmost importance, nor of the most intellectual description. An animated discussion was progressing on the following very important question; whether the riband on Miss Dunham's bonnet was as beautiful and tasty as some other ribands?

"O!" exclaimed Miss Harriet Oakliffe, "I do think it so beautiful!—I must get me one exactly like it! But here comes that moping, melancholy Miss Bancroft; so we must not converse on such matters any longer this evening."

The subject of this remark faintly smiled as she entered the door and heard the observation. She was a young lady of about sixteen summers; and possessed personal attractions of no ordinary description. Her form was what the novelist would denominate "surpassingly graceful;" her features were regular, handsome and expressive; and her countenance was at once lovely, ingenuous and intellectual. Nor were the mental accomplishments inferior to her personal beauty, her mind was well cultivated. And! what added still more to her excellences' and was indeed, the most to be admired of all her attractions, she was a Christian.

She did not reply to the half-taunting observation of Miss Harriet Oakliffe but seated herself on a vacant chair by the fire.

"Pray, where have you been this evening, Miss Bancroft?" asked another of the young ladies, in a tone somewhat contemptuous—"But I need scarcely inquire; for I may be assured you have been at some religious meeting." "You suppose correctly," replied the girl, in a mild and respectful tone: "I went to hear a sermon on Temperance, by the Rev. Mr. H——." "Indeed! I presume then that you will soon have your name on the temperance pledge, as an inveterate foe to all stimulating beverages? Truly, the signature of Miss Rachel Bancroft would be a very valuable accession to the list of names which have placed themselves in array against the hydra-headed monster Intemperance."

"I have already given my name to that cause," replied Rachel with firmness; "and I will gladly give it to any and every other cause which has for its object the alleviation of human misery and the advancement of my Saviour's kingdom!" "Well said Miss Bancroft! Why you appear to be increasing in Christian courage, if you progress in this manner for a few weeks longer you will assuredly bring us all over to your way of thinking!"

Rachel was a girl of tender sensibilities, and it was with difficulty that she restrained her tears while she listened to the sarcastic remarks of her companions. She had been recently converted to God; and these thoughtless young ladies were making every effort to laugh her out of her religion. But, when they saw that all their attempts failed, they made no scruple of taunting and persecuting her.

For several weeks after the conversation related above, the young ladies continued their ill-treatment of the pious Rachel; and although she suffered much from the ill-usage she met with, she looked constantly to her Saviour for strength to sustain her amid her trials, and she always found his grace to be sufficient. But the Lord, for a wise purpose, no doubt, was about to permit the emissaries of Satan to afflict to the uttermost that unfortunate young lady.

The unsuccessful efforts of Rachel's persecutors finally discouraged them from pursuing their object; but as a last resource they communicated the circumstance to a young physician of their acquaintance, and desired him to devise some plan which would at least excite the merriment of the grave Miss Bancroft. He was a wild, irreligious, thoughtless character, and was easily induced to enter into this wicked crusade against the peace of Rachel.

"I can rid her of her melancholy," said he; "leave it all to me. I have at home the skeleton of a human body; I will bring it here, and place it over her bed in such a manner that the least jar will cause it to fall. Don't you think this will be a joke that will make her laugh?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Miss Harriet Oakcliffe; "O! what fine fun it will be to see Miss Bancroft hopping out of her room with a rack of human bones at her heels! I long for the time when the experiment shall be tried!"

It was arranged that the "jest" should be played off the next evening. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, the skeleton was brought, and conveyed to Rachel's sleeping apartment. It required some time and skill to place it in the precise position necessary for the successful accomplishment of the work of which it was to be the agent; but Dr. Calibon and his tittering female assistants were not to be discouraged by a little extra toil and trouble, and finally every thing was arranged to their liking, and they retired to an adjoining apartment, to await the hour of Rachel's coming.

She had that evening been to a meeting of more than ordinary interest—had heard a discourse which deeply affected her. And after meeting she visited a pious friend, who detained her until a late hour, but accompanied her home.

Rachel immediately and silently retired to

her room. She read a portion of the Bible, conversed with her Saviour in prayer, and prepared herself for repose. She opened the curtains of her bed, and laid herself down, in that moment she was clasped in the embrace of the skeleton!

The physician and the young ladies were anxiously listening. They heard her enter the room, and were in [illegible]tary expectation of hearing the effect of their [illegible] [illegible] both hear, see, and feel it, to their [illegible]ible horror; for the dreadful scream of the vic[illegible] the still, more dreadfully wild chattering laugh [illegible]ch followed it, sounded in their ears like the death-[illegible] of a murdered spirit! They stood aghast. Alas! they [illegible]re murderers of the worst description. They were the assassins of human intellect. *Miss Bancroft was an* IRRECOVERABLE MANIAC, and they were the authors of that awful calamity!

Rachel's terrific scream soon alarmed the house. Mrs. Hainsworth hurried to the unhappy girl's apartment, and found her s[illegible] upon the cold floor, muttering incoherently. The lady turned her eyes towards the bed, and saw the grim skeleton. She possessed great presence of mind, and was not to be [illegible]tened by its appearance; and the truth at once flashed upon her. Her indignation was roused against the perpetrators of such an outrage, but the suffering lunatic more immediately demanded her attention. Rachel gazed upon her preceptor for several minutes without speaking. But when Mrs Hainsworth approached her she wildly whispered,

"Hush! hush! this is a solemn place—for death is here, O! O! he does indeed come as a thief in the night don't he? But hist, am I not in the spiritual world?" "My poor, dear child, " said Mrs. Hainsworth, raising her up and bursting into tears, "you are not dead." Look upon me Rachel,—do you not know your own instructor—your own friend?" Rachel stared in Mrs. Hainsworth's face, but it was the vacant stare of the idiot!—She did perhaps, know her teacher, but not as she once knew her. "Is it not strange?" said she, "I don't feel very happy here!" "Rachel! Rachel!" exclaimed Mrs. Hainsworth, shaking her, with the vain hope of rousing her from a temporary stupidity.

"Ha!" echoed the maniac, as her gaze chanced to fix upon the skeleton " there!—there is death! O! take him away, or I shall again be clasped in his cold embrace!" She shuddered violently, and again sunk up on the floor. Mrs Hainsworth saw the utter hopelessness of her case; she saw that the lovely Rachel Bancroft was an idiot, and must be treated, as such, with sternness! On the first intimation of the reality of the calamity, the conscience-smitten doctor fled, and the young ladies retired to their chambers, in a state of mind not easily described. Mrs. Hainsworth; as it was above intimated, suspected the truth of the matter; and now she called the servants and directed them to summon the young ladies into her presence. They did not dare refuse, and it was not long before they came trembling into the room. Mrs. Hainsworth bade them first to look upon the wretched lunatic, and then upon the fearful skeleton, and sternly demanded of them to relate the whole history of that night's proceedings. They fell upon their knees in an agony of terror, and made confession of their guilt. "Go immediately," said Mrs. Hainsworth to a servant, " and bring hither Dr. Caliban," The servant obeyed, and the mistress continued, addressing the young ladies, " you may retire—and sleep, if you can," She then ordered the servants to remove Rachel to her own apartment. The maniac at first refused to accompany them, but Mrs Hainsworth spoke to her in an authoritative tone, which did not fail to render her perfectly passive. She was conveyed to Mrs. Hainsworth's apartment, and placed in bed. In the mean time, the servant sent to Dr Caliban arrived at his house, and requested him to come immediately to the boarding-school, the guilty wretch pleaded illness as an excuse for refusing to comply, and the servant returned alone; That night Dr. Caliban left the place

Every thing was done in vain for the restoration of Rachel Bancroft. Several physicians were called, but the most skilful of them pronounced her irrecoverable. Mrs. Hainsworth, for several days, scarcely left the sufferer's bedside; though her heart was continually wrung with anguish, while she was compelled to listen to the wild, unmeaning chatterings of her who had once been the agreeable, intellectual, amiable Rachel Bancroft!

She would frequently call Mrs. Hainsworth to her bedside, and sometimes, with the appearance of rationality, ask her to sing.

"Come here, won't you, Mrs Hainsworth," she said one day, as her attendant sat weeping by the fireside; "do come and sit down here. Ah you weep—what makes you cry so, dear Mrs. Hainsworth? Have I done any thing to offend you? Ha! a tear has fallen on your cheek, Mrs Hainsworth! I believe my poor heart is breaking? Yes they have all forsaken me but you? Don't you recollect how we used to sing that beautiful piece of Mr. Wilde's? Do sing it now, dear Mrs. Hainsworth! May be I will never trouble you again!"

Mrs. Hainsworth could scarcely speak, yet for the sake of Rachel she attempted to restrain her tears and to sing——

"My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The softest dews of night are shed,
As if she mourned such waste to see;
But who shall breathe a sigh for me?

My life is like the autumn leaf
Which trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its date is short, its hold is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away:
Yet when that leaf shall fall and die,
The parent tree shall mourn in shade—
The wind bemoan the leafless tree:
But who shall breathe a sigh for me?

My life is like the print which feet
Have left on Tampia's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
This trace shall vanish from the sand.
Yet as if grieving to efface
All vestage of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;
But who shall thus lament for me?

Mrs. Hainsworth went through the piece with much difficulty: and when she concluded, she buried her face in her hands; and wept like a child. Rachel had listened calmly, and silently, until the singer's voice was hushed. She then raised her head and spake, with more appearance of rationality than she had done for several days. " How beautiful!" said she; " how plaintive, and yet how sweet! Mrs Hainsworth, I shall soon dwell beyond this fleeting life! This world is a poor unhappy world,—it is full of sorrow and tears; but in yonder heaven there are neither sorrows nor tears. I am going hither very soon—something tells me I am.

Mrs. Hainsworth. I expect to see you in my Father's kingdom, but now I must bid you farewell. You have been very kind to me—O! yes, you have been very very kind, but why will you weep so!", Mrs. Hainsworth, seeing how greatly her tears affected the sufferer, strove hard to dry them. But she might have wept on. The invalid had uttered her last words. Mrs Hainsworth looked upon her; but she was DEAD—yet the maniac's smile was upon her lovely countenance!

It is not strange that this transaction both amazed and awakened the resentment of all who heard of it. Dr. Caliban was [illegible]shed, but he could not be found. The young ladies [illegible] boarding school were discharged and disgraced, and to their latest moments they will no doubt carry in their blackened hearts the withering consciousness of their guilt. Dr. Caliban may be still living, if this sketch of his villany should chance to come under his notice, let him *read it!*

FESTIVE REMINISCENCES

(We love our early Scenes.)

The following Pieces have been sung at our Sunday, Juvenile & Infant Schools' Christmas Tea-Parties, they may, if retained on the mind, favorably influence the future character.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

While I'm at School, my Father is working on the farm,
The harvest he must gather, and fold the herd from harm;
My Brother is at sea, my Sister's gone from home
She must at service be till merry Christmas come

While I'm at School my Father is working on the farm
The harvest he must gather and fold the herd from harm

We all shall be together on merry Christmas eve,
We reck not wind nor weather while we our carol weave,
For round the ruddy hearth, each what hath chanced doth say
Since last we met in mirth on merry Christmas day,

We all shall be together, &c

But ere the Church hath toll'd, the solemn hour of night,
We all the Book unfold, our Father's chief delight;
He reads about the Rood, on which our Saviour died,
And those great drops of blood he shed at even tide,

But ere the Church, &c.

Ere we to rest repair we sing a solemn Hymn,
And offer a brief Prayer, that we may think of him,
Who though God's only Son, in Bethlehem's manger lay,
God's gifts to man undone, on Holy Christmas day

Ere we to rest repair, &c.

THE LABOURER'S SLEEP

Lightly tread the sleep of toil, dreams nor pleasant vigils spoil
Calmly as the moon-beams fall on his lonely cottage wall,
Lull'd by brooks that murmur near,
Sleeps the Lab'rer on his oar natures' music through the trees
Trembles from the midnight breeze.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are;
Trav'ller, o'er yon mountain height see that glory beaming star,
Watchman, does its beauteous ray aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller, yes, it brings the day, promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night, higher yet that star ascends
Trav'ller, blessedness and light, peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman will its beams alone, gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller ages are its own, see it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman tell us of the night, for the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ller, darkness takes its flight, doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring's cease, hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller, lo the Prince of Peace, lo the Son of God is come.

CHORUS.

Trav'ller, lo the Prince of Peace—Lo the Son of God is come.
lo the Son of God is come

THE ANTHEM

O God of Heaven smile
Upon Prince Edward's Isle
From shore to shore
May want and discord cease
For ever grant us peace
Let Corn and Flocks increase
Yet more and more

Bless thou the poor man's cot
Thy presence on his lot
Lighten all his toil
In winter's snowy storm,
O! may his house be warm
His children free from harm
Beneath thy smile

Let all the people fear;
Guide him who governs here
Nerve him to sway
May fell sedition flee
Let all united be
As one great family,
O Lord, we pray

Long reign our British Queen
Bless'd with a life serene
O may she be.
Support our English Crown;
Upon the lawless frown,
O beat them quickly down
And bid them flee,

Soon may all Nations own
One God, one Faith alone,
And be at rest,
May love to God and man
possess each caste and clan
And all do what they can
To make each blest.

THE FLYING COURSE.

First gently let us glide
The ropes are lithe and free
Then boldly take each stride
And circle round the tree.
Like a hart from the ground,
Clear the bar with a bound,
Then like birds on the wing
Let us soar round the ring.

Our sport is glad and long,
We neither scoff nor brawl,
And are the skill'd and strong
Have ready help for all.
In our sports may we learn
To do each a good turn
As like elves in a ring,
Round the tree we will cling

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

The wheel. O how it hums! the merry spinning wheel;
Good dame when the snow comes, the shepherd shall not feel,
The blast, with plaid and hose he'll breast the winter storm,
And hark, how loud it blows, around our Ingle warm
O dame thy sailor boy upon the giddy mast,
Sits high and sings with joy, tott'ring before the blast,
God speed the murm'ring wheel, that spins the lambkin's fleece
Which, wraps us while we reel across the swelling seas,
And he the sire that's gone upon the summit's rock,
To watch through night alone the wand'rings of his flock
Afar the fagot's flame upon our hearth he spies
And prays God bless the dame the busy wheel that plies

YES THE DAY IS AT HAND

Yes the day is at hand be glad then ye Saints,
The Saviour is coming, away with complaints,
With pleasure we hail the approach of the day,
Come quickly Lord Jesus come quickly we say
With pleasure we hail the approach of the day,
Come quickly Lord Jesus come quickly we say
Thy favor O Lord that we ask thee is this,
To know the amount of our debt what it is,
Then to be what they should be who owe thee so much,
Thou art glorified then when thy people are such.
Thy love in our hearts, and in prospect the day:
When sorrow and sighing shall vanish away,
When all the redeemed shall be gather'd in one,
Themselves without sin, and their dwelling thy Throne.

SING SING HIS LOFTY PRAISE.

Sing, sing his lofty praise, whom Angels cannot raise,
But whom they sing,
Jesus who reigns above, Object of Angel's love,
Jesus whose grace we prove, Jesus our King.
Rich is the Grace we sing, poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought,
But when we see his face, in yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his Grace, sing without fault.
Yet we will sing of him, Jesus our happy theme,
Jesus we'll sing,
Glory and pow'r are his, his to the Kingdom is,
Triumph ye Saints in this, Jesus is King,

THE LARK

From his low and grassy bed, see the warbling Lark arise,
By his grateful wishes led, through the clear bright morning skies;
Songs of thanks and praise he pours filling all the arch of space
Singing as he higher soars towards the throne of heavenly grace!
Small his gifts compared with mine, poor my thanks with his compared;
Yet I have a Soul divine, angel's gifts with me are shared.
Wake my Soul to praise aspire, Reason all thy power accord,
Help to tune the trembling lyre, that would gladly praise the Lord

THE SEA BOY

While on the silent deeps
The weary ship's crew sleeps.
Who on the top mast keeps
Watch through the night
The Sea boy!
And if he see a sail
Through the mists of the gale,
Must loud the night-watch hail,
Ship a-head! O the Sea boy.

He has no other home,
The gallant ships that roam
Across the wide sea's foam
Are his delight the Sea boy
Each time he goes on shore
He loves old Ocean's roar,
And blust'ring winds the more.
Ship a-head! O the Sea-boy!

In night's most wintry clime
Doth he the top-mast climb,
We soon shall reach the clime
Of the Sun, thinks the sea-boy.
And when they scorching lie,
Beneath the Equator's sky,
He waiteth patiently, for a
Breeze.-O the Sea-boy.

Then in the Polar-Night.
He sees the Arctic bright,
Wave like a vale of light,
Across the sky --O the Sea-boy
Or on the Ocean's rim,
Doth watch the red Sun skim,
Almost as it might swim,
Day and Night--O the Sea-boy

No where but on the seas,
And battling with the breeze.
Are seen such sights as these
He loudly cries--the Sea-boy!
Let who will stay at home,
As for me I will roam,
Across the wide seas foam:
Ship a head—O the Sea-boy.

THE KINE. A ROUND.

The Kine, the Kine are onward going,
Where o'er the ford the stream is flowing,
They drink and wander onward lowing.

THE TWILIGHT, A ROUND.

The hour is come of twilight grey,
And evening veils the face of day,
The shades of night begin to fall,
And darkness soon will cover all

THE HARVEST MOON

The harvest moon is in the sky,
The west seems all on fire on fire,
The corn shall all be housed and dry,
Before the light expire, expire,
From every field the wagons come,
With sheaves piled fast and high,
The reapers shout the harvest home.
The harvest home we cry, we cry,

The barn is full the feast is spread,
The squire and hind are there,
And bare is many an auburn head,
And bare the thin grey hair.
Great God! they cry, whose harvests come
Thy children here to feed,
Oh bring us to that harvest home
Where we shall never need!

The moon beams like a lamp on high
Before the great barn door, barn door,
And by her light the song they ply
Upon the thrasher's floor, the floor
Let every man that housed the corn,
Pour out the nut brown ale brown ale,
And pledge on high from each full horn
The sickle and the flail.

Labour hath a sweet reward
In health, and strength, and sleep,
Which oft forsake the mightiest lord.
With lowly hinds to keep.
The arms the standing corn that reap
May be their country's shield,
From foes their island home to keep
Upon the battle field.

EVENING

Come hither and let us behold,
The sun as he sinks to his rest,
The clouds tipt with silver and gold
Are spreading all over the west
Let us go to the top of the hill,
And watch them come sweeping along
All nature is lonely and still,
And the birds have all ended their song

The sun that shone bright all the day,
Is now gone quite out of our sight;
And we must now hasten away,
For soon 'twill be darkness and night
Oh then like the fine setting sun,
May we to our duty attend;
Then think on a day well begun,
And cheerfully welcome the end

THE MILLERS ROUND.

At the Harvest Home bid the plough good speed! Hay
for the man that scatters the seed;
God bless the Reaper with his sheave,
O may the thrasher never grieve:
Oh! ho say you so,
The Corn will make the mill to go
The Corn will make the mill to go.

WHY SLEEPS THE HARP OF JUDAH NOW

Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?
Whose sounds were once so sweet so loud
Why laid unheeded on the bough?
That overhangs Euphrates flood

Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?
Will no one touch its silent strings.?
Are all restrain'd by solemn vow,
That none will praise the "King of Kings"

Why sleeps the harp of Judah now?
Let Zion's Children answer why,
"We cannot sing, while here we bow
Beneath the yoke, we lonely sigh.

The Lord from exile will recall,
His people to their native shore,
And Babylon's proud walls shall fall,
In ruins, to arise no more

Then let the harp of Judah ring,
With sounds of joy, the day is near,
When Zion shall behold their King,
No more to weep no more to fear.

GOD IS LOVE.

"God it Love" his word has said it,
This is news of heav'nly birth,
Fly abroad and quickly spread it,
Make it known through all the earth,
That "God is Love."

Not in yonder blessed regions,
Where the Lord with glory crowned,
Reigns amidst angelic legions,
Will the brightest proof be found
That "God is Love."

'Tis on Earth the Lord discloses
All his love how vast it is.
Earth's the favored spot he chooses,
To convince the world of this,
That "God is Love."

Not for those who ever lov'd him,
Did the Lord of glory die,
Pity to the wretched mov'd him,
Who that hears it will deny
That "God is Love."——

'Tis a truth away and spread it,
Spread the tidings far and near
O may sinners give it credit,
And be joyful when they hear
That "God is Love"

O COME YE INTO THE SUMMER WOODS

O come ye into the summer woods!
There, ent'reth no annoy;—
All greenly wave the ches-nut leaves;
And the earth is full of joy;
I cannot tell you half the sights of beauty you may see.
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree

JESUS GAVE HIS LIFE.

Jesus gave his life to save us,
Else a cruel foe would have us:
Such the proof of love he gave us,
Proof indeed!
Love exceeding that of brothers,
Love beyond the love of mothers,
Love surpassing far all others,
Love itself!
Praise we then his name for ever,
His is love that changes never,
And no force from him can sever,
Those he loves.

MEDITATION.

When 'mid the gloom of night I stray,
And heaven's resplendent arch survey,
And mark with rapture and surprise,
The varied glories of the skies,
Ah! what is man thou great Supreme?
That thou shouldst stoop to visit him.

HARVEST.

Ye verdant hills, ye smiling fields
Thou earth whose breast spontaneous yields
To man a rich supply,
Where echo's mimic notes prolong,
The melting strains and bear along,
O'er distant glades and caves among,
The mountain shepherd's artless song,
So t swelling to the sky.

With bread the heart of nam to cheer,
See bending low the ripen'd ear,
Bow its luxuriant head!
In vain ye saints had been your care,
Had not he caus d the blight to spare
The promise of a summer fair
And bade the sun, the rain, the air,
Their gracious influence shed.

THE VESSEL.

How the wind is blowing, whither is it going,
North-east to south-west, and where the waves are flowing,
There the hardy sailor battles with the breeze,
I wish him safe on dry land, and home from the seas.

GLAD TIDINGS.

What joyful news salutes my ear,
From yonder heavenly choir,
How glorious the song,
Of that happy throng,
To him whom all nations desire.

Behold what glories fill the skies,
Hear how they chant his praise,
Good tidings we bring,
Great joy from your King,
Fear not 'tis a message of grace.

All glory be to God ascribed,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Lo peace upon earth,
At the Saviour's birth,
Good will unto men is their cry

KELLY'S EGYPT.

From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new and better home.
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah, We are on our way to God.

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah, &c.

Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore,
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah, &c,

How sweet the prospect is,
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
We're journeying through the wilderness
But soon shall gain our rest,
Hallelujah, &c.

THE FACE OF NATURE.

Lovely is the face of nature,
Deck'd with Springs unfolding flowers,
While the Sun shows every feature
Smiling through descending showers:
Birds with songs the time beguiling,
Chant their little notes with glee;
But to see a Saviour smiling,
Is more soft more sweet to me.

Sweet is sleep to tired nature,
Sweet to labour is repose:
Sweet is life to every creature
Sweet the balm that hope bestows:
But through spring and evening breezes,
Sleep and hope and life to me,
All are pleasant——nothing pleases,
Jesus, like a smile from thee.

DULCE DOMUM

Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home a theme replete with pleasure,
Home, a grateful theme resound!

CHORUS

Home, sweet home an ample treasure!
Home, with ev'ry blessing crown'd
Home, perpetual source of pleasure!
Home, a noble strain resound.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling.
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Home, sweet home! &c.

Oh! what raptures, Oh! what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate!
Mother's arms, and mother's kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.
Home, sweet home! &c.

SCHOOL ECHOS.

(Who loves not to hear an Infant sing ?)

The following Pieces are used by the younger Children of the Juvenile and Infant Schools while marching; which practice is intended, to create activity with cheerfulness, and to render school discipline less irksome to the mind of a Child.

TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed
Try, try, try again
If at once you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again

Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try, try again

Once or twice though you may fail,
Try, try, try again
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try, try again

If we strive 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race
What should we do in that case?
Try, try, try again

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again
Time will bring you your reward
Try, try, try again

All that other people do,
Why with patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again

THE COW

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and fresh, and sweet, and white
Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet
Where the purple vetch grows,
Where the [illegible] water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

HAPPY LAND

There is a happy land,
Far, far, away,
Where saints in Glory stand
Bright as day
Oh! how they sweetly sing
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for ay!

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will we doubting stand
Why still delay?
Oh! we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh! then to Glory run;
Be a Crown and Kingdom won,
And bright above the suns
We reign for aye.

THE KIND LITTLE BOY

Have you ever heard of a dear little bird,
That fled all about through the cold and the sleet;
And hither and thither, and no one knows whither,
Went hopping about on his cold little feet?
For the frost was all round, and the snow on the ground,
And this poor little bird could find nothing to eat

When a kind little boy, as he saw him flit by,
Thought how hungry and cheerless and cold he must be,
So out to him he comes, with a handful of crumbs,
And scattered them round for the birdie to see—
When the bird saw them flung, only think how he sung,
And while picking them up how delighted was he!

CONTENTED JOHN

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood,
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear

"For why should I grumble and murmur ?" he said,
"If I cannot get meat, I'll be thankful for bread,
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness and pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain,
Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said, that he hoped to be better to morrow.

If any one wronged him, or used him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done,
Would be making two rogues where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble
And 'twere well if some folk, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

INFANT'S MAY-DAY SONG

The flowers are blooming every where, on every hill and dell:
And oh! how beautiful they are, how sweetly they do smell.

For summer now is here, the summer now is here,
And flowers and trees, and birds and bees, say "Summer now is here"

The little birds they spring along, and look so glad and gay,
I long to hear their pleasant song, I feel as glad as they

For Summer now is here, &c.

The young lambs gaily frisk about, the bees hum round their hives,
The butterflies are coming out; 'tis good to be alive!

For Summer now is here, &c.

The trees that looked so stiff and grey, with green wreaths now are hung
O mother! let me laugh and play, I cannot hold my tongue

For Summer now is here, &c.

MERRY AND WISE.

Now steadily, steadily, let us all walk,
And merrily sing, or else soberly talk;
Hold up our heads high, and point out our toe,
And step altogether wherever we go.

Then cheerful and happy, a smile on our face,
Keep all in right order of time, and of place,
Begin with the left foot, go on with the right,
And march like good soldiers, but not for to fight.

We march like good soldiers, but live like good friends
In love and in peace till our travelling ends;
And so from our hearts and our voices shall rise
One song and one chorus be merry and wise.

PLEASURES OF INDUSTRY AND CONTENTMNT.

Some think it a hardship to work for their bread,
Altho' for our good it was meant;
But those that don't work have no right to be fed,
And the idle are never content.

An honest employme[illegible] pleasure and gain.
And makes us our troubles forget:
For those that work hard [illegible] time to complain,
And 'tis better to labo[illegible]

E'en if we had riches, the[illegible] not procure
A happy and peaceab[illegible];
Rich people have troub[illegible] as the poor,
Although of a different kind.

It signifies not what our st[illegible]ve been,
Nor whether we're lit[illegible];
For happiness lies in the temper within,
And not in the outw[illegible].

MARCHING SONG

Away with needless sorrow though trouble may befal,
A brighter day to morrow may shine upon us all
We still may march together, when rain is falling fast;
And wet and windy weather, will turn to fair at last
Then away with needless sorrow &c.

We cannot tell the reason for all the clouds we see;
Yet every time and season must wisely ordered be:
Let us but do our duty, in sun-shine and in rain.
And heaven all bright with beauty, will bring us joy again.
Then away with needless sorrow,&c.

Though evening skies should lower, the morning may be fire;
For he who sends the shower can cause the sun to shine,
And, oh! how sweet and pleasant is sunshine after rain;
All is more fresh and fragrant when he beams forth again,
Then away with needless sorrow, &c.

WORK WHILE YOU WORK

Work while you work, play while you play,
That is the way to be cheerful and gay.
Work while you work &c.
All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves, are never done right.

One thing each time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule as many can tell,
Moments are useless, trifled away;
So work while you work, play while you play

AWAY TO SCHOOL.

Our youthful hearts with learning burn
Away, away to school,
To science now, our steps we turn,
Away, away to school
Farewell to home and all its charms,;
Farewell to loves' paternal arms,
Away to school, away to school
No more we walk, no more we play,
Away, away to school,
In studies now we spend the day,
Away away to school;
United in a peaceful band,
We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand.
Away to school, away to school.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Little children love each other."
"'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule;
Ev'ry little one his brother
To his playfellows at school.
We're all children of one father,
That great God who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel; no much rather
would we be like him—all love.
He has placed us here together
That we may be good and kind;
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.
Who is stronger than the other?
Let him be the weak one's friend;
Who's more playthings than his brother?
He should like to give or lend.
All they have they share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words;
Thus they live like happy brothers
And are known to be the Lord's,

THE FIRST GRIEF.

O call my brother back to me
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flow'r and bee
Where is my brother gone.
The butterfly is glancing bright,
Across the sun beam's track,
I care not now to chase its flight,
O, call my brother back.
"He would not hear my voice, dear child!
"He may not come to thee
"The face that once like spring-time smil'd,
"On earth no more thou'lt see."
And has he left the birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?
And by the brook and in the glade,
And all our wanderings o'er
Awhile my brother with me stay'd,
Would I had lov'd him more.

IMPROVE THE PASSING HOURS.

Improve the passing hours, for time is on the wing,
Sip honey from the flower, and merrily merrily sing.
All folly ends in sadness, for trouble it will bring;
But wisdom leads to gladness, and merrily merrily sing.

Repine not if from labour your health and comfort spring.
Work hard and help your neighbour, and merrily merrily sing,
Store not your minds with fable, to truth your homage bring.
Do all the good your able, and merrily, merrily, sing.

SUNRISE.

See where the rising sun in splendor decks the skies,
His daily course, begun haste and arise.
Oh! come with me where violets bloom,
And scents the air with sweet perfume;
And where like diamond, to the sight,
Dewdrops sparkle bright See where the rising sun, &c.

Fair is the face of morn, why should your eyelids keep,
Closed when the night is gone? wake from your sleep.
Oh! who would slumber in his bed,
When darkness from his couch has fled,
And when the lark ascends on high,
Warbling songs of joy. Fair is the face of morn, &c.

DIRTY JEM.

There was one little Jem, 'tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen, with hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt, to see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain, he got dirty again;
And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain, to hear them complain,
Nor his own dirty clothes to survey,
His indolent mind, no pleasure could find,
In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad, like this little lad,
May love dirty ways to be sure,
But good boys are seen, to be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

WORK AWAY.

I remember a lesson, which was not thrown away,
Learn betimes to be useful, don't lose too much time in play.
Work away while your able.

And to speed with your labour, make the most of to day,
What may hinder you to morrow, 'tis impossible to say,
Work away while your able.

In the world would you prosper, then this counsel obey;
Out of debt is out of danger, and your creditors to pay.

THE CRUST OF BREAD

I must not throw upon the floor, the crust I cannot eat:
For many little hungry ones, would think it quite a treat.

My parents labour very hard, to get me wholesome food,
Then I must never waste a bit, that would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woeful want, and I may live to say,
Oh! how I wish I had the bread, that once I threw away.

JAMES AND THE MUTTON.

Young Jem at noon returned from school,
As hungry as could be,
He cried to see the servant maid,
My dinner give to me,
Said she it is not ready yet,
Besides it is not late,
No matter that cries little Jem,
I do not like to wait.

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
And said, "is dinner done
"It is," replied the baker's man
"Then home I'll with it run."

Nay, Sir" replied [illegible] prudently,
"I tell you 'tis too hot,
And much too heavy [illegible] for you"
"I tell you it is [illegible]

Papa, [illegible]
And [illegible]
So [illegible]
And [illegible]

"A Shoulder [illegible] of [illegible]!
And butter [illegible]
I'm glad of this, it [illegible];
How ever is [illegible]

Now near the [illegible] Jem was come,
He round the [illegible]
But oh, sad fate! [illegible]
The dish his fingers [illegible]

Low in the kennel [illegible],
And down [illegible];
Swi t went the pudding [illegible] cream,
And sail'd along [illegible]

The people laugh'd and rude boys grin'd
At mutton's hapless [illegible]
But though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
"Better lose part than all,

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His hands both grasped it fast,
And deaf to all the gibes and cries,
He gained his home at last.

Impatience is a fault," cries Jem,
"The baker told me rue
In future I will patient be,
And mind what says our sae

THE SWEEP

Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep! cries little Jack,
With brush and bag upon his back,
And black from head to foot:
While daily as he goes along
Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep! is all his song,
Beneath his load of soot.

But then he was not always black:
Oh no; he once was pretty Jack,
And had a kind Papa;
But, silly child! he ran to play,
Too far from home, a long, long way,
And did not ask Mamma.

So he was lost, and now must creep,
Up chimneys, crying sweep! sweep!
Sweep!.

HONESTY.

Old John had an apple tree healthy and green
Which bore the best codlings that ever were seen,
So juicy, so mellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor
He sold them to children that past by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick his next neighbour, one often might see,
With longing eye viewing this nice apple tree,
And wishing a codling might fall;
One day as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, "O, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to day!
The tree is so full, and I'd only take one,
And old Johnny won't see, for he is not at home,
And nobody is in the way."

But stop little boy take, your hand from the bough,
Remember, though old John can't see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is one, who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From his glorious throne in the sky

Oh then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot, or weary, or thirsty to be,
Or any thing rather than steal;
For the great God, who even in darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit in his book,
However we think to conceal.

THE BELLS.

Hark! 'tis the bells of a village church,
How pleasantly they strike on the ear,
How merrily they ring,
Come let us join, and imitate their melody;
Let each take a part in harmony and sing;
I love a merry peal of bells,
Of hope and joy their music tells,
When travelling homeward wearily,
They greet us cheerily.
Then hark! 'tis the bells of a village church
How pleasantly they strike on the ear,
How merrily they ring

THE PEACE-MAKER

Come let us be good friends again,
We both may have been wrong,
Why should we let such angry passions rise;
Our quarrels only give us pain and should not last so long
In future we will learn to be more wise.
Come then shake hands, be not still offended,
Don't disdain to smile again for all is past and ended
Come let us be &c.

All those who look for happy days, this truth must bear in mind,
That friends without some faults are few and rare,
And to those faults the proverb says, we should be sometimes blind,
For we must learn to bear and to forbear.
Come then shake hands &c.

THE LITTLE HUSBANDMAN.

I'm a little husbandman,
Work and labour hard I can;
I'm as happy all the day,
At my work as if 'twere play;
Though I've nothing fine to wear,
Yet for that I do not care,
When to work I go along,
Singing loud my morning song;
With my wallet on my back,
Or my wagon-wheel to smack;
O! I'm as happy then,
As the idle gentlemen.
I've a hearty appetite,
And I soundly sleep at night;
Down I lie content and say,
I've been useful all the day.

THE BIBLE.

Oh give not up the Bible,
God's holy Book of Truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth;
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On else a dreary road!
The voice that speaks the Saviour's love,
And leads us home to God.
We won't give up the Bible!
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard,
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till in our own beloved land,
We with one voice and heart
Resolve, that from God's sacred word;
We'll never, never part.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

See the chickens round the gate,
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store,
Open wide the cottage door
Throw out crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry chickens feed
Call them——now how fast they run,
Gladly quickly every one.
Eager, busy, hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick.
See the hen with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good:
With what care their steps she leads
Them, and not herself, she feeds;
Picking here, and picking there,
Where the sweetest morsels are.
As she calls the flock around,
Rustling all along the ground;
Till their daily labour cease,
And at night they rest in peace.
All the little tiny things
Nestling close beneath her wings:
There she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear and free from harm.
Now, my little child attend:
Your Almighty Father, Friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Watches o'er you from on high.

LYRIC VIBRATIONS.

(Unnerve thy rigid Soul to gentle sounds.)

I'M PLEASED AND YET I'M SAD. *By K. White.*

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round.
One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study window sit,
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill through my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top,
Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that yon steeple there,
With music sweet shall fill the air,
When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then forgiven
I shall be with my God in Heaven,
Released from every fear.

Then whence is it I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad.

THE WORLD. *By the Princess Amelia.*

Unthinking idle wild and young,
I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danced, and sung,
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurr'd, how sad 'twould be,
Were this world, only, made for me.

THE LESSON OF DEATH.

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties:
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

When God would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end
He takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow,
More peacefully than all beside?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placed woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure is this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A Sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

WINTER SONG.

Dear boy throw that Icicle down,
And sweep this deep snow from the door;
Old Winter comes on with a frown;
A terrible frown for the poor.
In a season so rude and forlorn,
How can age, how can infancy bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?

Fresh broach'd is my Cask of old Ale,
Well tim'd now the frost is set in;
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.
While my Wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the seasons will prove.
That time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.

O the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandle away,
To know what the world has been at,
And what the great Orators say;
Though the wind through the crevices sing
And hail down the chimney rebound;
I'm happier than many a king,
While the bellows blow bass to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot:
But out of the trifle that's given,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven;
The fool and the slave gather wealth:
But if I had nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

THE BUCKET.

The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket, arose from the well.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep twangled wild wood,
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock, where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And o'er the rude bucket, which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips,
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips,
And now far removed from the loved situation.
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs on the well:
The old oaken bucket the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket, which hangs on the well.

CONSOLATION.

Though the morning of life should be gloomy and clouded,
The noon tide in storms and in tempest should rave,
The evening in darkness thick darkness be shrouded;
And close late and low'ring in the night of the grave;
Yet the faithful undaunted with hope strong and cheering,
Proceeds through the dark vale not doubting and fearing,
With transport he looks to the joyful appearing;
Of him who comes lowly to seek and to save.

Though the world in the depth of affliction should leave us,
Those we relied on stand aloof in our woe,
Though foes should combine, while false friends deceive us,
And darken the cloud that surround us below,
Yet the day star shall rise on the gloom of our sorrow,
Woe reigns to night here but joy comes to morrow,
From the fountain of life we may comfort still borrow;
Which earth and her princess could never bestow.

THE AUCTIONEER.

A-going a-going; who wishes to buy?
A Horse lame of one leg, and blind of one eye,
Yet he'll take you to market with butter and eggs,
And do what he can with one eye and three legs.

A-going a-going in excellent plight,
He never goes wrong all the while he goes right,
He's fit for the service of master or man,
And when he falls down he gets up if he can.

Then a-going, a-going, a capital beast,
With a leg more than any of you have at least,
I'll give you but one minute longer and then,
Going-gone to Tom Styles for eleven pounds ten.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned

When day has departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch broken-hearted
Where all she loved sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those we love!

Nor change with to morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

HEAVEN.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end!
Where this frail world our final rest
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire.
Whose sparks fly upward and expire,

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in endless night
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

GOLD.

Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold, bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten graven hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get and hard to hold,
Hoarded bartered bought and sold;
Stolen borrowed, squandered doled,
Spurned by the young but hugged by the old,

To the very verge of the Church yard mould,
Price of many a crime untold,
Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold
Good or bad a thousand fold.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST.

To wit! to wit! to whee! will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid, and the nice nest I made?
Not I said the cow, moo-oo? such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay, but I didn't take your nest aw[illegible]
Not I said the cow, moo-oo! such a thing I'd never do.

To whit! to whit! to whee! will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid, and the nice nest I made?
Bob-a-link! bob a-link! now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away from the plum tree to day?
Not I, said the dog, bow-wow! I wouldn't be so mean I vow;
I gave hairs the nest to make, but the nest I did not take;
Not I said the dog, bow-wow! I wouldn't be so mean I vow.

Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo! let me speak a word too,
Who stole that pretty nest from the little yellow breast?
Not I said the sheep, oh no, I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;
I gave the wool to line, but the nest was none of mine;
Ba-ba! said the sheep, oh no, I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
Caw! caw! cried the crow, I should like to know,
What thief stole away a bird's nest to day?

Cack! cack! said the hen, don't ask me again,
Why I haven't a chick would do such a trick
We all gave her a feather, and she wove them together:
I'd scorn to intrude on her and her brood;
Cack! cack! said the hen, don't ask me again.

Chir-a-whir! chir-a-whir! we will make a great stir,
And find out his name, and all cry for shame,
I would not rob a bird; said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard of any thing so mean.
'Tis very cruel too, said little Alice Neal
I wonder if he know how sad the bird wo[illegible]d feel?

A little boy hung down his head, and went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest, from the poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame, he didn't like to tell his name.

HEBREW MELODY.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galileo.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd and for ever grew still,

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unl.fted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Asher are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of baal.
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

[illegible] GRAVE.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] upon a [illegible]
The Chur[illegible]
[illegible]sward I've tra[illegible]
Reading the rugged Ep[illegible]
Of those who lie beneat[illegible]
But in one spot two gra[illegible],
Which always stopt my [illegible]

Upon one stone's expansive [illegible]
Was writ in language stiff and cold
That he, who lay beneath the sod,
Had died when he was very old,
And at its close a simple line,
Said that his age was ninety-nine.

Another small and polish'd stone
Beside the former did appear,
It said that that grave's occupant,
Had died when in his third year,
How eloquent the polish'd pa[illegible]
Lavish'd on that child's winning ways

The old man lay beneath the stone,
Where nought of praise of him was
It only said that there he lay, [illegible] told;
And that he died when he was old,
It did not chronicle his years
His joys and sorrows, hopes and fears

Ninety-nine years of varying life
On gliding pinions by had fled,
Oh what long years of toil and strife
Ere he was number'd with the dead,
But yet no line was left to tell,
How he had liv'd, or how he fell

Had he no wife no child no friend
To cheer him as he pass'd away
No one who would his name commend
And wail as he was laid in clay
Of this the record nought supplied,
It only said he liv'd and died.

How must his soul have been oppress'd
As intimates dropp'd from his side
And he, almost alone, was left
Alone upon this desert wide,
Wife children friends all were g[illegible]
And he left in the world alone.

But then the record nought supplied,
How he had spent this length'ned life,
Whether in peace and quietness,
Or had he worried been with strife:
Perhaps to him had here been given,
Visions of Glory, fire from Heaven.

All is conjecture? he was laid,
Beneath the cold unfeeling clay,
His fame if he had sigh'd for fame,
Had from remembrance pass'd away,
Hope, joy, fear, sorrow, all were dead
And he laid number'd with the dead.

Oh! cold and cheerless is the thought
That I shall be as he is now,
My very name remember'd not,
And fame's wreath wit[illegible]er'd on my brow,
O! me no record be supplied;
But that I liv'd and that I died!

Such is the tone of sorrowing thought,
That through my heart has o'er [illegible]
As in a summer's bright[illegible] eve,
A look u on the graves I've cast,
Where youth and age together [illegible]
Emblems of frail mortality.

THE MANIAC.

From the poems of Mrs. [illegible]

O MEMORY! [illegible] forever,
So [illegible] and [illegible]
To [illegible] ever,
And turning all the past to PAIN.

GOLDSMITH.

"Sweet Mary thy locks rudely flow,
The tear is yet moist on thy cheek;—
Why swoln are thine eyelids with woe,
Why labours thy heart as 'twould break?"

I spoke. But sweet Mary was lost;
Her soul was in days that are flown,
And though on her path I had cross'd,
She repeated unconscious her moan.

For, alas! on that pestilent coast
Where silently vanish the brave.
All her dreams of enjoyment were lost,
Her Henry sank swift to the grave.

Too quickly the tidings were sped.
The blast of Affection blew strong,
Sweet Mary! thy soul quickly fled
To him who had claimed it so long.

At first in thy sighs and thy tears
A mournful relief thou couldst find,
Could pour to the Highest thy prayers,
And look up to heaven resign'd

But Remembrance would turn to the day
When the kiss of affection was sweet,
And thy soul flew with reason away,
A vision so cherish'd to meet.——

Sweet Mary will stray all alone,
And wistfully gaze on the sky,
Or laugh in as playful a tone
As if her loved Henry were by.

Then as one starting up from a dream,
With shriek of convulsion she flies,
Her tears in a torrent will stream,
Her bosom be rended with sighs

She will run from the brow of the hill,
To the gate at yon wide spreading tree,
Will gaze at the passenger still,
And in anguish exclaim, "Tis not he!"

Her form is as fair as the day,
Her limbs seem in motion to flow,
But her hand is as cold as the clay,
Her cheek pale as moonlight on snow.

She heeds not the vapours of night,
The cold, or the wind, or the rain,
But will weep in the moonbeam light,
Will sing mid the transport of pain,

THE UNFORTUNATE. *By Bingham.*

When [illegible] Wealth [illegible],
And fickle [illegible] Mirth [illegible],
What charm can with her [illegible]
What [illegible] wish her [illegible].

GOLDSMITH.

When though with trembling dread and sore disgust
She yields her mercenary form to lust,
Through the dark clouds of fate her soul forsees,
Her hope but death, no death but in disease,
Though famine wait with all her spectre train
And deepening Guilt, and overwhelming Pain.
Famine, despair, and pain, are lighter woe
Than untamed grief that from Remembrance flow
O! t, as with loitering step in midnight street
Cold, famish'd, wet, she waits her prey to meet,
The scenes of happier hours unbidden rise
To rend her breast with agonizing sighs.
There is her father's roof, the garden fence,
The sportive tribe of infant innocence
That plays and prattles on the road side green:
There the hedgerow elms, the path between,
The favourite field, where smiling sisters round,
She ran exulting down the greensward mound;
There is the churchyard yew, the tapering spire,
The fane where once in Sunday's gay attire,
She loved to hear her aged pastor's voice,
And gallery choir in rustic strains rejoice;
How would he weep!—that thought distracts her soul;
Swift down the cheek the tides of sorrow roll:
Then to her view appears that pathway stile,
Where first she listed to designing guile.——
"Edward! oh! madness! then I thought thee true;
Would I had died before those moments flow,
Had slept lamented at my father's side,
Thy love my requiem, innocence my pride!"

"Look ruthless murderer, from thy blazing hall, into the cold expance of drizzly night, where shivering in the wintry wind the form that once thou dotest on is yielded up its life, its beauty to the storm. Look out, and weep. it tears be thine.

WINTER. *By Mary Howitt.*

"With his ice and snow, and rime,"
Let bleak winter sternly come!
There is not a sunnier clime
Than the love lit winter home."

There's not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's silence in the harvest field;
And blackness in the mountain-glen,
And clouds that will not pass away
From the hill tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh poverty is disconsolate!—
Its pains are many its foes are strong:
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long!

'Tis night! Oh now come forth to gaze
Upon the heavens intence and bright!
Look on yon myriad worlds and say,
Though beauty dwelleth with the day,
Is not God manifest by night?

We bless thee—for this bounteous earth;
For its increase—for corn and wine;
For forest-oaks, for mountain-rills,
For cattle on a thousand hills;
We bless thee—for all good is thine!

SACRED READINGS.

In Principles limited, in Passion unbounded

A few dying Testimonies, both of Christians, and Infidels &c. put in contrast, for the Readers' consideration.

"Whatsoever a Man sowet'h, that shall he reap." Gall.6,7.

"Their Works do follow them" Rev. 14, 13.

Mr. Rob. Bruce.—When he was very old and through Infirmity of Body confined to his chamber, he was asked by one of his Friends, how matters stood between God and his Soul; to which he made this reply, when I was a young Man I was diligent and lived by Faith on the Son of God, but being now old, and not able to do so much, he condescends to feed me with lumps of flesh.

On the morning on which the Lord removed him, being at Breakfast, and having as he used eaten an Egg; he said to his Daughter, I think I am yet hungry, you may bring me another Egg; but having mused awhile he said hold Daughter, hold! my Master calls me; with these words his sight failed him, whereupon he called for his Bible, and said; turn to the 8th Chapter of the Romans and set my finger on these words; "*I am persuaded, that neither Life nor Death; shall be able to seperate us from the love of Christ Jesus our Lord.*" when this was done he said, now is my finger upon them, being told it was, without any more he said; God be with you my Child, I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus this night, and so he gave up the Ghost.

Mr. Hervey. Author of the Meditations—On the morning of his death, his Curate paying him a morning visit, Mr. Hervey, sitting in an easy chair, for he was unabled to lie in bed, said, "Sir, I cannot talk with you to day." He complained much of a great inward conflict which he had; and, laying his hand on his breast, said, "Oh. you do not know how great a conflict I have;" —and as he spake, his eyes were constantly raised towards heaven, and his hands clasped in prayer.

Dr. Stonehouse came to him about 3 hours before he expired ,when he expatiated on these words: "All things are your's, life and death, for ye are Christ's." "Here," said he, is the treasure of a Christian. Death is reckoned amongst his inventory, and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death as it is the passage through which I pass to the Lord and giver of eternal life; and as it frees me from all this misery you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure, as long as God seems fit: for I know he will in his own good time dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory, Oh welcome, welcome death; thou mayst well be reckoned among the Christian's Treasure "To live is Christ, but to die is gain."

When the Doctor was taking his final leave Mr. Hervey expressed his gratitude for his visits, though medicine had not been able to relieve him. Then pausing a little he said

"The light of the Wicked shall be put out" Job, 18 5

Lord Byron—A deep debauch followed by needless exposure to a storm of rain, brought on a fit of Epilepsy, for which his private Physician Dr. Bruno, bled him by leaches on the temple, so copiously as almost to induce syncope, and for such a shock, his nervous system was little prepared.

Like a chord at its full stretch, it required but the slightest force to break it, he felt assured that his Constitution had been irretrievably ruined by Intemperance: that he was a worn out Man, and that his mascular Power was gone, flashes before his eyes, palpitations and anxieties hourly afflicted him, "do you suppose" he said with impatience that I wish for Life? I have grown heartily sick of it, and should welcome the hour, I depart from it why should I regret it? can it afford me any pleasure? have I not enjoyed it to a surfeit? few Men can live faster than I did; I am literally speaking a young old man, hardly arrived at manhood, I had attained the Zenith of Fame; Pleasure I have known under every form in which it can present itself to mortals I have travelled, satisfied my curiosity, lost every illusion: I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the Cup of Life; it is time to throw the dregs away, but the apprehension of two Things haunt my mind, I picture myself slowly expiring on a Bed of Torture, or terminating my days like Swift, a grinning Idiot! would to Heaven the day were arrived, in which sword in hand on a body of Turks, and fighting like one weary of existence, I shall meet immediate painless death, the object of my wishes.

We shall not linger over, the rest of this most painful picture; when the symtoms of immediate danger began to show themselves; Lord Byron requested Dr. Millingen to enquire in the Town, for any very old and ugly Witch, the Doctor laughed, and he proceeded thus, with a serious air, never mind whether I am superstitious or not, but I again intreat of you, to bring the most celebrated one there is in order, that she may examine whether the sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil Eye, she may devise some means to dissolve the spell.

It appears that his mind was constantly haunted with the recollection, that his Greek Expedition begun on a Friday; and a warning that he should beware of the 37th. year, which his Mother had received, when he was an Infant, from an old Gypsey at Aberdeen; his obstinate refusal to be bled, soon made the Case hopeless, and in the agony of Death his last adieu was to Greece and Ada. Alas! there is one sentence more in Dr Millingen' s nar-

Hervey continued.

(though the pangs of death were upon him) "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy *most holy and comfortable word*, mine eyes have seen thy *precious* Salvation here Doctor is my cordial, what are all the cordials given to support the dying; in comparison of that which arises from the promises of Salvation by Christ?, this, this, supports me. At 3'o clock he said, the great conflict is over. Now all is done, after which he scarcely uttered any words, but precious salvation. During the last hour he said nothing, but leaned his head against the side of a chair and without the least struggle expired, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas-day, 1758.

Rutherforth's Death. "I shall shine, I shall see him as he is, and all the fair Company with Him; and shall have my large share of it, it is no easy thing for me to be a Christian, but as for me, I have gotten the Victory, and Christ is holding forth his arms to embrace me. I have had my fears and faintings, like another sinful man, but as sure as ever He spake to me in his Word, his Spirit hath witnessed to my heart saying, fear not, he had accepted my sufferings, and the outgate should not be matter of prayer but praise. He said also, "thy Word was found and I did eat it, and it was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart". A little before his Death, after some fainting he saith, "now I feel I believe, I enjoy, I rejoyce," ;to Mr. Blair then present, he saith"I feed on manna, I have Angel's food, my eyes shall see my Redeemer, I know that He shall stand at the latter day on the Earth, and I shall be caught up in the clouds to meet Him in the air, afterwards he said" I sleep in Christ and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness, O for arms to embrace Him, his last words were, Glory, Glory, dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The Martyr Lambert—John Lambert suffered in the year 1538. No man was used at the stake with more cruelty than this holy Martyr. They burned him with a slow fire by inches, for if it kindled higher and stronger than they chose, they removed it away. When his legs were burnt off, and his thighs were mere stumps in the fire; they pitched his poor body upon pikes, and lacerated his broiling flesh with their halberts, but God was with him in the midst of the flames, and supported him in all the anguish of nature Just before he expired, he lifted up such hands as he had, all flaming with fire, and cried out to the People, with his dying voice, with these glorious words. None but Christ! None but Christ! He was at last beat down into the fire, and expired.

Mr. Fletcher of Madeley died in triumph calling upon Jesus as Head of the Church.

Byron continued.

rative, which we must quote.—

"It is with infinite regret I must state: although I seldom left Lord Byron's Pillow, during the latter part of his illness, I did not hear him make any, even the smallest mention of Religion, at one moment I heard him say; "shall I sue for Mercy?, after a long pause he added". Come, come, no weakness let's be a man to the last.

Millingen, P. 141.

From the Quarterly Review, Jan. 1831

Mr. Newport. (From Simpson's Plea)—

At one time looking at the fire, he said O that I was to lie and broil upon that Fire for a Hundred-thousand years, to purchase the favour of God, and be reconciled to him again, but it is a fruitless vain wish; Millions, and Millions of years, will bring me no nearer, to the end of my Torture, than one poor hour. O Eternity, Eternity, who can paraphrase upon the words for Ever and Ever! just recovering he cried; O the insufferable pangs of Hell and Damnation, and so died.

Mr Voltaire — Said to the Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth; if you will give me six months Life. The Doctor answered six months, why you cannot live six weeks: Voltaire then replied, I shall go to Hell, and you will go with me, and soon after wards expired.

Mr Hobbs. This Infidel was haunted by tormenting Reflections, and awake in great terror if his light went out in the night; he lived to 90, his last words were when he found he could not live any longer, I then shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the World; at one time near the Grave he said, he was about to take a leap in the dark.

Mr. Gibbon.—Just before his Death, confessed, that when he considered all worldly things, they were all fleeting; when he looked back, they had been fleeting; and when he looked forward, all was dark and doubtful.

Bishop Gardner. It was on the afternoon of that day, when Latimer and Ridley suffered, that Gardner sat down with a joyful heart to dinner, scarcely had he taken a few mouthfulls, when he was seized with illness and carried to his bed, where he lingered fifteen days, in great torment, unabled in any wise to evacuate; and burnt with a devouring fever that terminated in death

Self Deception, and Self Abasement.

Lord Nelson of questionable morality, seemed to justify himself when dying, by this expression. "I have not been so great a sinner Doctor". But these were the last words of J. Westley a rigid Moralist &c. "I the chief of sinners am but Jesus died for me"

Buonaparte died 'midst a thunder-storm in wild delirium, calling upon himself as Head of the Army.

God's Punishment of Cruelty.

"Died, April 4th (1789), at Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esquire, a young man of large fortune, and, in the splendor of his horses and carriages, rivelled by few country gentlemen. Mr. Ardesoif was very fond of cock-fighting, and had a favourite cock, upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock he lost, which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so enraged Mr. Ardesoif, that he seized a poker, and with the most furious vehemence, declared, that he would kill the first man who interfered. In the midst of his passionate asseverations he fell down dead, upon the spot."

The New Birth. Written by a poor labouring man.

Ah! view the helpless creature man whatever he obtain:
No peace, no joy, no hope; no God, till he is born again.

For sin, that hellish monster sin, has poison'd ev'ry vein
A stranger to himself and God, till he is born again.

However learned or devout the scripture makes it plain
He knows not God, nor yet himself, till he is born again.

How can this be? the carnal mind could never yet obtain,
But 'tis enough the Lord declares, Ye must be born again.

Methinks some poor distressed soul is fill'd with fear and pain
Judging from what he feels within, he can't be born again.

Ten thousand foes assault his soul he strives but can't obtain
That satisfying hope he wants, that he is born again.

I've often heard, eternal life none ever could obtain,
Unless renew'd by sov'reign grace, unless they're born again.

But as for me I am so weak, each trifle gives me pain.
Ah! would this be the case with me, if I were born again

Can such a wretch so plagued with sin, salvation ever obtain,
Ah did I know for certainty, that I am born again.

But ah! my hopes are very faint, I feel sin's horrid stain,
Can such a crimson sinner then, dare think he's born again.

Let Paul decide this doubtful case, Paul makes the matter plain.
The man will never mourn his sins, till he is born again

The flesh is only flesh at best, till we the spirit gain,
There's nothing to oppose the flesh, till we are born again

Paul felt sin's rankling poison run, and that through ev'ry vein,
But never once complain'd of sin, till he was born again.

Why persecute thou me says Christ, thy journey is in vain
Who art thou Lord? behold he prays for he is born again.

The Pharisees however good, tho' at a gnat they strain,
Yet God declar'd to one of them, ye must be born again.

Then you who have but little faith, [illegible]
For where God puts [illegible]

For little faith, and little hope, [illegible] shall gain,
Salvation through the blood of Christ, since they are born again

Oh what a [illegible]
A sure and certain hope of this, that I am born again

But you that have no hopes nor fears but just the same reason
I tell you [illegible] born again

Written by a Servant Girl in Affliction.

Tell me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I lov'd before;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Tell me no more of ease and health;
For these have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
But see my name enroll'd in heaven,
And I am free from care.

Tell me no more of lofty towers,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,
For these are trifling things;
The little room for me design'd,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.

Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,
Extravagance and waste;
My little table, only spread,
With wholesome herbs, and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.

Give me the Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand,
And faith to trust the Lord:
I'd sit alone from day to day,
Or urge no company to stay,
Nor wish to rove abroad.

What must it be, to be in Heaven.

We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright, and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be, to be there!

We speak of the pathway of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be, to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be, to be there!

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first born above,
But what must it be to be there!

Do thou Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven, our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is, to be there!

Light shining in Darkness.

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
And give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise,
To rivers of delight.

⁂ The following is a Copy of a Bill which was stuck up at Richmond; on Saturday, the 4th of June, 1774, close to the Play Bill for that day. The design of this was to divert the minds of the dissipated and gay from the vain Amusements of the Theatre, and to fix their attention to the awful circumstances which shall usher in and succeed THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE DAY OF THE LORD.

BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS,

AND AT THE DESIRE OF ALL WHO LOVE HIS APPEARING

AT THE THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,

ON THE EVE OF TIME WILL BE PERFORMED, THE

GREAT ASSIZE ; OR DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE SCENERY, which is now actually preparing, will not only surpass every thing that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of all the inhabitants of the World, in their various and proper colours; and their customs and manners will be so exact and so minutely delineated, that the most secre thought will be discovered. '*For God will bring every Work into Judgment, &c,* Eccles. xii. 14'.

This Theatre will be laid out after a new plan and will consist of PIT and GALLERY only; and contrary to all others, the GALLERY is fitted up for the reception of Persons of high (or heavenly birth) , and the Pit for those of low (or earthly) Rank— *N. B,* The Gallery is very spacious, and the Pit without bottom.

To prevent inconvenience, there are seperate Doors for admitting the Company; and they are so different, that none can mistake that are not wilfully blind. The Door which opens into the Gallery is very narrow and the Steps up to it somewhat difficult; for which reason there are seldom many people about it. But the Door that gives entrance into the Pit is very wide and very commodious; which causes such numbers to flock to it, that it is generally crowded.

N. B The straight Door leads towards the right hand, and the broad one to the left.

It will be in vain for one in a tinselled coat and borrowed language, to personate one of high Birth, in order to get admittance into the upper places, for there is one of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual; and all who cannot pronounce Shibboleth in the language of Canaan, or has not received a white Stone and new Name; or cannot prove a clear Title to a certain portion of the Land of Promise, must be turned in at the left Door.

The PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS are described in 1 *Thess.* iv. 16. 2 *Thess,* i. 7, 6 *Matt.* xxiv. 30; &c. But as there are some People much better acquainted with the contents of a Play-Bill, than the Word of God, it may not be amiss to transcribe a verse or two for their perusal

'*The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels, in flaming Fire, taking vengeance on them that obey not the Gospel,* " *but,* "*to be glorified in his Saints; The Judgment was set and the Books were opened.*"

Act First, OF THIS GRAND AND SOLEMN PIECE WILL BE OPENED, *By an*

ARCH-ANGEL with the TRUMP of GOD!

"FOR THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND AND THE DEAD SHALL BE RAISED." 1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

Act Second, **Will be a Procession of Saints,**

In White, with Golden Harps, accompanied with Shouts of Joy, and Songs of Praise.

Act Third, **Will be an Assemblage of the Unregenerate.**

The MUSIC will consist of CRIES accompanied with Weeping, Wailing, and Lamentation.

TO CONCLUDE WITH AN ORATION BY THE

SON of GOD.

It is written in the 35, th of *Matth.* from the 31st verse to the end of the chapter; but for the sake of those ,who seldom read the Scriptures I shall here transcribe two verses "*Then shall the King say to them on his Right-Hand, come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the World. Then shall he say to them on his Left-Hand, depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*"

AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN WILL FALL,

Then ! O to tell! some raised on high, and others doom'd to hell ! these praise the Lamb,
And sing redeeming Love, lodg'd in his bosom all his goodness prove:
While those who trampled under foot his Grace, are banished now for ever from his face,
Divided thus, a Gulf is fixed between, and (everlasting) closes up the scene.

'*Thus will I do unto thee O Israel; and because I will do thus unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel.*" *Amos.*

TICKETS for the PIT at the easy purchase of following the vain pomps and vanities of the fashionable World, and the devices and amusements of the Flesh to be had at every flesh-pleasing Assembly." *If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die*"

TICKETS for the GALLERY at no less than being converted, forsaking all, denying self, taking up the Cross, and following Christ in the Regeneration To be had no where but in the word of God, and where that word appoints

'*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, And be not deceived; God is not mocked.*" Matth. xi. 15. Gal. vi. 7.

N B. No money will be taken at the door; nor will any Tickets give admittance into the GALLERY, but those sealed by the Holy Ghost, with Immanuel's Signet.

"*Watch therefore; be ye also ready; for in such an Hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh*" Matt. xxiv, 42.

PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

By the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A

Storms are gathering in the sky:
Vengeful thunders hover nigh;
Plague spots in the church appear,
Filling every heart with fear.
She must drink the cup of woe—
Shame and sorrow she must know;
She is wandering from her God,
On her brow write Icabod.
Mystic fingers on her wall
Trace her sin, and bode her fall;
Warning voices through the gloom
Tell us of our coming doom.
Priestcraft, with a giant stride,
Stalks the land with pomp and pride.
He who should preach only Christ,
Now a semi-papal priest,
Would the church's lord appear,
Not its lowly minister,
Calling all men great and small,
Down before the priests to fall.
Priests forgetting in their pride,
Him who as our ransom died,
Bid us on our works depend,
Not on Christ the sinner's friend.
None the Bible now must read
Till the priest has fixed his creed:
None must rest on Christ alone
Till the priest his work has done.
Sacraments the priest extols
For 'tis he each rite controls
Thought to freedom is allied;
Therefore preaching set aside.
Fonts and alters now must teach;
Priests should sacrifice, not preach,
Priests they say, can intercede
In our hour of guilt and need,
Priests, ambassadors of heaven,
Can pronounce our sins forgiven—
Since, whate'er their want of sense,
They the gifts of grace dispense;
And, ordained by heaven, possess
Apostolic power to bless
Priests the monarch's throne outshine,
By a dignity divine;
Mean, compared with these are kings—
Dynasties but mushroom things
Priests had won their rightful throne
'Ere the crown of England shone;
They had risen to princely state
Long 'ere England's senate sate;
And when empires pass away
They shall hold their steadfast sway.
Devotees around them wait,
To exalt their lordly state.
See them sit in chancels proud,
High above the vulgar crowd;
See them, when the prayers they say,
From the people turn away,
Muttering hidden words of prayer,
That the vulgar may not share;
Then at alters, rich and high,
Bow and cross, we know not why.
What is wanting? Incense bring;
Morn by morn the matins sing;
Faldstool and sedilia place!
Hang upon the alter lace;
There the dying figure fix.
Knelt before by Catholics;
Then dispense the wafer bread,
Say due masses for the dead;
Chant the dirges slow and sad;
Sacred copes and banners add,
Pictures round the table set;
Then the show will be complete
Woe to thee my country, woe!
Thou canst hear this papal show
Thou canst tamely sit and see
This advancing mummery.
Forms exalted to the skies
While God's Word disdainfully lies;
Rome is fondled as a child,
Martyrs scorned and saints reviled;
Truth is bound with priestly chain,
Charity and candour slain
Pastors who their country warn
From their grieving flocks are torn,
From the church they loved at heart,
Crowds indignantly depart;
While triumphant errors stand.
Lords of the bewildered land,
Oh for an hour of Luther now!
Oh for a frown of Calvin's brow!
Once they broke the papal chain—
Who shall break it now again?
Lord, thou seest us weak and cold:
Rise as in the days of old,
Bare thine old Almighty arm,
Save thy church from every harm;
And may truth the victory win
Over falsehood, fraud, and sin.

The following Piece was sung by a prisoner Criminal, going to Execution at Newgate.

Freed from Death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joys support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.

May Death conclude my toils and tears,
May Death destroy my sins and fears;
May Death through Jesus be my friend,
May Death be life when life, shall end.

Crown my last moments with thy power,
The latest in my latest hour;
Then to the rapturous heights I soar;
Where Sin and Death are known no more.

THE NORWEGIAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Barrow, in his Norwegian Travels, relates the following song as sung by the Watchmen there, who carry a long staff with a round knob stuck full of little spikes, like the rays of a star, hence called the morning star.

Ho! the Watchman ho! the clock has struck 10, Praise be God our Lord; now it is time to go to Bed, the Housewife and her Maid. The Master as well as the Lad, the wind is South-East Hallelujah!—Praise be God, our Lord.

The letter here introduced, was written by the late Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth; an honest Supporter of the essential Doctrines of the Reformation.

(Copied from a Card printed in London.)

THE LAST LETTER OF *THE REV. Dr. HAWKER.*

WRITTEN TO HIS CURATE, THE REV. SEPTIMUS COURTENEY.

Plymouth, Thursday Morning, March 26, 1827.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER IN THE LORD.

I GREET you in Him in whom we have oneness and access by faith, and are one with, to all eternity!

I request you to be the medium of conveying to that part of the Lord's spiritual church in our most glorious Lord, who meet in Christian fellowship and communion in Charles, my warmest, best, largest and never-ceasing regard.

Tell them on my departure that I love them in the Lord; and that my earliest prayers are, and will be, for their spiritual knowledge of and communion with the Holy and Almighty Recorders, who bear witness in heaven, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; until faith is swallowed up in open vision; and, until we all come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect man,—to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

And say for me this farther: that while I bear them in my arms before the throne, in daily humblings of soul for their spiritual life; they will not fail to remember me, when going in before the King!

For yourself, dear Sir, and your ministry, I have often and shall continually, leave prayers at the mercy-seat, that great blessings may go before and follow your labours of love.

What the event of my departure may be, is with Him who cannot err; and with whom I cheerfully leave it.

And so commending and committing you to the Lord, I remain in the dust before God, in the consciousness of my nothingness, and the Lord's all sufficiency.

Your's, in the Lord.

ROBERT HAWKER.

*** *The Doctor departed this life April 6th*, 1827.

The Piece below, is from Quarles' Emblems. The wood cut in that work, represents the Saviour as a youthful Angel sitting at a table as Judge, with the Commandments above him; and in front of the table, stands the Sinner hanging down his head; behind the Delinquent, stands Justice with a drawn sword and a pair of scales pendant over him.

"*Enter not into Judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.*" Psalm CXLIII. 2.

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

Jes. Bring forth the pris'ner, Justice.

Just. Thy commands are done just Judge; see here the pris'ner stands.

Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say what's the cause of his commitment?

Just. He has broke the laws of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death of that great Majesty that gave him breath, and heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this?

Just. E'en by his own confession: his sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud: they cry'd to Heav'n, they cry'd to Heav'n for blood.

Jes. What say'st thou, sinner? hast thou ought to plead that sentence should not pass? hold up thy head, and show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah me! I dare not; I'm too vile and base to tread upon the earth, much more to lift mine eyes to Heav'n; I need no other shrift than mine own conscience; Lord, I must confess, I am no more than dust, and no whit less than my indictment styles me; ah! if thou search too severe, with too severe a blow, what flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws; my merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

Just. Lord shall I strike the blow?

Jes. Hold justice, stay: sinner speak on, what hast thou more to say?

Sin. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord, stampt with thy glorious image, and at first most like to thee, though now a poor accurst convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature, here trembling at thy bar.

Just. Thy fault's the greater. Lord, shall I strike the blow?

Jes. Hold, Justice, stay: speak sinner. hast thou nothing more to say?

Sin. Nothing but mercy, mercy, Lord; my state is miserably poor and desperate; I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee from Lord to Jesus, from myself to thee.

Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd abused mercy must have blood for blood: shall I yet strike the blow?

Jes. Stay. Justice hold, my bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold, to view the trembling wretch; methinks I spy my Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

Just. I cannot hold.

Jes. Then turn thy thirsty blade into my sides, let there the wound be made: cheer up dear soul; redeem thy life with mine: my soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

Sin. O groundless deeps! O love beyond degree! th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my advocate, is now my judge;
He suffers, pleads, and sentences alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

A curious letter written by W. Huntington, to one of his hearers on the point of Marriage. Mr. H. was once a Coal-Heaver, but afterwards became, a popular though a singular Preacher in London.

Winchester Row, August 9, 1784.

MY DAUGHTER IN THE FAITH.

I received your's and read it with indignation; and shall take the liberty to answer in three particulars. First I shall shew you the word of the Lord. Secondly, detect the hypocrisy of thy heart; and, Thirdly, I will shew you what will befall you in the latter days.

The most High has not tied up his children from marrying; but says, "marriage is honourable in all &c." The blessed Saviour himself honoured a wedding with his presence in Cana of Gallilee, wrought his first miracle at it, and manifested forth his glory, insomuch, that his disciples believed on him.

But God say "be not unequally yoked with Unbeliever's" If a woman have a mind to marry, she is at liberty to marry only in the Lord; mark that; her liberty is limited—"to marry only in the Lord. 1 *Cor.* vii. 39."

There are but two families in this world—the children of God and the children of the devil, if a daughter of God marries a son of Belial, she makes herself a daughter-in-law to the devil and by this infamous step labours to bring about an affinity between the Most High God, and Satan.

When God brought in his bill to the antedeluvian world, unlawful marriages stood first in the account. "The Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of such as they chose;" and by this they brought on the dreadful deluge: and you are going to justify them in your proceedings; and, by falling a sacrifice to their infatuations, you are endeavouring to bring on the final Conflagration.

All the plagues, persecutions, woes, and captivities that fell to Israel's share in the land of Canaan, began with these mixed marriages. God has set the miserable match of Sampson as a caution to every believer. But if thy affections are saddled upon an ass, thou wilt go on, however perverse thy proceedings may be, unless the drawn sword of God should appear in thy way. I have shewed you the word of the Lord, which is the sword of the spirit and if you rush upon the point of that sword, expect to pierce yourself through with many sorrows. Let me dissect the hypocrisy of thy heart. You say he is a person of great property. This springs from the cursed root of covetousness—"They that will be rich fall into temptations and a snare, &c."

As for his beauty, that is skin deep, and lays at the mercy of a cold or fever. Jacob paid dear for this fading article, fourteen years hard labour, many cutting disappointments, and her beauty was long balanced with a reproachful barrenness. And as her beauty was a kind of rival to God, he permitted Jacob himself to denounce her death in the face of her own father; "with whomsoever thou findest thy gods, let him not live. Gen. xxxi. 32" Rachel had hid them; and God took Jacob at his word, and sent the first arrow of death to the beautiful object. God likewise entangled her in her own words. When she said to Jacob, give me children or I die. God gave her a child, a Benoni; a son of her sorrow, and she died in bringing him forth.

"You verily believe that he will be converted to God." Yes a likely matter, that God should convert a man to satisfy your desires, and nurse your rebellion against his word. I know you will make a convert of him, rather than be disappointed

"He goes with you to hear the gospel; and approves of it." No doubt of that; and he will appear to get a great deal of comfort from it too, while you are perched at his right hand.

I will now shew you what will befall you in the latter days. First you will not find Christ at the wedding, yet you will not be comfortless; for your comforts will spring from another quarter; and while these last, you will hold up your head. But when the honey month is over, you will think about turning to your first husband again saying, it was better with me then than it is now. Hosea ii. 7. But the Bible will appear a sealed book; the intercourse between God and your soul will be barred up. many cutting reproofs God will send you from the pulpet, which conscience will apply to your case. These things will be the beginning of sorrows with you finding your soul bereft of the presence of God, and sinking in distress under it Satan will begin to tempt you, conscience will accuse you, and God will frown upon you. When this is the case. you will naturally wither to all the charms of your husband, and be brought to hate him as the cause of your soul's distress.

When your husband sees this, it will provoke him to jealousy; your coldness will quicken his malice; and the devil telling him that your religion is the cause, he will then appear in his proper colours: curse your profession, and take up the cudgels against you; and then you may expect to go all the rest of the way with a corpse strapped at your back.

I know this letter will not please you; it is a purge for your conscience; however you will seek counsel from some other professor who will approve of your measures, and then my letter will have no weight till after the wedding is over.

I do not expect an answer to this, as it is so wide to your purpose. But if ever you should write to me again, I crave one favour of you, which is, that you will never more call me your father, or even owned that you were called under my ministry; for your presumption in wedlock will be a scandal even to a coal-heaver. Remember you are a daughter of Seth, as long as you do well and I will own you as long as you obey the word of God, and no longer.

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

THE LAW SUIT.

Tried in the Court of Equity.

THE DEFENDANT NONSUITED.

A cause has been tried in old Equity court,
Of which I will give you a faithful report;
The plaintiff was Moses, defendant old Drill,
One advocate Truth, the other Free-will.

Stern Justice sat judge in his own proper place,
While Truth stood before him and stated the case;
That Drill was a debtor to do the whole law;—
He own'd it in letter but paid not a straw.

Free-will for his client, stood up in defence,
And pleaded good works, as pounds, shillings and pence,
But Truth in reply, said the coin was so base,
It sunk the defendant in deeper disgrace.

Defendant exclaim'd 'twas the best that he had—
The plaintiff refused it, because it was bad—
Truth farther insisted, if good it were found;
When counted, 'twas only a penny in pound.

Free-will said his client avoided all strife,
But kept to the Law as the rule of his life—
Was drill'd to its precepts, and kept them from youth—
But this was disproved in total by Truth.

Some witnesses therefore were call'd for by name,
And Conduct and Conscience and Christ Jesus came;
Who all the pretentions of Free-will withstood,
Yet still he contended, Drill meant to be good.

The judge in the sum of the evidence, said,
The Law to its utmost demand must be paid;
Old drill was nonsuited in damage and cost,
His plea was refuted—his cause was quite lost.

Free-will was ab tsh'd when his client was cast,
He bolster'd him up with false hope to the last;
But turn'd his tormentor as soon as he fell,
And put on his chains in the prison of hell.

J Irons

JUSTICE AND MERCY

Said Justice, "Man I fain know what you weigh,
In weight I spare you, if too light I slay,"
Man leap'd the scale, it mounted; "On my word,"
Said Justice, less than nothing where's my sword,
Virtue was there and her small weight would try,
The scale unsunk still kept the beam on high;
Mercy the whitest dove that ever flew,
From Calvery fetched a twig of crimson hue,
Aloft it sent the scale on t'other side,
Man smiled and Justice owned "I'm satisfied."

CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

Who shall the Lord's Elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their Souls;
And Mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

THE LAW SUIT.

Tried in the Court of Conscience.

THE DEFENDANT TRIUMPHANT.

The cause of New-born was tried t'other day,
When Moses and Justice said all they could say,
To prove him a Sinner, the vilest and worst;
Poor soul! he was guilty, condemn'd and accurst!

The sentence was pass'd, and he order'd to pay,
Or go to that prison whence none get away?
The law was enforc'd still refusing to spare,
And New-born abandon'd himself to despair.

The Judge at that moment came down from his seat,
And pleaded the cause of the soul at his feet;
Produc'd a receipt for the debt, in his blood,
The Law ask'd no more, nor the Justice of God.

Poor New-born look'd upward with wonder and felt,
His soul was deliver'd from thraldom and guilt,
He gazed on the law, and exclaim'd you are paid,
Appeal'd to stern justice, and was not afraid.

'Twas then for the first he delighted to view,
The law as most holy and righteous and true;—
Sung "no condemnation," for Jesus has died,
And I in his blood and his merit confide!

The Law-suit is ended—the costs are all paid—
Defendant defended—and grace is display'd,
Forgiven and justification reveal'd—
And New-born for heav'n and glory is seal'd!

Acquitted in court and accepted above,
Deliver'd from wrath and constrained with love,
Delighted in precepts on Grace he depends,
And Moses and Justice now meet him as friends

To glorify Christ as his Judge and his Friend—
Employs his whole life and it must to the end,
He shouts—"Tis" by grace that I am what I am"
Eternal salvation to God and the Lamb!

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

This Indian weed now wither'd quite,
Though green at noon cut down at night,
Shows thy decay; all flesh is hay,
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The pipe so lily like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak
Thou art ev'n such, gone with a touch,
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff,
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin,
For then the fire it does require,
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust, return thou must,
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

THE APHORISTICAL PAGE.

(Short Sentences often produce sharp Conviction.)

Stoop as you pass through the world, and you'll miss many hard thumps
Laziness begins in Cob-webs, and ends in Iron-chains.
Modern Philosophy often makes windows to shut out the light, and passages leading to nothing
A Covetous man roasts meat for others to eat.
He is a Fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not
Speak not of me unless you know me well, think of yourself ere caught of me you ted.
A Cripple in the right way, may beat a Racer in the wrong
A Friend that frowns, is better than an open Enemy.
By taking Revenge a man is but even with his Enemy, but in passing it over he is superior
Debt is like a Mouse-trap, when you once begin; you'll find it no great matter to get in, but very difficult to get out again.
Diffidence is the mother of safety, If you dinna see the bottom dinna wade
He that stumbleth twice at ae stane, deserves to break his shin bane
The works of God, and the word of God, are the two doors which open the Temple of Truth
What God has left indifferent, it becomes not man to make necessary.

CHINESE DEFINITIONS

A blustering fellow they call, a Paper Tiger.
When a man overvalues himself he is like a Rat falling into a scale and weighing itself
A Spend-thrift is compared to a Rocket, which goes off at once
The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.
Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family are said to hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar off but gives no light below
The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trial
What is whispered in the ear, is often heard a hundred miles off
Eggs are close things, but the chick comes out at last.
Sweet words are poison, bitter words physic.
Sweep the snow before your own door, and never mind the frost on your neighbour's roof.
A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

A small stone often makes a great noise.
A foolish Friend is at times a greater annoyance, than a wise Enemy
You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying honey.
If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf and dumb.
Do good and throw it into the sea, if the fish know it not, the Lord will
A man who weeps for every one, will soon lose his eye-sight.
Death is a black Camel that kneels before every man's door.
He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse.

Public safety has two certain bases, the terror of Wickedness, and the shelter of Innocence
It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes, said some one to an ancient Philosopher who replied, it is a greater blessing, not to desire what one does not possess
The true Schismatic is not always he that seperates, but he who makes the seperation necessary.
The best Workmen use the simplest tool.
He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass; for every man has need to be forgiven.
Liberty of Conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it, must give it
Giving up an argument is meritorious, but having the last word is a fault.
In Prosperity we should find God in all things; in Adversity we should find all things in God
A mote in the Gunner's eye, is as bad as a spike in the gun.
He who goes to bed in anger, has the Devil for his bed-fellow.
Speaking without thinking, is like shooting without taking aim.

He prayeth best who loveth best, all things both great and small.
For the dear God that loveth us, He makes and loveth all.

The Christian's crosses are made in Heaven.
Speak well of your Friend, and of those who may hate you, neither well nor ill.
We cannot translate Benificence, into the statute book of Law, without expunging it from the statute book of the heart.
He who is an ass and takes himself for a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake
He who gives you fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.
Conscience is not controllable by human laws, nor amenable to human Tribunals. Persecutions or attempts to force Conscience, will never produce conviction, and are only calculated to make Hypocrites or Martyrs.

You cannot strip two skins off one Cow.

The safest Medicine is no Medicine.

Who fears God need not fear an Elephant.

A fly with God's message could choke a King.

They who know most, are oftenest cheated,

Almost and very nigh, saves many a lie.

Those who in quarrels interpose, must often wipe a bloody nose.

Beware of had I wist; or, Have a care of, Had I known this before

Sell not the Bear's skin before you have caught him

Brave minds oppress, should in despite of fate, look greatest, like the Sun, in lowest state

He that smarts for speaking truth, hath a plaster in his own conscience.

We are not disarmed by being disencumbered of our passions.

Passions are the gales of life, it should be our care, to see they rise not into a tempest.

True Humility while it brings to light our own sins, is ever sure to cover the sins of others.

The smallest hair casts a shadow; the most trifling act has its consequences, here or hereafter.

Nothing hardens the heart more effectually than literary trifling upon religious subjects, where it is theory or scholarship, the conscience is untouched.

If you seem to do honour to your Piety, you cannot be too careful, to render it sweet and simple, affable and social.

Honours to men of learning, as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty, but when full and swelled with grain; they begin to flag and droop.

Lies begin with making falsehood appear like truth, and end with making truth like falsehood.

We should converse with the most impressive truth, as soldiers and surgeons do with blood, till they cease to make impression upon us.

It often happens that they are the best People, who have been the most hurt by slander, as we find that, sometimes, to be the sweetest fruit, at which the birds have been pecking

It is not in general the want of evidence, but the want of virtue, that makes men Infidels

Cato Major would say, that wise men learned more by fools, than fools by wise men.

Family Worship serves as an edge, or border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling

He who is always his own Counsellor, will often have a fool for his Client.

The Christian should have always one eye upon his end, and the other eye upon his way, as the Mariner who sails by compass, that he may compass that he sails for.

God hath promised pardon to the penitent, but he hath not promised to morrow to the negligent

As the Rivers which flow from the sea, run back again into the sea, so those blessings which come from God, must always be employed for God.

Any Person may raise a cavil, which none but a wise man can answer.

Bion asked an envious man that was sad, "What harm had befallen unto him, or what good had befallen unto another man."

Live on what you have—live if you can, on less;—do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure, the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret.

National happiness must be produced through the influence of Religious laws.

He who sacrifices Religion to wit, are like the people mentioned by Ælian, worships a fly, and offers an ox to it.

For every ill beneath the sun, there is some remedy, or none;
Should there be one, resolve to find it, if not submit, and never mind it.

He that is good will infallibly be better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse; for Virtue, Vice and Time, are three things that never stand still.

He who saith, there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

To endeavour to gain the perfect happiness promised in the next world, is the surest way to gain the greatest happiness the present World can bestow

None are so fond of secrets, as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money

Carefully avoid those vices, which most resemble virtue; they are the most dangerous of all vices

Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.

He that rises late in the morning, must be in a hurry all the day, and scarce overtake his business at night

Contentment without the world, is better than the world without contentment

Throw not a stone into the well from which thou drinkest; or speak not ill of him, who hath done thee a courtesy.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security

The man who is above his business, may one day find his business above him

Wit is brushwood. Judgment is timber, the first makes the brightest flame, but, the latter gives the most lasting heat.
The busy man say the Turks, is troubled with one devil, but the idle man with a thousand.
The Devil's loudest laugh, is at a detracting witticism, because the proverb "Devilish good" has sometimes a literal meaning.
Habit is a second nature.
Whether I am praised or blamed, says a Chinese Sage, I make it free to my advancement as virtue, those who commend, I conceive to point out the way I ought to go; those who blame me, as telling me the danger I have run.
The road Ambition travels, is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love; too rugged for honesty, too dark for science.
Let every man sweep the hedge before his door.
Men sometimes make a point of honor not to be disabused, and they will rather fall into an hundred errors than confess one.
He that lies long in bed his estate feels it.
The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in danger of living beneath them.
The skill of a Pilot is best seen in a storm, the courage and conduct of a General in a battle; and the piety of a Christian, in trials and conflicts.
The prevailing cause of crime, is generally not in want of information and education, but the want of good Principles.
Can Riches make a man wise?
Never doth reason shew itself more reasonable, than when it cutteth to reason about things above reason.
It is a narrow [illegible] or [illegible]
What's done in a hurry is done by halves; hence that saying—"Take time and you will have done the sooner."
A wanton eye is a messenger of an hoghaste heart.
Policy is a near neighbour to cheating; the way from the one to the other is very slippery.
Do nothing without Foresight or Forecast, a little wariness prevents much weariness.
Sometimes the best way to check a scandalous report, is to despise it; if we go about to stop it, it will but run the faster.
The Good love the Good.
When pride rides in the saddle, mischief and shame sit on the crupper.
Stealing never makes a man rich, and lying never make a man poor; and prayer never hinders a man's business.
Write your injuries in sand, your benefits in marble.
Good men as well as bad, have sometimes fortunes sad. Caution and care oft baffle a [illegible]
Envy and care, makes the body grow spare. Six feet of earth and all distinctions of [illegible] but.
When good cheer is lacking, our Friends will be packing.
The Borrower is a slave to the Lender, and the Security a slave to both.
Wickedness in jest, turns to wickedness in earnest.
Suspicions among thoughts, are like bats among birds.
Work on earth is done best, when work for Heaven is done first.
We are beholden to God for all the good we do, as well as for the good we receive.
Neither hate the man for his vices, nor love the vice for the man's sake.
Plato being told that some had spoken ill of him said,—"It matters not; I will endeavour to live, that nobody shall believe them."
Nothing is wisely begun, if its end is not providentially thought upon.
Be not too venturesome in exposing thyself to needless dangers; for—"He that courts perils shall die the devil's martyr."
Sell not another person's credit at a low rate; it will set the market for another to shine at the same price.
To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.
It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.
Despise no enemy merely because he seems weak, the fly and locust have done more hurt than bears and lions ever did.
Christians should endeavour after unity in the essentials of Religion; moderation in its circumstantials; and charity in both.
Accustom not thyself to find fault with other peoples' actions, thou art not bound to weed their gardens.
Divine wisdom in the heart lays the best foundation, for human prudence.
Better beg one's bread with Lazarus on earth; than one's water with Dives in hell.
Those fall deepest into hell, who by Apostacy fall backward into it.
Many live beggars that they may not die so.
We are beholden to God not only for supplying our wants, but chastening our wantonness.
What's squeezed out by one lust, is often squandered away upon another.
A poor man is in want of some things, a covetous man is in want of all things.
Glasses once cracked are soon broken, such is a man's good name when tainted with past reproach.

Gold is worshipped in all Climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single Hypocrite

If we are not contented as we are, depend upon it there is little chance of our being contented as we would be; the mind gives the colour to the station, more than the station to the mind.

A great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great misfortune.

Idleness is sweet to those who have earned it, burdensome to those who get it for nothing

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

Censorious persons easily believe all the good spoken of themselves, and all the evils spoken of others

Moderation is the silken cord, running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

No man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only affecting to be something more.

A Child may be taught to control its passions, but you cannot compel it to do so

Whoever observes his own faults, and the excellences of others, without envying them and despairing of himself; is growing in wisdom.

They who talk from thought and reflection, are rarely eloquent.

If you only endeavour to be honest, you are struggling with yourself.

Children should be taught to feel deference, not to practice submission.

The more riches a fool has, the greater fool he is.

The best way to humble a proud man, is not to notice him.

There are four good mothers of whom are born four unhappy children: Truth begets hatred. Prosperity pride, Security danger, familiarity contempt.

Whoever is not persuaded by reason, will not be convinced by Authority.

Let your lot be good, bad, or indifferent; convince the world, that you merit a better it will cause even your remains, to be respected.

A modest youth may become a confident man, but never an impudent one Indeed modesty appears to be the minority of confidence; and confidence the maturity of reason

Calmness under contradiction, is demonstrative of great stupidity, or strong intellect.

Reading makes a full man, thinking makes a wise man; and writing makes a ready man therefore read much, think more, write most; and you will always have——

— A Store of good reasons, and a word for all seasons.

The dresses which women should be most anxious to wear, are those which are woven in the loom of Virtue, by the hands of modesty and simplicity; and trimmed and adorned by delicacy

Content is happiness, but covetousness misery.

Rich men feel misfortunes that fly over poor men's heads.

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

The master's eye makes the horse fat

Covetous men's chests are rich, not they

A Coward's weapons are his tongue and his heels.

Revenge drinketh up the greatest part of its own poison.

Plain dealing is a jewel, but they who wear it are out of the fashion

When corruption laden with gold knocks at the door of Indigence, it is rarely shut

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire; make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shant disagree about trifles"

Knowledge without experience makes but half an Artist.

Jealousy is one of those sentiments, which commence in terrible maturity, like Minerva, it is born armed at all points

Riches are the root of evil, and often the fruit of it.

There is in every sincere and profound Sentiment, which feels its own value; a kind of suspicious austerity, of fierce susceptibility; of sacred modesty: which is revolted by the slightest profanation

He that waits to do a great deal of good, at once, will never do any.

Serenity of mind is nothing worth, unless it has been earned; a man should be susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them

He gives twice who gives quickly.

Fight hard against a hasty temper, anger will come; but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire; a fit of passion may cause you to mourn all the days of your life.

Distrust all who love extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason.

Antisthenes, being asked by a man, what it was best to learn, said, to unlearn the evil thou hast already acquired

Prayer is the wing wherewith the Soul flies to Heaven.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom, he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it, hath it not.

There are two sorts of enemies inseparably from almost all men of great fortune—The flatterer and the liar. One takes before, the other behind; both insensibly, both dangerously.

Self will is so a dead, so active, that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit upon.

POETICAL FRAGMENTS.

(The Bards are often the powerful Preachers.)

HEAVEN PERPETUAL.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.

Young.

ON DEATH.

Yes 'twill be over soon.—This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain,
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wide region of unwearied pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile, yon golden harvest glow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when all my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health, and future evils brave;
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—Thou gav'st the bitter cup
I bow to thy behest and drink it up.

K. White.

UNPREPARED DEATH.

How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain? how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stain
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is bitter [illegible] orror: but the foe,
Like a staunch [illegible] ready to his purpose,
Pursues her [illegible] through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Blair.

LOVE OF ONE'S COUNTRY.

[illegible], with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.
Though thy clime be fickle,
And thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a [illegible]
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.

Cowper.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand—let me decay
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away
And softly go to slumber with the dead
And if 'tis true, what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
O let the aerial Music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning in mine ear,
That I may bid my weeping friends good-by
Ere I depart upon my journey drear:
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

K. White.

THE GENERATIONS OF MEN.

Like leaves on trees the race of men is found;
Now green in youth, now wither'ring on the ground.
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these, when those are past away.

INNOCENCE.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice he is arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Sanksp[illegible].

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

The rage of nations, and the crash of states
Move not the man, who from the world escap'd
Is still retreats and flow'ry solitudes.
To nature's voice attends from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year
Admiring sees her in her every shape,
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart:
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

* * * * *

Ev'n winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour [illegible] lustre on th' exalted eye.
A [illegible] book, the stealing hours secure,
[illegible] mark them down for wisdom, with [illegible]
[illegible] g,
O'er land and sea th' imagination roams;
[illegible] truth divinely breaking on the mind,
[illegible]ates his being, and unfolds his pow'rs;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

Thomson.

ON THE FLEETNESS OF TIME.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss, to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours,
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch,
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.

Young.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Behold. fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years
Thy flow'ring spring thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn into age.
And pale concluding winter comes at last;
And shuts the scene.

Thomson.

ON CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant. nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppressions, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis liberty of heart derived from heaven,
Bought with his blood, who gave it to mankind,
And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter. and that charter sanction'd sure
By th' unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.

* * * * *

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
[illegible] and though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

Cowper.

THE HOPELESS STATE

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flam'd yet from those flames no light,
But rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of wo,
Regions of sorrow! doleful shades!
Where peace and rest can never dwell!
Hope never comes, that comes to all:
But torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever burning sulpher unconsum'd!
Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
For these rebellious; here their prison ordain,d
In utter darkness and their portion set
As far remov'd from God, and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.

Milton.

THE SEXTON.

Deaths's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain.
And there his pamper'd lord!
The cup goes round, and who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet strange the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole a gentle tear;
With mattock in his hand digs thro' whole rows
Of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knows its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life, Thus hand in hand.
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker
On the green laughs louder.
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet
None sings a merrier catch,
Or lends a hand more willing to the cup.
Poor wretch he minds not, that soon some
Lusty brother of the trade, shall do for him
What he has done for thousands.

Blair.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

Lord, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure or balm shall kill;
Vernal suns, or Zephyr's breath.
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves:
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious pow'r?
The sun in all its darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour

Watts

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight—On the globe dead slumber
And all is silence, in the hour of sleep; sits,
Save when the hollow gust that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn,
And as still memory does her vigils keep.
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad unmeaning tear unmix'd with dread.
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane, like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

K. White.

THE HUNTED STAG.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where
Long he ranged, the branching monarch of
The shades, before the tempest drives. At
First in speed, he sprightly puts his faith;
And roused by fear, gives all his swift aerial
Soul to flight; against the breeze he darts,
That way the more, to leave the lessening
Murderous cry behind: deception short!
Though fleeter than the winds blown o'er
The keen-air'd mountain by the north.
He trusts the thickets, glances through the
Glades and plunges deep into the wildest wood
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
But streaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where in kind contest, with his butting friends
He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full descending flood he tries
To lose the scent and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd: the watchful herd alarm'd
With selfish care avoid a brother's wo.
What shall he do? His hence so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirits, now no more
Inspires the course; but fainting breathless toil
Sick seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge to despair.
The big round tear run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguish while the growling pack
blood, happy hang at his fair jutting chest,
And marks his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Thomson.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT

He is the happy man whose life, even now,
Shows something of that happier life to come,
Who doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to chose,
Would make his fate his choice, whose peace the fruit
Of virtue, and whose virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness: bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Beneath the skies, but having there his home
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not,
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours her emoluments, her joys.

Cowper

DYING FRIENDS.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smoothe
Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome and safe, our port from every storm.

* * *

Smitten friends are Angels sent on errands full of love; for us they languish, and for us they die.

Young

ON NIGHT.

While night in solemn triumph reigns,
Ascend my soul the heavenly plains;
Thy flight to those gay regions take,
Angels and men are still awake.
The smiling stars will light thy way,
To the gladsome realms of day.
While drowsy men with idle themes,
Fantastic joys and airy dreams,
Are entertain'd do thou converse
With heaven and heavenly strains rehersc.
Visit the peaceful plains above,
And through the fields of pleasure rove,
Forget the scenes of care and strife,
And walk among the trees of life.
Taste the rich fruits of Paradise,
And bathe in flowing streams of bliss,
Solac'd in those eternal springs,
Lose every thought of mortal things.

M. A. Rowe.

ON BEAUTY.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms ex
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd pung'd
What hast thou more to boast of? Will the
Lovers flock around thee now, and gaze to do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeiting upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd
Riots unscar'd For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labors at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them
Repair, for which the spoiler thanks thee not
Foul feeder! coarse fare and carrion pleas
Thee full as well, and leave as keen a relish on the sense

Blair

TO FORTUNE.

I care not Fortune! what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shows his brightening face:
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The wood and lawns, by living streams at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Thomson

INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Thou, thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remembered not.

Shakespeare.

THE HEAVENLY SABBATH.

Their holy souls perpetual sabbaths keep,
And never are concern'd for food or sleep;
There new-come saints with wreaths of light are crown'd,
While ivory harps and silver trumpets sound;
There flaming seraphs sacred hymns begin,
And raptur'd cherubs loud responses sing.

Rowe

THE HONEST PREACHER.

There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart
And arm'd himself with panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!

Cowper

THE DYING BED.

When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of wisdom! if our choice, not fate)
Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments and in ev'ry clock
Start at the voice of an eternity. *Young.*

GLEANINGS.

On Man. 'Tis vain to seek in man for more
Than man, though proud in promise, big in previous thought; experience damps our Triumph.

Young.

Divine Anticipation.

Come love come life, and that bless'd day,
For which I languish, come away;
When this dry soul; these eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd source of Thee.

Mrs. Rowe

Human Greatness.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Gray.

On Fate. What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

Young

Looking Upward.

Beyond these crystal vaults
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings to thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you:
Heaven is my native air,
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

Watts.

The World. The world's all title page.
There's no contents, the world's all face;
The man that shows his heart is hooted for
His nudities, and scorned.

Young

On the Dead.

But ah! no notices they give,
Nor tell us how, nor where they live;
As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep the secret of their state.
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by Faith alone.

Solitary Walk

Anticipation When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumb'rous flesh
Pass the great seal of Heaven? What happy Hour shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar,
And trace the intellectual world?

Mrs. Rowe

PHYSICAL HINTS.

(Think for thyself, and be guided by Experience.)

ON SEEING.

Moderate light—The eye cannot adjust itself perfectly, while it is exposed to the stimulus of surrounding Objects—a defence from the intrusion of collateral rays will prevent the picture on the Retina being confused by those adventitious rays which otherwise distract it, and if those rays are admitted into the eye which come direct from the object under examination, it will make a much more vivid impression on the sight, which will be sharpened and strengthened very much.

The Pupil of the eye is larger when shaded by a *Broad Brimmed Hat*—such as Coachmen wear, who probably adopted this custom from its advantages in sharpening their sight.

Too much light is as prejudicial as too little, light enough to illuminate the object, and to make it easily and perfectly visible, is all that is wanted:—on this occasion, the Old Proverb, "Enough is as good as a Feast," is quite true,—more is not only unnecessary, but injurious, and will not only overstimulate the eye and force the pupil to shut itself up, but if continually so irritated, the eye will soon become as much impaired by such overstimulation, as the stomach is by dram-drinking

The proper way of defending the eyes from too much light, is by preventing all that is superfluous from entering the room, by means of blinds or shutters—thus, you may admit only just such a degree of light as you find most agreeable to the eyes.

At Night—use a *Reading Candlestick* with a shade to shield the eye from the glare of light, which is of greater assistance to the sight than those who have not tried it can imagine:—One candle so shaded will enable a person to see better than two without such a shade.

The Optic Pupil inevitably adjusts itself to the brightest object, which therefore should be that which it is its business to attend to,—not the flame of the candle, but the book you are reading.

Symptoms of the eye requiring Spectacles.

The natural decay of the sight commences, in common eyes, very soon after the meridian of life the Crystalline Humour is clear and transparent like water—till about the 25th or 30th year of our age, when it begins to become a little yellow towards the centre, which yellowness grows gradually deeper and deeper, and extends more and more towards the surface in so much that Dr. Petit found, that the Crystalline of a man 81 years old, resembled two pieces of beautiful yellow amber.

Nature has decreed, that soon after our 40th year, the most perfect eyes shall no longer retain the priviledge she gives to Youth, of the power of adjusting them to see distinctly at different distances:—this range of accommodation diminishes gradually: till it fails almost entirely, and those to whom it is given, to continue to discern distant things distinctly, have no longer the power of seeing distinctly those which are near.

The first indication of the eye beginning to be impaired by age, is that when you wish to read a small print, nib a pen, or thread a needle, &c. you are obliged to remove it further from your eye than you have been accustomed to do; and desire the aid of plenty of light; and on looking at a near object, it becomes confused, and appears to have a kind of mist before it, and the letters of a book, run one into another, or appear double,&c.

If you obstinately strive against nature, and barbarously refuse your eyes that assistance from art which will enable you to see with great ease, but without which, you cannot see without great difficulty—You will act as absurdly as if you refused to eat when hungry or to sit down when you are tired—and will soon strain and weaken your sight, which will receive, more injury in a few months by such forced exertion, than it would in years, if assisted by proper glasses which render vision easy.

The common objection which people make to put on spectacles, is that, "if they once begin to wear them, they are afraid they can never leave them off again:" this is true enough;—but why should they? if by such aid, their sight is relieved and preserved, and they are enabled to see easily and distinctly, and when they attempt to read without, their eyes ache,—their head aches,—and every bit of 'em aches. *Dr. Kitchiner.*

"The change in the conformation of the eyes, which renders spectacles useful, seems to be one of those which Nature has destined to take place at a particular period of life, and to which there is no gradual approach through the preceding course of life. A person for instance at 40, sees an object distinctly, and at the same distance that he did at 20. When he draws near to 50, the change I have spoken of, commonly comes on and obliges him in a short time to wear spectacles. As he proceeds he is under the necessity of using others of a higher power, but instead of supposing that his sight is gradually becoming worse, from a natural process, he attributes the increase of the defect in it, to his too early and frequent use of glasses. Upon the whole, I draw this inference from what has been stated that no person whose sight begins to grow long, ought to be in the least prevented from enjoying the immediate advantage which spectacles will afford him, by the fear that they will ultimately injure his eyes." *Dr Wells. on Vision.*

Choice of Spectacles. This is one of those acts which cannot be properly performed by proxy—the Sight cannot be perfectly suited unless, 'every eye negociates for itself'

This is so absolutely true, that not only one person cannot choose for another—but one eye has often very little notion what glass will be best even for its own brother, so extremely does the left eye occasionally differ from the right.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the common notion, that there is an invariable Rule, that a certain form of glass is calculated for a certain age. No rule has more exceptions;—this vulgar error has been productive of great and irremidable injury to the eyes of thousands!

In choosing spectacles, the first thing to attend to, is to look at a book with each eye alternately (shutting the other), and carefully ascertain, if you can see equally well with both eyes, with the same glass, exactly the same distance.—Persons are quite unconscious of the frequent inequality in the focus of their two eyes, nothing can be more absurd than to purchase spectacles ready glassed.

If your glasses are not convex enough, or too young, you will not see clearly, unless the book is placed so far from your eyes, that the letters cannot be seen distinctly.

If your glasses are too convex or too old, you will be obliged to bring the book nearer to your eyes than you did when your sight was good, and the letters will, appear larger than they really are.

Spectacles which magnify too much, will strain the eyes even more than those which do not magnify enough, and instead of retarding, will accelerate the defect which age brings on

There seems to be a natural impulse in most persons, that after a printed book has been handed them for trial to read, to presently look off to some object on the other side of the room, or across the street. and say, 'Why now I can see well enough to read with these glasses but I cannot discern what that word is over yonder door;' and the Optician has oftentimes no little trouble to convince them, that such spectacles are not intended to show objects at a distance—if you want to see any thing farther off or nearer, you must have glasses of longer, or shorter focus, and different glasses for almost every different distance

Kitchiner.

It is as rare to find a person who can use both his eyes with equal effect, as one who is equally dexterous with both his hands; there is not one person among thousands, whose eyes are both exactly the same size, or of exactly the same focus

Dr. Willich on the eye

Of the quality of Spectacle Glasses.

The defects of spectacle glasses are either from Veins—Specks—Scratches—Colour--or false Figure·

1st. To discover Veins in a convex glass, place a candle about 5 or 6 yards from you; then look through the glass, move it from your eye till you find it full of light, and you will then clearly see every vein, &c. in it which renders vision imperfect by distorting the Objects.

2dly· Specks or Scratches are not so mischievous as veins - for they do not distort the object, but only intercept part of the light; however such defective glasses will not be used —except by such persons as think that their Two Eyes not worth two shillings.

3dly. False Figure. To prove the Figure, lay a book before you, hold the spectacles in your hand, and looking through them remove them gradually from the book. If the figure of the glasses is false, the objects will appear distorted and confused. Thus if you view any cross lines which form small squares, through a falsely ground glass—some of the squares will appear with straight sides distinct and all of a size; others with crooked sides of different sizes and confused; so that the whole will be neither like the original, nor all parts of it distinct at the same distance.

If you view it through a true glass, it will be exactly like the original figure and uniformly distinct, only magnified according to the degree of the power of the lens used; and as you gradually remove the glass beyond the focus, if you take care to move the glass perpendicularly to the plane of the paper, all parts of the object will become equally indistinct at the same distance.

4thly. The Colour of the Glass--That is the best material for looking through, through which objects appear nearest to their natural colour—the easiest way of examining the colour of glass is to lay it upon a piece of white paper.

To measure the focal length of Spectacle Glasses.

The usual manner of measuring the focus of spectacles, is to hold them opposite a window against the side of a room, and draw them gently away forwards until the frame of the window can be seen, making a small image through the Spectacle glass on the Wainscot or side of the Room. When the window frame appears most distinct, the number of inches, measured by a rule between the glass and the wall, or partition opposite, will show the real focal length.

TABLE. Of the Focal Length of the convex or magnifying Glasses commonly required at Various Ages.

Inches Focus of Convex	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	18
Years of Age	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80	85	90	95	100

Scale used by Opticians —No Rule has more exceptions

When to change the first Glasses. Kitchner.

When you find a recurrence of the symptoms which first prevailed upon you to wear spectacles, and begin to see with little or no better with the first glasses, than you then did with your naked eye—your eyes require the Second Sight of 30 inches focus.—But, I most earnestly entreat my friend the Reader, to be content with as little assistance as will enable him to read a newspaper comfortably by candlelight, at about the same distance he did before his sight was impaired—from 8 to 10 inches, is the mean distance at which common eyes, in their mean state see most clearly.

When you find that the first sight of 36 inches focus, is hardly sufficient help to read by candle light—to examine any very minute object—*i.e.* to make pens, &c, You may get the Second Sight, of 30 inches focus.—But pray—only use them, for purposes for which you find the first sight is quite insufficient.

Many persons have irreparably injured their eyes, and indeed have worn out their sight prematurely, by beginning with spectacles of too short focus, *i. e.* which magnify too much, or as the common expression is, are too old.

Nature soon bends to Custom. Eyes which have been excessively stimulated by too deep Magnifiers, never recover their elasticity.

The following Advice of Mr. G. Adams the Optician, is excellent:——

Those who are careful in following a regular gradation in the change of their glasses, may preserve their eyes to the latest period of old Age, and even then be able to enjoy the comforts and pleasures which arise from distinct vision. Do not therefore precipitate these changes, lest you should absorb too soon the resources of Art, and not be able to find Spectacles of sufficient power.

On Reading Glasses. Kitchner.

Some Persons who are shy of mounting Spectacles, which they seem to consider an inconvenient manner of advertising their Age upon their nose therefore they purchase a 'Reading Glass,' and habitually put it up to One and the same Eye, leaving the other involuntarily to wonder;—after a few years, the sight of the Idle Eye becomes of a different focus to that which had been employed with the Glass, and is often irrepairably impaired.

When Persons who have long patronised one eye, and slighted the other, take to spectacles, they will (generally) require glasses of a different focus for each eye.

Spectacles are always preferable, because both eyes by being kept in action, are kept in health, and Vision is brighter and easier, and the labour of each eye is considerably lessened.

The Eye least used, soon becomes weak, and in the course of a little time almost [illegible] little [illegible], that I have frequently heard persons who up to the age of 40 have worked their right eye, and finding it begin to fail, say, they must begin to teach their left eye to see—however, as I told them, they found on trial, that the Eye which had been Idle, was much more impaired than that which had been active.

A Single Glass, set in a smart ring, is often used by Trinket-fanciers merely for Fashion's sake, by folks who have not the least defect in their Sight, and are not aware of the mischievous consequences of [illegible] pernicious plaything, which will most assuredly, in a few Years, impair the Vision of One, or both Eyes.

Query. Which appears most ridiculous? A Young man pretending to the sagacity and Experience of Age—or an Old Man affecting the strength, and apeing the alertness of youth?

The only way that persons can indulge their humour of appearing Purblind with impunity, is to use—Spectacles with Plain Glasses.

G. Adams on the Reading Glass—

The Eyes in endeavouring to See with a Reading-Glass are considerably strained, and in a short time much fatigued: and there is another objection to the use of Reading-Glasses, which arises from the unsteadiness of the hand, and the motion of the head, which occasions a perpetual motion of the Glasses, for the eye endeavours to conform itself to each change, and this tender organ is thereby kept in continual agitation; to these evils we may add the dazzling glare and irregular reflection from the surface of the Glass, which so weakens the Eyes, that those who accustom themselves to a Reading-Glass, are in a short time obliged to take to Spectacles, and to use them much older than they otherwise would have done.

On Preservers. The Title of Preservers, which some sagacious name-giver gave to Spectacles of 36 inches focus or the First Sight, is an admirable appellation to attract the attention of people—but is equally applicable to all the following gradations of Glasses;—for the term is generally misunderstood,—people seem to suppose, that Spectacles of 36 Inches focus, have the magic power of arresting the progress of that failing of the faculty of Sight, which is one of the natural and unavoidable consequences of Age.

It is very common for Persons after they have worn Spectacles of 36 Inches focus for a year or two, to complain that they think that "their Glasses cannot be of the right focus for their Eyes, for when they do not wear them, they certainly cannot see so well without them as they did before they used them, therefore—they certainly cannot be Preservers." Kitchner.

On Spectacle Frames. *Dr. Kitchner.*

I prefer a well hammered Silver Frame with double Joints, the second joint of which may be turned on its pin over the First, so that they may be occasionally used with the single joint only—they sit close and steady on the Head, and are convenient to wear under a Hat—do not press either on the Nose or on the Temples—but their pressure is general and equal, and as it may be varied, may be rendered more agreeable than any other frame.

Spectacles with only a single joint, must press hard somewhere.

Tortoise-shell Spectacles have a gloomy heavy appearance, are no lighter than Silver ones, and are very easily and very often broken:—however if you will have a shell frame, let the front be all black—variegated shell is bad for the Eye.

Blued Steel Frames are good looking enough when new, but soon lose their Azure lustre, and then look very shabby; there is a prejudice in favour of a steel frame as being very light, and, from its elasticity, that, its pressure on the head is less than that of a silver frame. It may be for the first fortnight; but in the course of that time, such is the ductile nature of a silver frame, which soon adapts itself exactly and comfortably to the head, and becomes infinitely easier and pleasanter than the springy steel, which cuddles ones head rather too closely the truth of the old saying, "as easy as an old shoe," is remarkably felt in "an Old Silver Spectacle Frame,"

On adjusting the Spectacles.

Few Persons are aware of the injurious consequences produced by wearing spectacles not properly fitting the face and corresponding with the width of the pupil of the eye If the spectacles are too narrow, the eye inverts itself inwards and curves the obliquity of vision, frequently mistaken for mistaken sight, The focus power of the glass proceeds from the centre, the same as from the eye, and the nearer the one is to the other, the greater power of the vision is obtained, but, if diverted from its usual course, they then become a sourse of painful annoyance, and injury to the wearer.

On the Preservation of the Eye.

The best Plan for the preservation of the Eyes, is not to employ them in any work at night that gives them trouble:—let all business, which requires intense attention, such as mending Pens, &c. be done by the better day.

At any age, the less the eyes are actively employed at night the better—after the labours of the day, the eye participates in that languor which every other part of the body suffers, and the tone of the visual organ is comparatively feeble, therefore [illegible] as much as possible, reading a small pr[illegible], or any business which requires the earnest exertion of the eyes, and always use a Shaded Light.

Over exercise of the eyes, will occasion a temporary exhaustion of them, just in like manner as over-exercise of the legs will disable a person from walking with his wonted energy; till rest restores vigour to him.

Watch-makers Engravers, and those who are in the habit of using Strong Magnifiers, would feel their eyes much less fatigued, if the objects they examine were always placed at once, and kept at the proper focus, this might be contrived very easily, by fixing the magnifying-glass in the opening of the spectacle frame, or on a stand, with an adjustm[illegible]t by a Tooth and Pinion to bring it to a distinct vision, and which would also support the object which might be fixed by a simple apparatus, and so both the hands and the eye might work at it with great ease and advantage to what they do now without such holders, which in fact would be equal to another pair of hands.

Nothing can be more detrimental to the organ of sight than the clumsy practice of Watch makers holding a glass by squeezing the orbicularis muscle,— which cannot be done without distorting, and distressing, and much injuring the mechanism of the eye.

From Rammazzini on the Diseases of Tradesmen.

I would advise certain Workmen (such as Engravers &c.) not only to use spectacles but to intermit from their work now and then and refresh their eyes by diversity of objects. For we can't imagine how much the mobility of the membranes of the eyes, and the native fluidity of the humours, is kept up by viewing divers objects; some near at hand, some remote, some directly, others obliquely; and, in fine, all manner of ways; for by this means the natural disposition of the eye is preserved, so that the ball is sometimes contracted, and sometimes dilated; and the Crystalline Humour approaches more or less to the Pupilia, according as the remoteness or nearness of the object requires. Without this diversity of action, the eyes undergo the same fate with the other parts, that by being long detained in one position. grow stiff and unfit for motion.

On reading by Candle Light. *Dr. Kitchner.*

At night use a Reading Candlestick or a Lamp with a shade to shield the eye from the glare of light; which is of much greater assistance to the sight than those who have not tried it can imagine:—One candle so shaded will enable a person to see better than two without such a shade.

The optic nerve inevitably adjusts itself to the nearest object, which therefore should be that which it is its business to attend to, not the flame of a candle, but the book you are reading.

A Final Caution. Take care of your Glasses

Every time you wipe your Spectacles you scratch them a little, and "many a little makes a mickle"—therefore, when you have done using them, put them carefully in your case, to prevent other people abusing them as the Naughty Boy did his Grand Pa's Specs—who took the Glasses out, and when the old Gentleman put them on, finding that he could not see, exclaimed, "Marcy me, I've lost my Sight!"—but thinking the impediment to Vision might be the dirtiness of the Glasses, took them off to wipe them—when not feeling them, he, still more frightened cried out, "Why what is come now, why I've lost my feeling too!"

ON DRINKING.

The following numbered Scraps are here inserted by the Editor, without comment, with answered Notes by the Hon. Chs. Young, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

ON BEER.

No I. Beer is unquestionably the most extensive substitute for spirits, especially with the labouring classes, and public breweries cannot be too much encouraged, for we find that in every town or village wherever established, or within their range, effects highly beneficial— . . . Now it is well known that the sacharine substance extracted from malt, the all important constituent of Beer, is precisely the same as that from the sugar cane. The other extractive matter is principally a *mucilage* in which resides a great portion of the *barm*, or fermenting principle and which renders malt beer so flatulent, and prone to acidity in the stomach, especially if small and heating, and what is termed heady to most of those who do not labour or use severe exercise, if strong. *British American.*

No. 2. Malt Liquor has a highly nourishing power, and appears to be quite necessary for hard working men. Mr. Chadwick, when taken evidence on the subject of the poor laws, questioned a labourer of superior strength as to his diet. This man said that the beer which his wife brewed for him (which was ten or twelve gallons from half a bushel of malt) was as good beer as he could desire for the hardest work. Stronger beer excited him, and as the excitement was for a short time, a repetition of the stimulus was necessary. Mr. Chadwick tasted the beer, which possessed little strength for excitement, and none for intoxication. It appeared, however, to be the beverage which the labourers themselves preferred when working piece-work, when, of course, their object was to sustain their strength the most beneficially, and produce the greatest amount of work.

No. 3. Home-brewed beer, is the cheapest drink, except milk, which a family can use: a labourer may brew as good beer as he can get at a public house for exactly a quarter of what he can buy it there. It seems extraordinary that so few people brew their own beer; this may proceed from the price of the utensils, but if a man has saved money enough to pay for them, or can save enough, he will soon find himself paid by brewing at home. It would very much lessen the expense, if two or three poor families were to buy a set between them, and brew together.

Tea is more unwholesome and expensive than any thing else used by the poor; every animal will show the wholesomeness of malt in comparison with tea. If a pig lived on malt, he would be fat in a short time; but he would die in less than a week, if he were fed on tea. *Useful Hints. Labourers' Friend Society.*

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No. 4. *On Wine.* It is well known that in all countries where wine is produced in any abundance, the people are temperate, and consume little or no ardent spirits. Indeed it is said to be nauseous to a great portion of the population of wine countries * * It is an error to view a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling class of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of whiskey, which is desolating their houses. No nation is drunken where wine is cheap; and none sober, where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage. It is in truth, the only antidote to the bane of whisky. Fix but the duty at the rate of other merchandize, and we can drink wine here as cheap as we do grog; and who would not prefer it? Its extended use will carry health and comfort to a much enlarged circle. *The British American.*

No. 5. Wine, Spirits and Beer, are necessary principles, for the important process of respiration; and it would seem that the stomachs of all mankind, tee-totallers included; will secrete these articles from the food which is eaten. We see frequently an interesting evidence of the fact, in the case of a horse, after a feed of corn; resuming his journey, with steadiness and energy, although quite knocked up, and out of breath a few hours before. The simple fact is, that the Horse converts the corn into beer, which facilitates his power of respiration, and gives him fresh vivacity, If any man is resolved to carry out total abstinence strictly, he must refuse every sort of vegetables, even bread itself, for all such diet contains more or less of alcohol. *Professor Liebig.*

No. 6. Wine, like all other mercies, is a gift of the divine goodness, and should excite our admiration and gratitude. Wine is intended to add to the happiness of man, and to be of use to our health. Other drinks, whether natural to us or not, do not produce these effects to the same degree. It is a means of recruiting exhausted strength. Bread satisfies man to act, but wine causes him to act with spirit, when it is taken in moderation.

* * * Some unwise and tyrannical legislatures have prohibited the use of it under severe penalties, not for fear of its injuring the health, but from mercenary or superstitious motives, Such for instance, was the conduct of Mahomet in forbidding the use of it to his followers. * *

This liquor is an useful and salutary medicine, which supports animal life, and diffuses the vital spirits through the frame, it warms the blood, and conduces greatly to health; but the continual or excessive use of wine destroys these beneficial effects.

From the Editor's old School-Book. Sturm

THE WINES mentioned in the **SACRED SCRIPTURES,** were all of an intoxicating quality, and yet spoken of with **APPROBATION.**

Among the many quotations which may be referred to one will be sufficient to establish the Truth.

All the Preparations of he Vine mentioned in the sacred Writings.

Yayin— from Yanah to squeeze, to press, the Oinos spoken of in the new Testament. Yayin is called a mocker, to those who are deceived by it. (Prov. xx. 1)
Yayin is reckoned a blessing, "it makesh glad the heart of man,(Psalm civ 15.)

Sheker. Strong drink.—from Shaker, to be intoxicated.
Manoah's wife was prohibited to drink Shakhar Judg. xiii. 4.
Shakhar is recommended to those who are ready to perish.(Prov .xxxi. 6.)

Mesech—mixed wine· from Masach,
Wisdom is said to have mingled her wine (*maschah yayinah*) and to have furnished her table: and then she issues her invitations, come eat of my bread, drink of the *yayin* which I have(*masachti*) mingled·(Prov. ix. 2—5.)
Those are said to have woe, sorrow· &c who tarry long at the *yayin*—who go to seek *mesech*, mixed wine. (Prov. xxiii,30.)

Soveh—intoxicating liquor; from *sava*, to guzzle, to drink to excess.
Thy silver is become dross, thy wine(*soveh*) is mixed with water; that is, all thy best things are become degenerated· (Isaiah v 22.)
The parents of the profligate shall say to the elders, This our son is a glutton and a drunkard—*soveh*, a guzzler.

Hemer—red wine, or disturbing drink --from *hamer*, to be red, to be agitated, to be in a ferment,to disturb· It occurs only thrice in the Old Testament, where we read, In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine (*yayin*) is red (*hemer.*) Psalm lxxv
In that day sing ye to her, a vineyard of *hemer*—red, turbid, or intoxicating wine. Isaiah xxvii. Thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape—literally the blood of the grape thou didst drink, disturbing or that which disturbs. Deut. xxxii. 14. From the connection in the first of these texts, it is evident that *hemer* is an intoxicating drink; and yet, in the second, a vineyard of it is employed to represent the church, which the Lord keeps and waters every moment: and in the last text, the disturbing blood of the grape is mentioned with butter of kine, and milk of sheep, and fat of lambs, and the fat of the kidneys of wheat, as some of the richest and best of earthly blessings bestowed by God on His people.

Tirosh—rendered in our version, new wine, Parkhurst derives *tirosh* from the verb *yarash* to inherit, to take possession, to take entire possession of; and says that *tirosh* means new wine, so called from its strongly intoxicating quality; by which it does as it were take possession of a man, and drives him out of himself, According to Hosea iv. 11, "whoredom and wine (*yayin*),and new wine(*tirosh*), take away the heart.
Isaac blessed his son Jacob, saying, God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and *tirosh*, (Gen. xxvii. 28.)

Ausis--fresh wine. In Isaiah xlix. 26, the Lord assures His people, that He will feed them that oppress them with their own flesh, and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with *ausis*.
Joel iii. 18, in foretelling blessings on the Israelites, says, "it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down *ausis*, and the hills shall flow with milk." Here we find the liquor Isaiah speaks of as having an intoxicating quality, spoken of as a blessing.

Ashishah--rendered "flagons of wine." The word occurs only three times in the old, Testament (2. Sam. vi. 10 and 1 Chron .xvi.3) where our translaters have rendered it "a flagon of wine;" with Hosea iii. 1, where the Israelites are said to love 'flagons of wine,' literally, flagons of grapes. It is difficult to describe whether this was a solid or a liquid substance, and as the word occurs so seldom, It is not of much consequence. If it is to be considered a liquid substance, we must conclude that it was fermented, else there could have been no harm in the Israelites loving it.

Shemarim--dregs, lees. According to Gesenius, this term indicates that the lees preserved the strength and colour of the wine, which was left to stand upon them. It is used four times in the old Testament·(Ps, lxxv. 8.) In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red, and it full of mixture; He pourcth out of the same; but the drugs (the *shemarim*) thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out and drink them.
Isaiah xxv 6.) The Lord shall make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees(*shemarim*)well refined.
From the etymology of this word, and from the comparison of these texts, it is evident that wine on the lees was an intoxicating liquor; and yet the Lord promises to all people a Gospel feast, under the emblem of a feast of fat things, of wine on the lees, well refined

Gleukos--translated "new wine," but more properly, "sweet wine"--was an intoxicating beverage: and the apostles were falsely charged with having been drunk with it on the day of Pentecost. Observe Peter's answer to this not we are total abstainers but, "it is only the third hour of the day.

Akratou—unmixed, undiluted wine.(Rev. xiv. "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God,which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation." Though the language is here figurative it is evident that strong undiluted wine is intended

Genematos ampelou—"fruit of the vine," or, more properly, "product of the vine." That this product was a liquid is evident, from its having been drunk out of a cup; and that it was the usual beverage employed at the passover, may be inferred from the Lord's Supper having been instituted immediately after the celebration of the Jewish feast.

Dr. Brown, in his antiquities of the Jews, says, "that in the original institution of the passover, there is no mention made of the drinking of wine, but the Jews adopted it. on the ground that the liquor which cheered the heart was proper to be used at the com--memoration of so great a deliverance.'

From the whole of what has been advanced, we perceive, that total abstinence is not the doctrine of Scripture; that the Bible is a moderation book, and that the Word of God enjoins the strictest temperance, and prohibits drunkenness in the most positive terms. ——

Medhurst, Brit. and For. Temperence Society.

The Hon. Charles Young's Notes

To the foregoing Scraps.

AGAINST DRINKING,

Listen, ye Readers! to the other side:

1st. It is by no means certain that all the wine referred to in Scripture, was of an intoxicating quality—In Wine-growing Countries throughout all Ages, there has been abundance of wine, which could not intoxicate.

The juice of the grape has no Alcohol in it, when first expressed, and before it becomes fermented. By boiling it down, it is preserved for any length of time, without fermentation.

When newly pressed from the grape, or when thus preserved, it is a safe, wholesome. and nourishing beverage. This drink is called *Wine*; and so is the fermented juice of the grape, named wine, but a mere name, does not change the nature of a thing—Otherwise the noxious Compounds that are sold and used on this Island and other places, would be converted into the pure juice of the grape, by the magic of a name—Cider drugged with brandy, sugar of lead and other poison, and coloured with logwood, is as is well known, called *Wine*, and vended and drank as such; but does it therefore necessarily become the juice of the grape? Whatever the articles were, as mentioned in Holy Writ, under any of the designations refer'd to in the preceding extracts they could have been but little in unison, with all or any of the intoxicating liquors now in use.

2. That the Wines of Scripture were good Creatures of God, and spoken of, in many places with Commendation, is not denied; but it is most strenuously denied, that we are for that reason, either under obligation to drink intoxicating liquors, or that there can exist any disrespect to the Glorious Creator in abstaining from their use: Toads, Serpents, and noxious gasses, are His Handy-Work, as well as any other (to us) disagreeable things in Nature, and yet He has pronounced them "All very good" But surely without any express command, or permission, we may consider ourselves at perfect liberty, totally to abstain from many of these things, as articles of food, and drink. It is denied, that the common use of intoxicating liquors is ever enjoined in the Bible; it is also denied, that their daily or habitual use is ever commended.

3 Abstinence from particular Articles of food or drink, in themselves innocent, and wholesome, is not always lawful, but may in some instances become praise-worthy and ever a Christian duty; the neglect which would certainly be a sin. The Holy Spirit, by the mouth of Paul the Apostle has settled this question. "Wherefore, if Meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend"

And for fear we should suppose that Paul would merely have given up animal food, for the sake of example to others, the using of which might lead his brother into temptation, the Holy Spirit adds "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak", clearly shewing that Paul was ready to abstain from the use of the wine cup also; for the sake of his brother. The Bible denounces drunkenness in the most awful terms. It also cautions Men to avoid temptation, it enjoins denial, without this Man cannot be a Christian. Man is to love his Neighbour as himself. He is to be ready to every good work. The Bible commands total abstinence from wine—Witness the Rechabites, Jeremiah xxxv, 6. Daniel, and his Brethren,

Some of its greatest Worthies, were cold water Men—*ergo*, Total Abstainers—Samson was one—John the Baptist was another, Daniel and the three Hebrew Children, were among the number—All the Nazarites took the Pledge Hear how they are commended, "Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sap-

phire.—Lamen.iv, 7. See, how displeased the Lord was with those who tempted them to break their pledge—" and I raised up of your sons for Prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites. It is not even thus, O ye children of Israel? saith the Lord.

But ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink, and commanded the prophets, saying Prophesy not—Therefore &c, Amos 11,12."

4 As to the beneficial effects of malt liquor, and home brewed beer. &c. &c. Listen to the testimony of twelve hundred Medical Practitioners of Britain, many of whom were Men of the highest standing; and who subscribed the following Document. "We the Undersigned are of opinion, Firstly, That a very large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease and crime, is induced by the use of Alcohol or fermented liquors as a beverage. Secondly. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, whether in the form of Ardent Spirits, or as Wine, Beer, Ale, Porter, Cider, &c. That persons accustomed to such drinks, may with perfect safety discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually after a short time.

5 That total and universal abstinence from Alcoholic liquors of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, prosperity, morality, and the happiness of the human Race"

"The testimony of hundreds of other Physicians, of Judges, of Gaolers of Work-house Overseers, has been given to the same effect. The experience of Tens of thousands confirms it. In the year 1847, Thousands in Britain perished for want of food. In the same year, and in the same Country, as much grain, was converted into intoxicating drinks as would have fed more than, 5,000,000, of human being. all the year round. These are awful facts; and there must be sin somewhere. Let them stand side by side. Our Children's Children will hear of them and blush to own us" Prize tract, by Scottish Temperance League.

6 The Temperance Movement is a great and grand W[illegible]. Intemperance is the sin and calamity of the Age. The Curse that rests upon our Land. In Britain it is supposed, that there are 600,000 drunkards, 60-000 of whom die annually, and yet; their number is not diminished. The drinking usages of the day are the cause of all this. Holy Men and Wise Men, and Patriots, are taking a broad stand, against the tide of evil, and which is rising over us. God is smiling upon their efforts, But we want the help of all - Ye Loxers of Jesus! Ye Imitators of Him who laid down his life for His enemies! Can ye stand aloof any longer? Surely it cannot be! Go into your Closets and pray. Come out of your Closets, and listen to the voice of Sorrow that is borne on every breeze. The wail of the Widow; the tears of the Orphan; the ravings of the lunatic; the horrors of the guilty; and the howlings of the damned. All! All !! All !!! Mingle their Voices and cry out against the use of an Article, which directly leads to these awful and fatal Consequences. Dash it down! Touch not, taste not, handle not! Come up to the help of the noble Cause of Temperance, and the Lord will bless you in the Deed. *Charles Young.*

ON TEA.

The two principle species of teas of commerce, are the black and green. Green having a larger proportion of volatile oil, is a more active st imulant than black tea. When taken strong, it excites the nervous system, cheers the mind, awakens the fancy, and occasions wakefulness. The effects of it, however, differ in different individuals, probably in proportion to the degree of nervous susceptibility. In rare instances depression of the feelings uniformly succeeds to its use. In some, nervous tremours, vigilance, and morbid fancies, invariably follow the drinking of strong tea at night. Now such unnatural excitation and disturbanes of the nervous system if often produced, cannot but be injurious to health. Excessive tea-drinkers. therefore,—and such are more especially met with in the female portion of the community,—are very liable to nervous infirmities, as palpitations of the heart, watchfulness. tremours, &c., and also to disorders of digestion.

The high temperature, at which some persons drink their tea, may be an additional cause of injury to the stomach.

ON COFFEE.

Most of the remarks which have been made on tea will apply equally to coffee. This excites the mind, contributes to wakefulness, and when habitually taken strong, and freely, tends to disorder the nervous system and the function of digestion. The French are in the practice of taking a cup of clear coffee immediately after their dinner to excite the stomach and promote digestion.

It has appeared to me that even more persons suffer disturbance of the nervous system, and of the digestive function, from the free use of coffee, than from that of tea, Many whose stomachs are delicate almost always experience flatulency, acidity, or other morbid effects, when they drink it. Its action on the nervous system seems to be somewhat different from that of tea, and palsies have often, and not without reason, been ascribed to its free and long continued employment.

W. SWEETSER, M. D.

ON EATING.

MEAT.

Animal food is essential for the maintenance of health and strength. If its universal adoption did not prove the fact, chemistry is at hand to verify the truth. Man can live and thrive only upon food analogous to himself; not that he is made up absolutely of roast beef, plum pudding, and "beer"; but the elements of those substantialities go *materially* to replace the wear and tear, and waste of flesh and blood in his own composition. Mutton is proverbially the most digestible of all meats, being the tenderest; but as taste is capricious, and now and then desires a change, as in all things else, the fare may be varied according to the known capacities of the consumer. Variety I consider less hurtful than quantity; and the stomach suffers more from over-taxation than multiplied dainties.

Chops and steaks are less digestible in a weak stomach than slices from joints. The smaller the portion of meat cooked, the more dried up it necessarily becomes; and hence the loin of mutton or lamb roasted whole, and divided afterwards into chops, is much more digestible than the broiled "cotelette" alone.

Warm meat is more nourishing than cold.

Dr. Culverwell.

ON COOKING MEAT, &c.

Meat is composed of solids and fluids—the solids consisting of fibres, and the membranes which unite them into little bundles; and the fluids in water, oil, or fat, gelatine, albumen, or jelly, and osmazome, or the essence of flavour. When the fluids therefore contained in meat, are exposed to heat in the process of roasting, they become expanded, and are partly converted into steam, which breaks through the numberless fibres and cells where it was confined, and opens a passage for the unrarified juices to stream unconfined among the fibres. It is chiefly the watery portion of the fluids that escapes in vapour, while the fat is liquefied, and the gelatine and osmazome being separated from the fibre, unite into the compound fluid called gravy which does not exist in raw meat. The albuminous portion of the meat, hitherto in a fluid state, at the same time, coagulates, as the white of an egg does when exposed to heat. The greater part of the gravy, when thus prepared, is prevented from escaping from the joint by a brown frothy crust which is formed on the outside, and is, consequently, retained among the fibres which it had separated, as may be proved by cutting into the meat, when it will be seen to flow out at every pore. If the roasting process, however, be carried too far, the gravy will also be partly expanded by the heat, and evaporated, and will open a passage for the escape of the rest, which will leave the fibres dry, rigid, and *carbonized*.

We can, from these facts, therefore, very easily account for the tenderness produced in roasting; for the fibres are not only loosened and dissevered from one another by the expansion of the watery juices into steam, but they must even be broken by the violence; and the finer net-work of the cellular membrane, and the smaller blood-vessels, which branch through every hair's-breadth of animal substance, must also, be ruptured and softened. Besides this dissolution and breaking down of the minute parts of the meat, which must take place before a particle of steam can escape, the fibres themselves which are all in bundles, will become expanded by the heat, and of course the parts of the bundles will become quite loose and tender.

From these chemical principles we learn the reason, why meat, that is very lean and dry can never be rendered tender by roasting; for it does not possess a sufficient quantity of expansible fluids to dessever the fibres and tear them asunder. Such meat also, can never look so white and fresh; for a portion of the red colouring matter is always left undissolved into osmazome in consequence of the deficiency of the fluids necessary to form it. Upon examining a piece of raw fat we find it to be enclosed in little bags or purses of very fine skin or membrane. When fat is exposed to heat in roasting, it is melted and soon raised to the boiling point or nearly so, and the water it contains passes off in the form of steam, breaking through the membranous envelope, and allowing the melted fat to escape. The torn membranes, which are on the outside, are soon partially charred, and a small portion of empyreuma and ammonia being developed in the process, impart their combined flavour to the crust, depriving it of its vapid and mawkish taste and odour. Professor Wallace, of Edinburgh, found that beef lost by roasting 32.2 lbs per cwt.; by baking 30.2 lbs per cwt; mutton from 31 to 35 lbs. per cwt; or about one-third of their original weight.

In the case of vegetables, when an apple is roasted, it not only becomes softer and more pulpy, but it loses a considerable proportion of its acidity, and is more mild and bland to the taste. Before it is subjected to heat, it is composed of a very great number of little cells and vessels, containing the acid juice and the pulp—probably in a seperate state. When heat is applied, this juice expands and bursts through the cells in a similar way to what we have just seen taking place in animal substances; and if the heat be further increased, the watery portion of the juice will be partly converted ...

and bursts through the outer skin of the apple and escapes. It is evident therefore, that when all the cells of the apple are thus burst through and broken down, and the juice freed from its confinement, that the apple must become softer; and it is precisely for a similar reason that it is also rendered soft in the process of roasting, in which the cells are broken down and destroyed. The same principle is applicable to all animal and vegetable substances which become softer by heat.

When the acid and pulp of the apple are set free from their confinement, they enter into more intimate union, and the taste of the acid is mellowed by its mixture with the pulp, in the same way that rum is mellowed by being mixed with milk. As the pulp also, contains sugar, this is disengaged by the heat, and mixed with the acid.

A process of the same kind in roasting potatoes; their harsh, raw, watery juices being set free, and mixing with the starch and sugar which compose the pulpy part, are dried up and mellowed, and rendered farinaceous and mealy.

We may consider broiling as a slight variation of the process of roasting; but though they may appear to differ but little, there is a considerable difference in their effects.

In roasting and baking it requires some time to form an incrustation on the surface of the meat; but in broiling, the quick application of a brisk heat very speedily frees the outside fibres from their watery juices, and a firm and crisp coating of fibre and fat is soon produced.

This crust presents a strong barrier against the escape of the juices from the interior, which are suddenly expanded than in the slower process of roasting, and of course must produce a more violent seperation of the small fibres from their several bundles. These effects, however, are chiefly mechanical, for there does not appear to be the same chemical union of the several substances as is observed in roasting; and it is found that broiled meat contains more uncoagulated *albumen*, *gelatine*, and other uncombined chemical principles, than if it had been either roasted or boiled. It is this that renders broiled meat more juicy and sapid; while the more sudden and violent rupture of the fibres, caused by the rapid expansion of the fluids, must evidently render it greatly more tender than if they had been slowly and gradually seperated by roasting or boiling.

When we are asked therefore, what sorts of meat are most fit for broiling, we should say, such as are too dry and deficient in albumen and gelatine for roasting—among which may be mentioned the flesh of old animals, the rump of beef, which abounds in fibre; and above all, game, and most sorts of fish, such as trout, char, mackorel, and herrings, which would be rendered too soft by boiling, and be quite shrivelled by roasting or baking. Such flesh as abounds in gelatine and watery juices is not proper for broiling; and, consequently, lamb, veal, and sucking-pig, fawn, and kid, are much more adapted for roasting. The same may be said of the parts of animals, for even the white and tendonous parts of the older animals should not be broiled, while the red fibrous parts of young animals may with proprioty, be dressed on the gridiron.

Professor Rennie.

NUTRITION,

Contained in various Substances.

Bread contains 80 Pounds to the 100.	
Butchers' meat - -	35
French Beans - -	92
Broad Beans - -	89
Peas - - -	93
Lentiles - -	94
Greens and Turnips - -	8
Carrots - - -	14
Potatoes - -	25

Influence of Food in the Stomach upon the general system.—When food is taken judiciously, and under the incitement of natural appetite, the digestive organs being in health, the stomach is agreeably impressed, and a pleasing influence is diffused throughout the system. The more healthy action of the stomach seems competent to excite and invigorate the body, refreshment being felt almost immediately on swallowing the food.

Fasting tends to irritate, while eating, if the organs are sound, soothes and quiets.

Hence the reason why we feel so much disposed to discuss a man's faults while waiting dinner for him.

> "He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
> The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
> We pout upon the morning, are unapt
> To give or to forgive."—

W. Sweetser. M. D.

The following advice of an Arabian Philosopher to his Son, is worthy of attention. "My Son, never go out of the house in the morning, till thou hast eaten something; by so doing, thy mind will be more firm; and shouldest thou be insulted by any person, thou wilt find thyself more disposed to suffer patiently; for hunger dries up, and disorders the brain."—*Bibliot. Orient. Suppl. P.* 449.

Voracity—Habit induces many persons to take much more food than is required for the purposes of nutrition. When the stomach has been accustomed to frequent distention, it gets at length into such a state that it is uneasy

without it; and thus food is demanded not merely to supply the natural wants of the system, but also to [illegible] the factitious cravings of the stomach. [illegible] who are particularly in danger of falling [illegible] gluttonous habits,—"let a man," says Dr. Good, "have nothing to do, and he [illegible] almost sure, whenever he has an opportunity, to fill up his time by filling up his stomach." *W. Scatter, M.D.*

The Use of your Grandmother's Spectacles.

However improper such Magnifiers may be for your Visual Organs, preserve them with all care—the occasional use of them will greatly contribute to preserve that Grand Organ your Stomach. Now *Grand Gourmand* who has any pretentions to prudence, should venture to attend a [illegible] BREAKFAST without such Sentinels on his Nose—they are absolutely as indispensable a part of a paraphernalia of the Banquet, as a plate or a spoon!

The Eye is a mighty and merciless enemy to the Stomach—[illegible] as the Proverb says, "it is bigger than the Belly." Now even suppose, your eye to be as big again, with these powerful Spectacles, your Eyes may be filled with delight, and your Stomach also: for the former will imagine, that while you have been leisurely sipping a small soup-plateful, you have been swallowing an immense Tureenful:—What a beautiful delusion! once, equally delightful to your stomach, your Eye, and your tongue—equally satisfying the pleasure of those two most troublesome of the Senses, the Sight and the Taste—which are ever the most irrationally importunate in their demands, and the most difficult to be satisfied! for, as the Proverb tells us, People will often

"Please their Eye, if they Plague their Heart."

Well—whenever your Tongue cries out for more dainties than your Stomach has previously, and plainly told you is agreeable to it—to settle all the difference of their demands to their mutual satisfaction, you have nothing to do, but to—put on your Spectacles, and you may set to at *Calipash* and *Calipee* with impunity; for they will make "A LITTLE LARK look like A LARGE FOWL," and "A PENNY ROLL" as big as A QUARTERN LOAF!!!"

Some Philosophers have said, that *Pain* is only imaginary,—we may as justly believe the same of *Hunger*; and if a Gentleman who eats only an Ounce of Mutton, imagines by the aid of these magnifiers, that he has eaten a Pound—ought not his Hunger to be as fully satisfied?

MEM.—The addition to your Optician's Bill will soon be overpaid by the subtraction from your Butcher's and Baker's.

W. Kitchener, M. D.

A solid meal should never be eaten when the body is fatigued, &c.

The energies of all the organs are reduced when the body is in a state of fatigue, and hence the functions are [illegible] accomplished with less vigor. Under such circumstances the appetite for solid food is common [illegible] diminished, in heating plainly that the stomach is not in a condition to receive it. When a horse has been hard driven, the groom if he understands his business, never furnishes him at once with grain, but allows him perhaps a mess of gruel, and then lets him rest for a time sufficient to recruit his exhausted powers preparatory to his substantial meal. It is well known that his life would be endangered by a contrary practice.

If a hearty meal be taken at the close of a day of fatigue, feverishness, nervous restlessness, and various unpleasant symptoms of indigestion are very apt to disturb the night, the evening meal therefore of invalid travellers especially should principally consist of some mild and warm vegetable decoction, as gruel, or a solution of arrow root.

Fatiguing exertion immediately after a substantial meal is exposed to equal objections, exhausting and disturbing the energies of life which are then especially needed to contribute to the function of the stomach. Relaxation from all severe physical exercise for a certain time after eating, unless the food taken has been very sparing, is therefore particularly needful for such as are subject to indigestion. The custom of immediately hurrying from dinner to their active, and often arduous duties, so usual among our men of business, cannot,—except they are unusually temperate in their diet—but tend to the prejudice of digestion. In fact their very indisposition to such practice is a sufficient argument against its expediency. To cite again the example of the horse, every one conversant with this animal well knows that not only his health, but even his life is exposed to hazard, by driving him hard immediately subsequent to full feeding.

A solid meal ought not to be taken when the mind is suffering from fatigue.

Such is the intimacy between mind and body, that either one being spent with labour, the other will necessarily participate in the exhaustion. Thus let an individual of delicate digestion eat a full dinner in the midst of the fatigue of intellectual efforts, and difficult and imperfect chymication will almost uniformly follow. If the mind then has been severely tasked, it should like the body, under similar circumstances, be permitted to rest a while before a substantial repast is indulged in. So, also, if the feelings are much perturbed, solid food, especially flesh, should be eaten with

the utmost caution.

Another consideration of special moment is that the mind during a meal, enjoy relaxation, or be as much as possible withdrawn from the cares and anxieties of business, and interested in the sensual impressions it is experiencing. The enjoyment of our food ever serves as a wholesome stimulus to its digestion. Besides by fixing the attention on what we are doing, instead of eating like automatons, we shall be likely to masticate more perfectly, and to swallow more slowly. The necessary animal operations are to be controlled by, but not sacrificed to the intellectual.

Rapid eating.—The stomach under such practice has often to perform a labour which properly belongs to the mouth; and beside, it is far more likely to be overloaded, observation having adequately proved that when it receives the food slowly, and thoroughly masticated, it more distinctly indicates when enough has been eaten. Furthermore, under hurried eating, food is apt to be taken into the stomach at too high a temperature for its welfare.

Nutritive principles of vegetable food.

The chief of these are gluten, fecula or starch, oil mucilage, and sugar. Gum is also a nutritive vegetable principle. The ultimate elements of vegetables are oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, and in some few, nitrogen is likewise present.

Gluten is ranked as the most nutritious of these constituents. Gluten exists more largely in wheat than in any other grain, and this has ever been esteemed as a highly nutritious and digestible aliment.

The principle which is usually ranked next in its nutritive quality, is fecula or starch. This also abounds most in wheat. It exists, too, in large proportion in the potato, and to it, many edible vegetables owe much of their nutritive property.

Sugar and oil are likewise very nutritious; and mucilage and gum considerably so. Sugar has by some been stated to afford the most concentrated nutriment of either of the vegetable principles. Thus the negroes commonly grow fat at the season of gathering the cane.

It is from the mucilage, and also some saccharine matter in the herbage, that grazing animals especially derive their nourishment.

Nutritious alimental principles alone unsuitable.

Simple and highly nutritious alimental principles are, under ordinary circumstances, unsuitable for diet, but require to be combined with others to fit them for digestion, just as oxygen needs to be blended with nitrogen to prepare it for respiration.

It is particularly important to health that our food be compounded of several proximate principles. Thus oil, sugar, gluten, though each very nutritious, are separately indigestible and unfit for a permanent diet; but united as in most of our vegetables, constitute a more wholesome food.

Dr. Stark, of Vienna, showed by numerous experiments, that the body is uniformly weakened, and the health impaired, by a long and exclusive confinement to any single and simple alimentary article. And furthermore, that even the most nutritious is of itself inadequate, to sustain life for any considerable time.

And by subjecting himself to such experiments, he is said to have ruined his health, and brought on premature death.

Condiments.—This class of substances are universally employed to add flavour to the diet.

Condiments differ from all others inasmuch as their peculiar properties are retained in the stomach; or in other words, in not being decomposed, or digested in this organ. They afford consequently no nourishment, their uses being to gratify the palate, excite the stomach, and perhaps also to exert some influence upon the food favourable to its transformation into chyme, and to its healthful action on the bowels.

Muriate of soda or common salt, is a natural and necessary stimulus to the digestive organs of man and most of the higher or warm blooded animals. It is faithfully known how the animals of the interior of Africa, and the western wilds, are in the habit of resorting to the salt springs, and what difficulties they will overcome to reach them.

Salt is combined, in a greater or less extent with nearly all our food, even our bread, receives an addition of it; and though the quantity consumed varies considerably in different individuals, yet a certain proportion seems absolutely essential to the health. *A. B.*

One of the ill effects, produced by an unsalted diet, is the generation of worms.

Mr. Marshall has published the case of a lady who had a natural antipathy to salt, and was consequently most dreadfully infested with worms during the whole of her life. In Ireland, where from the bad quantity of the food the lower classes are greatly infested with worms, a draught of salt and water is a popular and efficacious anthelmintic. Lord Sandwich in his address to the Board of Agriculture, gave an account of the effects of a punishment which once existed in Holland. "The ancient laws of the country ordained men to be fed on bread alone, unmixed with salt, as the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon them in their moist climate. The effect was horrible; the wretched criminals are said to have been devoured by worms engendered in their own stomachs."—*H. Swatzer, M. D.*

ISLAND POETRY.

(The Muse can sweep her Lyre where Snows abound.)

IS THERE A GOD?

By F. W. Moore, Charlottetown.

Is there a God? Ask of the earth,
That pondrous globe, who gave it birth.
Ask of the sea from pole to pole,
Who made the watery billows roll.
Ask of the life's renewing sun,
Ask of the pale retiring moon.
Ask of the dark and fleecy cloud,
That wraps the world in gloomy shroud·
Ask of the wand'ring summer gale,
Bearing sweet incense from the vale.
Ask of the rose of freshest hue,
Ask of yon glist'ning drop of dew.
Ask of the bird whose song of love,
Is echo'd through the verdant grove.
Ask of the flower bespangled sod,
Ask nature, if there is a God.
The earth, the sea, the glorious sun,
The stars of night, the modest moon.
The fleecy cloud, the wand'ring gale,
Burden'd with sweets from hill and vale.
The bird of song, the drop of dew,
The scented rose of freshest hue.
The verdant grove, the flow'ry sod,
All Nature cries. " There is a God! "
Is there a God? Ask that proud man,
Whose life at most is but a span,
By whose mysterious hand the world,
Into the realms of space was hurl'd?
Who by attraction's pow'rful force,
Guides all the planets in their course.
Ask him; who said " Let there be light.
When all was wrapp'd in deepest night.
Ask him; who clothes the earth with flowers,
And waters it with healthful showers.
Ask him; who makes the grass to grow,
And bids th'obedient waters flow.
Who clothes with leaves the naked trees,
And sends the cooling balmy breeze.
Ask him to tell you if he can,
Who form'd from dust immortal man.
He answers with a scornful glance,
There is no God; all came by chance.
Is there a God? The man whose days,
Are spent in ceaseless songs of praise,
Freely receives and freely gives,
And knows that his Redeemer lives.
Can see his hand by which the world,
Into etherial space was hurl'd;
He knows by whose Almighty law,
The circling orbs are kept in awe;
When all was wrapp'd in gloomy night,
He knows who said "Let there be light"
He knows who decks the earth with flowers,
And waters it with genial showers.
Who clothes with leaves the forest trees,
And sends the cool refreshing breeze.
Who fashion'd in their various forms,
Angels and men, and beasts and worms;
Sees him in all below, above,
And feels he is a God of Love.

N

SPRING'S HOLIDAY

By J. LePage, Charlottetown.

Now surly winter's storms are o'er,
The air with frost is keen no more,
Descends the soft refreshing rain,
And meadows "flourish green again"
All nature smiling looks so gay,
You'd think Spring held a holiday.

The air is balmy, mild and clear,
The warbling Choristers appear;
Sweet music greets the early dawn,
Sweet flowrets deck the sunny lawn;
And sportive lambs frisk full of play,
To welcome Spring's fair holiday.

Its glad'ning light the sunbeam throws
And spark'ling bright the river flows,
E'en on the rude unshelter'd shore,
The restless surges cease to roar;
For stormy winds their fury stay,
To honour Spring's fair holiday.

The least the Muse and I can do,
Is then to honour nature too,
To seat ourselves 'neath some green shade
Of spreading birch trees branches made;
And sing all Sorrow far away,
On Spring's delightful holiday.

Our song shall rise in tuneful air,
Unsadden'd by one note of care,
We'll taste the bliss the day bestows,
Forgetful of to morrow's woes,
Since who on earth is wise to say,
He'll see the next spring's holiday.

But is it so—can no one tell
Can no one break the purblind spell?
Ah me! that sad uncertain thought
With sorrows heaviest gloom is fraught,
Earth's fairest forms entom'b may lay
Before the next Spring's holiday

And those who live, thus sings the Muse
Must live to look on sterner views,
These flowers, so beautiful that bloom,
Shall shortly lose their sweet perfume;
Their brightest hues must fade away,
The scentless leaves themselves decay,
And Flora's train in pensive hours,
Shall mourn the fate of dying flowers.
September's winds again shall rave,
And madly lash the raging wave
Whose wrath, the mariner shall mock;
And dash his vessel on the rock.
Of this sweet shade, October's blast,
The crisping leaves shall wildly cast
In frantic circles through the air,
And leave the stems and branches bare.
The dark November's sleeting rain,
And scowling wind must sweep the plain.
To shelter run the shivering droves,
And not a song shall cheer the groves,
But here the Muse serenely smil'd,
As if by pleasing thought beguil'd,

And, to the vaulted azure sky
She rais'd her clear prophetic eye,
Sublime, beyond the sight of men
And higher than the eagle's ken,
Faith strengthen'd still the vision strong,
Then turning she resum'd her song.
In fairest worlds beyond the tomb
The loveliest flowers immortal bloom.
He that secures an entrance there,
May sing his descant free from care;
For there are no inclement skies,
There stormy winds can never rise,
Upon that happy tranquil coast,
No shatter'd barque is tempest tost,
But peace with joy supreme obtains,
And full fruition ever reigns;
Thence wand'ring Spring shall never stray,
But hold eternal holiday.

(Sonething unique)

A VALENTINE

without nonsence circulated in Charlottetown.
February, 14th, 1850.

Wanted a hand my path to guide,
As onward in life's vale I glide
And stay me should my feet e'er slide
From wisdom's narrow way.

Wanted an arm on which to lean,
When dark and low'ring clouds are seen
Without a ray of light between
In sad Affliction's day.

Wanted a heart all, all, my own,
To whom my joys and griefs are known,
That in its turn would make alone
Mine and high Heaven's its stay.

Wanted an eye whate'er its hue,
Whose depths reveal affection true;
And ever beaming with a new
And sweet and chasten'd ray.

Wanted a voice whose sweetest tone,
Shall ever, ever, be my own;
Through innate kindness may be shown
By all that it shall say.

Wanted a whole soul'd generous man,
Whose Principles will bear the scan,
And shine more brightly come what can
In trial's scathing day.

Wanted a Soul to mine a-twin,
To help me leave the and leave all sin,
And while on Earth with me begin
The everlasting Lay.

MY TEACHER.

By Sarah Harvie Charlottetown.

Who is it in the Infant School,
Sits daily, hourly, on his stool,
Bearing with patience broken rule?
My Teacher.

The dunce or blockhead he must teach,
Trying in vain his brains to reach,
Giving an equal share to each
My Teacher.

Who is it when with care opprest,
Would on his elbow lean to rest,
And try to calm his troubled breast?
My Teacher.

Whose firmness oft receives a pinch,
Yet from his duty must not flinch;
Nor to the stubborn give an inch
My Teacher.

Who is it that would often pass,
And smile with pleasure on my Class,
And granted every boon I ask'd?
My Teacher.

Who is it when my mind would stray,
From all my lessons far away,
Has kindly said, my dear don't play?
My Teacher.

Who is it that I'll ne'er forget,
Though long ago his School I left,
And seek to follow where he stept?
My Teacher.

Who is it when he's call'd to die,
I hope will mount above the sky,
To live with him who dwells on high?
My Teacher.

MY BLANKET SHAWL.

Auld friend, ance mair come frae the kist,
For ye're a frien' that ne'er grow caul';
Ye dighet aye the hidden tear—
My wae, my weal-worn Blanket Shawl!

Oh wae is me! that dreadfu' nicht
My lammie's feetie gree sae caul'!
Within thy faulds she breathed her last—
Thou sad, thou sacred Blanket Shawl!

And when I gaed to sell my tapes,
To screen the rest frae want and cauld,
I feared the sicht o' faces kent,
An' owre me drew my Blanket Shawl.

Whan queans wad answer to my rap
Wi' uppish gait and voices baul',
I turned awa' maist like to drap,
An' tichter drew my Blanket Shawl.

Ungratefu' body that I was!
I sudna been sae stung withal;
I sud hae fixed my thochts on Him
Wha aye saw through my Blanket Shawl.

But better fortune smiles on me,
My laddies noo are stoot and tall—
But aye I hear a manly sich
Whan out I tak my Blanket Shawl.

J. M.

O COME TO MY LOG-HOUSE.

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
Let Love bless my labours below,
'Twill nerve me to toil, on the hard stumpy soil,
And cheer me in all that I do.

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
It stands on a plot of my own,
My Labour's my wealth, I am bless'd too with health,
Come Maggy and make it thy Home.

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
My Crops all around me increase,
Though humble 's my Lot, yet still what I've got;
Will do for contentment and peace.

O come to my Log-House come Maggy be mine,
'Tis plac'd in a pleasant Retreat
Before it Sheep lie, near the Brook passing bye,
'Tis shelter'd by trees from the heat.

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
Hugh sticks for my fire I've cut down,
I'll make it blaze bright through Winter's cold night,
We'll care not a fig for his frown.

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
When morning is frigid and clear,
I'll get thee my Sleigh, and we'll bound far away,
O'er Rivers so icy and drear,

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
Through Life with its weel and its woe,
We'll render it sweet by being Help-Meet,
And bless it while onward we go.

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
Ere Years make us hoary and grey,
We'll seek to do right, We will keep it in sight,
The World that never posses away.

O come to my Log-House, come Maggy be mine,
For ever let nothing divide,
Although we must pass, to cold Death at last,
We'll go to the Grave side by side,

G. H. Charlottetown.

HOME ANTICIPATED. *By Mrs. Gilks.*

To a traveller how sweet, on a wild desert sand,
Is the prospect of home, and his own native land!
Though cheerless and cold, and travelling alone,
Yet this hope inspires him, he'll soon be at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Yet this hope inspires him, he'll soon be at home.

Just so with the soul that is heavenward-bound,
Tho' all things on earth should look gloomy around,
And weary and tired, and comforts all flown!
Yet this hope inspires him, he'll soon be at home.
Home, home, &c.

Oh! give us a foretaste of glory dear Lord,
While travelling here, it will new strength afford;
It will comfort and cheer us,—for often we mourn,
And feel the sad fetters that keep us from home!
Home, home, &c.

While we remain here, oh! may we repose
On our Jesus, and to Him our sorrows disclose;
For He is our Friend, though all may disown,
And soon he will take us to glory, our home.
Home, home, &c

THE MOTHER'S JUBILEE.

By F. W. Moore. Charlottetown.

Come let us all conspire,
And raise our voices high,
Let every one desire
His fellow to outvie;
While singing, let us all agree,
To chant our Mother's Jubilee.

Let pinks and roses bloom,
Her cheek does both outdo,
They never can assume
Such a delightful hue;
Then we will with one voice agree
To chant our Mother's Jubilee.

Within her raven locks
Her eyes like diamonds shine,
Her forehead old time mocks
Her smile's almost divine;
Then let us all fourteen agree,
To chant our Mother's Jubilee.

The rangers of the sky,
And warblers of the grove,
Their choicest music try,
And raise their notes above;
And in their songs they all agree,
To chant our Mother's Jubilee.

In yonder azure heights
A thousand diamonds shine,
Around the Orb of night
With radience divine;
And in their course they all agree,
To chant our Mother's Jubilee.

Time quickly speeds away,
No Eagle in the skies,
Can bid the Conquerer stay,
Nor match him as he flies;
And thus another happy year
Drops from us in the leaflet sear.

Like torrents in the way
He undermines the tower,
Uproots the stately tree
And snaps the tender flower,
And never more together we,
May chant our Mother's Jubilee.

Then let us all conspire
And raise our voices high,
Let every one desire
His fellow to outvie.
And while we sing let all agree;
To chant our Mother's Jubilee.

The above lines were written on account of the Author's Parent entering her Fiftieth Year, and were sung by her affectionate and numerous Family.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

By J Mc Kay, St. Peter's Bay.

Plague take the clock! click clacking so
Against a body's ear:
I'm sure it tells the time's long past
That Johnny should be here:—
Plague take my wheel 'twill not run round
I vow no more I'll spin,
But count each minute with a sigh
Till my true-love comes in.

Just see how bright the dry-wood burns!
That blaze would make one glad!
And when I see it waste for nought,
It makes me almost mad!
Just hear how sweet my father snores!
And mammy's fast asleep!
Oft has he promis'd, but I fear,
His word he will not keep!

What can it be that stops him then?
The road is not so long—
And what is drift, or banks of snow,
If he were keen to come!
Some other lass with prettier face,
Has caught his wicked eye;
Then other girls will fun at me,
No sooner let me die!

O! could we poor things only go,
And sweetheart them we like,
I'd run to you my Johnny lad,
Nor stop at bog nor dyke:
But custom's such a plagy thing!
For men must have their way—
And we poor souls! must sit and sigh,
And wish from day to day.

But wist! I hear my Johny's foot—
Aye! that's his merry clog!
Well done himself! he's come at last;
But Oh that barking dog!
Now, hey for sighs and sugar words,
With kisses not a few
O! but this world's a Paradise,
When lovers do prove true.

LET ME SLEEP.

Let me sleep—the sun is sinking
In the far off distant west,
And the summer flowers are drinking
Life from Heaven's unclouded breast.
Hark! the bell for evening vespers
Gently falls upon my ear,
Like the spirit breathing whispers
From some holier, happier sphere—
Let me sleep.

Let me sleep—soon, soon forsaking
This vile tenement of clay,
My freed spirit shall be waking
In the realms of endless day.
Death—the tyrant—death is rending
Ties that bound me to the earth,
All the hopes for ever ending
That within this breast had birth—
Let me sleep.

Charlottetown. L.

HOME.

Home! Hath not that word a blessed sound?
Doth not the heart at the music bound?
Is it not linked with the holiest ties,
With all we cherish, with all we prize?
Find me a spirit where'er ye roam
That hath not a yearning for some dear home.

Home! bringeth it not bright visions back,
Of the lights that shone on our early track;
Of Summer's rambles, and Winter's mirth;
Of meeting's around the household hearth;
Of hopes that were cherished, songs that were sung,
And dreams that were dream'd when the heart was young?

We think of the favourite room or nook,
Where we used to steal with a chosen book;
Of the casement where through the twilight hours,
We sketched a future all shine and flowers,
Or sighed o'er some earnest feeling quelled
Some rainbow vanish'd, some dream dispelled

Yet home hath its mourning as well as mirth;
Sorrow and sickness will sweep o'er its hearth
Death, too, can enter with all its gloom;
The dearest is laid in the silent tomb!—
And many a parting, and many a fear,
Darken the Homestead we hold so dear.

But ah! the soul hath a higher quest,
A holier home, and a surer rest;
A home to which every thought should tend,
To which prayer should arise, and praise ascend;
A Home which a gracious God hath given;
In mercy and love,— that home is Heaven.

Charlottetown, February, 1850 E.S. E.

HE CAME AND HE WON.

He came and he won in his Coat of Home-Spun,
Unfeigned and honest was he,
He wanted no show, as he went on to woo;
With a heart that was manly and free.

He came and he won in his Coat of home Spun
The smile that so pleasantly spoke;
What tongue could not tell, the eye did as well,
And raised in his bosom fond hope.

He came and he won in his Coat of home Spun,
What fops and what fools could not gain,
His sober good sense detested pretence,
Fine wove with small talk were but vain.

He came and he won in his Coat of Home-Spun,
One fit for the changes of life,
She car'd not to roam, but a lover of Home,
A girl fit for Mother and Wife.

He came and he won, in his Coat of Home-Spun,
By love and good sense her he woo'd,
And found what was told, in the Proverb of old,
A Wife was a Thing that was good.

H G. P. E. Island.

THE WHIMSICAL PAGE.

(If my Pieces are mirthful, they are without Guile.)

TIMOTHY CRABSHAW'S Account. of the MILITIA TRAINING in the UNITED STATES.

I happened not long since, to be present at the muster of a Captain's company in a remote part of one of the Counties; and as no general description could convey an adequate idea of the achivements of that day, I must be permitted to go a little into the detail as well as my recollection will serve.

The men had been notified to meet at nine o-clock armed and equipped as the law directs, that is to say, with a gun and cartridge box at least, but as directed by the law of the United States; with a good firelock, a sufficient bayonet and belt, and a pouch to contain not less, than twenty-four sufficient cartridges of powder and ball. At 12 o-clock, about one third perhaps half the men had collected, and an Inspector's return of the members present; and of their arms, would have stood nearly thus—1 Captain, 1 Lieutenant, Ensigns none, Sergeants 2, Corporals none, Drummers none, Fifers none, Privates present 25. Do. absent 30, guns 15, gun locks 12, ramrods, 10, rifle pouches 8, bayonets none, belts none, spare flints none, cartridges none, horse-whips, walking canes and umbrellas 22. A little before one, the Captain, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Clodpole, gave direction, for forming the line of parade. In obedience to his order one of the Sergeants the strength of whose voice, had long supplied the place of a drum and fife, placed himself in the front of the house and then began to bawl with great vehemence. All Captain Clodpole's company to parade here,—Come Gentlemen parade here says he, and you thathasn't guns fall into lower end. He might have bawled till this time, with as little success as the Syrens sung to Ulysses had he not changed his post to a neighbouring shade. There he was immediately joined by all who were then at leisure, the others were at that time, engaged either as parties or spectators at a game of fives; and could not just then attend. However in less than half an hour the game was finished, and the Captain enabled to form his company, and proceed in the duties of the day.—Look to the right and dress,—They were soon by the help of the non-commissioned Officers placed in a straight line; but as every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those on the wings pressed forward for the purpose, till the whole line assumed nearly the form of a crescent.—Why look at em say the Captain why Gentlemen you are all a crooked here at long ends, so that you will git over me by and by. come Gentlemen, dress, dress. This was accordingly done, but impelled by the same motive as before, they soon resumed their former figure and so they were permitted to remain

Now Gentlemen says the Captain, I am going to carry you through the revolution of the martial exercise. I shall therefore want you Gentlemen if you please to pay particular attention to the word of command, just exactly as I give it you. I hope you will have a little patience Gentlemen if you please, and I'll be as short as possible, and if I should be a going wrong; I will be much obliged to any of you Gentlemen to put me right, for I mean all for the best, and I hope you will excuse me, if you please; and one thing Gentlemen I must caution you against in particular, and that is this, not to make any mistakes if you can possibly help it, and the best way to do this, will be to do all the actions right at first, and that will also help me to get on the faster; and I will try to get it over as soon as possible. Come boys, come to a shoulder, Poise folk. Cock folk Very handsomely done.—Take aim—Ram down cartridge—No,—No,—Fire, I recollect now that firing comes next after taking aim, according to Stuble, but with your permission Gentlemen, I'll read the words of command exactly as they are printed in the book, and then I shall be sure to be right. O yes! read it Captain, read it, (exclaimed twenty voices at once) that will save time.—Tention the whole then, please to observe Gentlemen that at the word fire, you must fire; that is if any of your guns are loaden'd you must not shoot in yearnest, but only make pretence like.—And all you Gentlemen fellow-soldiers when armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches and corn-sticks, need not go through the firings but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.—Half cock foolk,—very well done—S-h-u-t(spelling)shut pan—That too would been very handsomely done, if you had-nt handled cartridge, instead of shutting pan, but, I suppose you was'nt noticing—Now tention one and all Gentlemen, and do that motion again.—Shut pan—very good, very well indeed you did that motion equal to any old soldiers, you improve astonishingly.—Handle cartridge—pretty well considering you done it end foremost, as if you took the cartridge out of your mouth and bit of the twist with the cartridge box. Draw rammer—those who have no rammers to their guns need not draw, but only make the motion; it will do just as well, and save a great deal of time. Return rammers—very well again, but that would have been done with greater expertness, if you had performed the motion with a little more dexterity. S-h-o-u-l—should-r foolk—very handsomely done indeed, put your gun on the other shoulder Gentlemen. Order foolk, not quite altogether, but perhaps I did not speak loud enough for all to hear me at once. Try once more if you please, I hope you will be patient

Gentlemen we will soon be through. Order fo-lk,—handsomely done Gentlemen,—very handsomely done, and altogether too, except that a few of you were a little too soon, and some others, a little too late.—In laying down your guns Gentlemen, take care to lay the locks up, and the other side down.—Tention the whole ground fo-lk—very well,—Advance arms,—very well done, turn the stocks of your guns in front Gentlemen, and that will bring the barrels behind, and hold them straight up and down if you please, let go with your left hand, and take hold with your right, just below the guard; Stuben says must be p-e-r perticular—yes you must hold your guns very perticular.—Now boys tention the whole, present arms,—very handsomely done, only hold your guns over t'other knee, the other hand up, turn your guns round a little, and raise them up higher—draw the other foot back, now you are nearly right; very well done Gentlemen you have improved vastly, since I first saw you; you are getting too slack, what a charming thing it is to see men under good discipline Now Gentlemen we come to the revolutions but Oh! men you have got all in a sort of a snarl as I may say, how did you get into such a higgletypigglety.—Charge bayonet some of the men there can't be right Captain pray look again for how can we charge bayonet without our guns Captain. I don't know as to that, but I know I am right, for here 'tis printed in the book—c-h-a-r yes, charge bayonet that's the word. I know how to read, come Gentlemen, do pray charge bayonet.—Charge I say, why don't you charge? Do you think I have lived to this time of day and don't know what charge bayonet is,? here, come here you may see for yourselves, its as plain as the nose on your fa,—stop,—stay,—no halt,—no, no, faith I'm wrong, I turned over two leaves at once but I beg your pardon Gentlemen we will not stay out long, and we'll have something to drink as soon as we have done,—Come boys get up off the stumps and logs, and take up your guns and we'd soon be done, excuse me [illegible] Fix bayonet. The fact was the shade had moved considerably to the eastward and had exposed these hardy veterans to a galling fire from the sun, being but poorly provided with umbrellas at this end of the time, they found it convenient to follow the [illegible] according to the left for this purpose they had changed the figure of their line [illegible] a crescent, to one which more [illegible] resembled a parallelogram.

[illegible] Gentlemen says the Captain, spread your lines out again into a straight line and [illegible] changes and other [illegible] [illegible] this was strenuously [illegible] they objected to going into these revolutions at all, inasmuch as the weather was extremely hot, and they had been kept in the field, upwards of three quarters of an hour. They reminded the Captain of his repeated promise to be as short as he possible could, and it was clear he could dispence with all this same wheeling and flourishing if he chose. They were already very thirsty, and if he would not dismiss them they declared they would go off without dismission, and get something to drink; and he might fine them if that would do him any good, they were able to pay their fine, but could not go without drink to please any body, and they vow'd they would not vote for another Captain who wished to be so unreasonably strict. They behaved with great spirit upon this occasion, and a smart colloquy ensued, when at length becoming exasperated to the last degree, he roundly asserted that no soldier ought ever to think hard of the orders of his Officers, and finally; he went so far as to say, that he did not think any Gentlemen on that ground, had any just cause to be offended with him. The dispute was finally settled by the Captain sending for some drink for their present accommodation, and agreeing to omit reading the military law as directed by a late act, and also the military maneuvres except two or three such easy and simple one's as could be performed within the compass of the shade. After they had drank, and had spread themselves they were divided into platoons.

Tention the whole to the right, wheel. Each man faced to the right about.—Why Gentlemen, I did not mean for every man to stand still and turn himself naturally right round, but when I told you to the right, I intended for you to wheel round to the right as it were, please to try that again Gentlemen, every right hand man must stand fast, and only the other turn round. In a previous part of the exercise it had been necessary to denominate every second person, a right hand man, a very natural consequence was that on the present occasion, those right hand men maintained their position, all the intermediate one's facing about as before,— why look at them now exclaimed the Captain in extreme vexation, I'm plag'd If you can understand a word I say, excuse me Gentlemen, but it really seems as if you could not come at it exactly in wheeling to the right, the right end of the platoon stands first, and the other end comes round like a swingletree, those on the outside must march faster than those on the inside; and those on the inside, not near so fast as those on the outside. You certainly must understand me now Gentlemen, and now please to try once more—in this they [illegible] a little more successful [illegible] very well indeed [illegible] one word wheel to the left, you must wheel

to the left.—Tention the whole, to the left, —no right,—that is the left, I mean the right left, Wheel, march. In this he was strictly obeyed, some wheeled to the right, some to the left, and some to the right left both ways.

Stop,—halt, let us try again, I could not just then tell my right hand from my left, you must excuse me Gentlemen, if you please experience makes perfect as the saying is; long as I have served, I find something new to learn every day, but all's one for that. Now Gentlemen do that motion once more.

By the help of a non-commissioned Officer in front of each platoon, they wheeled this time with considerable regularity.—Now boys you must try to wheel by divisions, and there is one thing in particular which I have to request of you Gentlemen; and it is this, not to make any blunder in your wheeling, you must mind and keep at a wheeling distance, and not to talk in the ranks, nor get out of fix again, for I want you to do this motion well, and, not to make any blunder now.—Tention the whole, by division to the right, wheel march —In doing this, it seemed as if bedlam had broke loose every man now took the command —Not so fast on the right, slow now: Hawl down those umbrellas. Faster on the left. Keep back a little in the middle there, don't croud so,—hold up your gun Sam, go faster there faster.—Who trod on?—mind your huffs, keep back! keep back!—Stop us Captain do stop us. Go faster there; I've lost my shoe, get up again —Ned halt! halt!! halt!!! Stop Gentlemen, stop! stop!! By this time they had got into utter and inexpressible confusion, and so I left them.

The Swine's Concert.

The abbot of Baine, a man of great wit, and who had the art of inventing new musical instruments, being in the service of Louis XI. king of France, was ordered by that prince to get him a concert of swine's voices, thinking it impossible. The abbot was not surprised, but asked money for the performance, which was quickly given him; and he work'd a thing as singular as ever was seen. For out of a great number of hogs, of several ages, which he got together, and placed under a tent or pavilion covered with velvet, before which he had a table of wood painted, with a certain [illegible] of keys, [illegible] made an organical instrument; and as he played upon the said keys, he by means of little spikes, which pricked the hogs, made them cry in such order and consonance, as highly delighted the king and all his company.

HONEST HODGE.

Hodge a poor honest country lout,
Not overstock'd with learning
Chanc'd one summer's eve to meet,
The Vicar home returning;

Well Master Hodge the Vicar cryed
What still as wise as ever;
The People in the Village say,
That you are wond'rous clever.

Well Master Parson as for that,
I'll beg you'll right conceive me;
I do n'er brag but yet I know
A thing or two believe me.

We'll try your skill the Parson cryed,
For learning what digestion,
And this you'll prove by right or wrong,
In solving me a question.

Noah of old three Babies had,
Or grown up children rather,
Shem, Ham and Japheth were their names
Now who was Japheth's Father.

Hodge scratch'd his head and grinning
That does my wits behove [illegible],
But howsome'er I'll homeward run,
And axe old Giles our neighbour.

To Giles he went and put the case,
With circumspect intention
Thou fool cries Giles I'll make it plain;
To thy dull comprehension.

Three Children has Tom Long the Smith,
Or Cattle Doctor rather;
Tom, Dick and Harry are their names,
Now who was Harry's Father.

Odd-Zookes I have it Hodge replies,
Full well I know your lingo:
Whose Harry's Father, now I knows,
Why Tom Long Smith by jingo.

Away he ran to find the Parson,
With all his might and main
Who in good humour instant put,
The question once again.

Noah of old three babies had,
Or grown up children rather,
Shem, Ham and Japheth were their names
Now who was Japheth's Father.

Ah! now I have it Hodge replied,
As wise as any Proctor,
Whose Japheth's Father let me see,
Why Long Tom Smith the Doctor.

The [illegible] Answers.

Whom did you buy your land of?	Hogs
What's the Soil?	Hogs.
What's the Climate?	Hogs.
What did you build your House of?	Logs
Have you any Neighbours?	Frogs
What do you get to eat?	Hogs.

IMPORTANT, FROM CALIFORNIA

From the Weekly Times. March 1850.

As every thing from California is "important" we shall offer no apology for publishing the following letter, which we have been kindly permitted to transfer to our columns by a damsel whose sweetheart went out some fourteen months ago to dig up a "forten" for himself and Biddy.

,' St. Fransisky, December 1st, 1849.

,'Biddy Darlin,"—I've been to the mines. Bad luck to em. For sivin weeks, Biddy acushla, I sarched the bowells of *terry firmer* for *goold*, and all I got was dissenterry by rason of werkin, on an empty stomich. The plaze a thing to ate for breklist, the same for dinner, and ditto repated for supper; and all the time throwing up mud an. wathar is mity wakening for the insides. Patateez was a dolla a pound, and no mate to be had but gristley bares, which is tuff customers. In cowld wather the crayturs—I mane the grisley bares, comes down from the mountins, with their arums extinded, as if they wanted to bid ye welkim; but the moment they're forenenst ye they crab ye, the traythrs, and squage the breth ov life out ov ye. 'Some of the boys that wint out in the same ship wid me found goold galore; but not as much as the vally ov a weddin ring. Biddy, did Terry get for his thrubble. The black luck was on me darlin', for lavin ye, a decent modest colleen as ye are, to come to a kuntry where the wimmin are the culler of a dirty copper-kettle

"I got back from the mines a fortnit ago, and a most unfortnit go it was for me that I iver wint there. Here I am in St. Fransisky knockin' about widout a rap. What's to become of me Biddy, mavourneen, the saints only know. Only to think that I should lave the comfortable birth I had swaping the strates of Lundon to oome to this hythen kunthry, where the strate claning is dun by buttds, and drinking, gambling, speckulation, and shooicide, is the only fashionable amusements.

"Ye'll see it stated in the papers, Biddy, that the diggers are finding goole in *quartz*. Biddy, it's a lie! I never seed a lump ov goold yet that would fill a gill mea-ur

"Couldn't ye rase a subskription, Biddy, among the strate-swapers to pay me passage back; if I was only back in Lundon, dead or alive, I'd never lave it wint grass grows and wather runs. Your loving

TERENCE M'VERDANT."

For Bridget F'Connor, Lundon.

To be lift till call-d for.

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN.

AT FISHMONGERS' HALL

1832.

Is that dace or perch? said Alderman Birch,
I take it for herring, said Alderman Perring.
This jack's very good, said Alderman Wood;
But its bones might a man slay, said Alderman Ansley.
I'll butter what I get, said Alderman Heigate.
Give me some stew'd carp, said Alderman Thorp.
The rose's dry as pith, said Alderman Smith.
I can't cut so far down, said Alderman Brown;
Bring near the fish, said Alderman Glyn.
I've tasted, Frank man; said Alderman Waithman;
And I too, Watkins, said Alderman Atkins.
They've crimp'd this cod drolly, said Alderman Scholey;
'Tis bruised at the ridges, said Alderman Bridges.
Was it caught in a brog? Nay, said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by two men, said Alderman Venn
Yes in a box, said Alderman Cox.
They care not how *far 'tis*, said Alderman Curtis.
From air kept, and from sun, said Alderman Thompson;
Pack'd neatly in straw, said Alderman Shaw.
So ice goes from Gunter, said Alderman Hunter
This ketchup is sour said Alderman Flower;
Then *stop it in claret*, said Alderman Garrett.

CLUMP AND CLOD.

As Clump and Clod two surly Clowns,
Where reeling home one night,
From Ale-house where their wretched Crowns,
[illegible]
Clump to Clod I tell me what,
I only wish to know I,
[illegible] land had [illegible],
[illegible] stop should like,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] I,
[illegible] both great and small,
[illegible] says Clump,
And that [illegible]
[illegible] Clump,
And I [illegible] Clod,
[illegible] Clump and Clod,
[illegible] on the sod,
[illegible] Clump,
[illegible]
Pedestrian [illegible] Clump,
[illegible] for [illegible] on Clump,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Owls in the stars,
And [illegible] in the skies.

I VANT TO FLY.

During the late war, there were a number of French officers in an inland town, on their parole of honour. Now one gentleman being tired with [illegible] drinking, smoking, &c., and therefore, in order to amuse himself, resolved to go a fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line; but being in want of anything else, went in search of a [illegible] Having [illegible] ing John Bull, our Frenchman [illegible] with a bow, a grunge, and a surug of the shoulders, thus [illegible]—

"Ah Monsieur Anglise, comment vous, porte-vous?"

"Eh, that's French," exclaimed the shopkeeper; "not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean."

"Bon, bon, ve: good; den, sare, I sall tell you: I vant deux fly."

"I dare say you do Monsieur [illegible] Englishman, "and [illegible] of our outlandish gentry; but I am a true-born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it; particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here."

"Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend: I sall repeat: I vant deux fly, on de top of de water."

"Oh! what you want to fly by water, do you? then, I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are at least, a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here."

"Ah sare, you [illegible] stup [illegible] I sall tell you once seven times over again; I vant deux fly on the top of de [illegible] ple dangle on de end of de [illegible]

"Ay! ay! you only [illegible] er water, and if they catch you, I'm plaguey if they wont dangle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole."

"O non! vat you mean by dat? you are a bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. [illegible] you are effronte, and I [illegible] vid you. I tell you sare [illegible] de top of de water to la trap poisson [illegible] of de long pole, to la trap poisson."

"What's that you say, you French Mo[illegible] [illegible] go [illegible]

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be a [illegible] shoe [illegible] began:—

"What's all this? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family. A[illegible] ay: I should like to catch him at it, that's all.

"Now come to prison you delinquent."

"No, sare, I sall not go to de prison: [illegible] vat you call it?—de thing [illegible]

"O! you mean the cow."

"No, sare, not de cow: you stup Johnny Bull: I mean the chouvel, vat you ride [illegible] up. Ah! ah!"

"[illegible] mean a horse."

"[illegible] de horse s'vile?"

"[illegible]

"Oui bon, yes, sare, take me to de mayor."

[illegible] compared with, and the French officer now stood before the English magistrate, who by chance, happened to be [illegible] and [illegible] and thus explained, to the satisfaction of all parties.

"You have mistaken the intentions of this honest gentleman: he did not want to fly the country, but to go fishing, and for that purpose wished to know where to purchase two flies, [illegible] trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish.

"Why, ay," replied the shopkeeper "that may be true: you are a scholard, and so you know better than I. Poison, in French, may be very good fish; but give me good old English [illegible]

A PECULIAR WAY OF SECURING A CONGREGATION.

As the Rev. Rowland H[illegible] was passing [illegible] intimated to the Dissenting minister of the place [illegible] Mr. H[illegible] [illegible] empty pews, is there was not only no time [illegible] Dissenting [illegible] overcome all con[illegible] place [illegible] promised to make a pa[illegible] of sermons before leaving the pulpit. It now becomes my duty to redeem my promise."

And so saying, he bowed down, and taking

in his hand a pair of boots which he had brought with him for the purpose, he exhibited them to the congregation, saying, 'You all see that this is a pair of boots?' There was no audible reply, but every countenance seemed to answer in the affirmative. 'Well then' resumed Rowland Hill, pulling a penknife out of his pocket; and first cutting off the leg of the one, and then of the other, about two inches above the soles, he exhibited his quandam boots to the gaze of the astonished congregation, exclaiming;—'There you see, I have my pair of shoes.'

THE [illegible] SPORTSMAN.

(From the Journal of Simon Swandown)

Monday, Sept. 1, 9 A. M.—Took down from back attic my legacy gun, so called because mine under the will of sir Diggory Di[illegible]salt, my maternal uncle. Used by him with tremendous effect, when a grenadier in colonel Birch's Loyal London, in the [illegible] and Thames, and Primrose-hill. Thought it prudent to ascertain the death of this Gunpowder Percy: drew out the ramrod, and thrust it down the barrel; felt a soft substance at bottom and trembled, screwed up my courage and the soft substance, and found the latter to be a doll's pincushion, probably pushed in by little Sally. Borrowed Bob's duster and Molly's scowering paper, and rubbed off the rust. Looked about for a game-bag, and luckily alighted on my uncle's havresack, in which I moreover found seventeen old cartridges. Put on my shooting-dress, viz.—my white hat, my stone blue coat and velvet collar, my white Marcella waistcoat, my India dimity under [illegible], my nankeen trowsers, and my ditto gaiters, not forgetting my military boots and brass spurs. Jammed down ramrod till it rang again, to the great terror of Mrs. Swandown, of whom I took leave singing—

"[illegible]"

Set of in high spirits, to meet Jack Juniper, Kit Cursitor, and Tom Tiffany, by appointment, at half past nine, at the Mason's Arms opposite St. Luke's Hospital, in the City Road.

Saw a poll parrot at a window in Thomas Buildings: longed for a shot, but housemaid too sharp. Carrier puppy barked at a bedstead in Dockers-Row. Looked round, and found that she had made a point at a bullfinch—cocked and levelled, but broker kept walking to and fro. Arrived at the place of appointment without seeing any more game. Waited twenty minutes for Tom Tiffany. Examined our pieces. Kit's wanted a flint, and Jack's lock too rusty to go, though he pulled till he nearly sprained his fore-finger. Borrowed some oil, with three wasps in it, of a maid and got a flint from a [illegible] in the road: Tom Tiffany could not get a gun, so he borrowed a horse pistol. Hobson's choice.

He found it to be short to bring down the pheasants, but quite long enough to do for the little birds.

10 A. M.—Marched up the City Road Singing—

"By dawn to the downs we repair"

Looked sharp to the right and left, and saw a hen and two chickens pecking under a wheelbarrow on the road side. Jack Juniper seized the three dogs by the collar, that they might not run in and frighten the game. Kit and Tom stole upon tiptoe to within six yards of the barrow, when the Tally-ho Paddington coach sent hen and chickens scampering into a front garden in Pleasant-Row. I said that Tally-ho should never see another eighteenpence of my money. Halted to rest ourselves upon the bridge on the Regent's Canal. Looked over the parapet, and pointed our guns downward, to nab the sea-gulls as they came through the arch. Saw something red steal out; took it for a pheasant, and cocked; proved to be a bargeman's cap; grounded arms again, and saw him steer his vessel into a sort of water pond. Asked baker's boy about it; boy said it was in the lock, and that the bank on the other side was the key. Threatened to shoot him if he gave me any more of his sauce. Kept an eye on barge and saw it begin to sink! Wondered at the coolness of the Father Red-cap who walked from stem to stern, smoking his pipe, as if nothing was the matter. Kit Cursitor said they had scuttled it on purpose to chouse the underwriters, and that he had known the captain of a Dutch schooner hanged for similar practices. Kit talked of a [illegible] the underwriters to defend the action, and pay the premium into court; when, lo and behold, the barge took a lower level, and slid off through the water gate. —Stood for ten minutes looking into the New River, and counting the straws that floated [illegible], and now and then a child's [illegible] by way of a change. Tom [illegible] a boy's hoop-stick into the stream—black poodle jumped in after it, and brought it out, wagging his tail—shook his coat and splashed my nankeens;—I thought of calling Tom to an account for it, but did not like the look of his horse pistol.

11 A. M.—Pushed our guns under an old woman's wheelbarrow and started a Tom-cat [illegible] made for Pentonville we followed—[illegible] my piece, but missed,—saw five strange-looking birds trying to hide themselves in a [illegible]. All four fired; Tom's pistol flashed in the pan, but the guns went off; drove [illegible] the birds, and [illegible] a tall fellow in a blue apron, swinging [illegible] we should pay for shooting his stuffed birds. Found to our sur-

priso that they were dead before we came near them. Man in blue apron asked for our licence, but lawyer Kit gave it as his opinion that none was legally requisite to shoot a dead bird. [illegible] and-sixpence, to quiet the prop[illegible]r, and resolved to be [illegible] as in [illegible]

12 M.—Strolled up Highbury Place, wondered at the beauty of the g[illegible]ntlemen's seats on our right, heard nothing in our rear; looked round, and beheld the Highbury coach, which [illegible] alongside of us, and let loose a woman from the inside, and a boy from the box. Woman with luggage enough to stock the Barnet van. Saw her give a canary bird in charge to the hackney-coachman; [illegible] in about two minutes saw the cage stowed on the dresser of the kitchen; peeped down area; half-cocked uncle's legacy, but could not get rid of confounded cook chopping parsley in the window. Scrambled over five-barred gate to join my companions, who had made a short cut for Holloway obstructed by a dry ditch; took a run to leap it; forgot my spurs, which caught in each other and [illegible] on my hands and knees on the opposite side of the gap—came up with my [illegible] the [illegible]. They took the pathway, but I followed the Bedford coach through the gate. [illegible] by gate-keeper, who demanded three [illegible]; would not [illegible] lower Kit, who gave it in favour of gate-keeper, pointed to the board, viz. "For every horse, mule, or ass, three halfpence." Tossed down the coppers, and walked on. Halted at corner of Dover's-lane; drove of geese, called a council of war. Jack J[illegible] offered the driver two shillings to let him fire among the flock; bargain made. Jack let fly, and missed; geese set up a general hiss, and Kit advised us to discontinue the action.

1 P. M.—Turned down a green lane on our left, thinking that the game on the high road might be too wild. Drove a gander before us, [illegible] a [illegible] direction [illegible] riders, [illegible] out of [illegible] from the [illegible]. All missed; gander [illegible] up back to the highway when with a laudable presence of mind, I took the butt-end of my piece to strike him but missed him.

2 P. M.—Steered [illegible] towards Pancras, wondered at the romantic beauties that met at every turning. Put up a couple of gipsies and a donkey, recov[illegible] arms just in time; [illegible] that I should stand upon some hands that would slide from under me, [illegible] to Kit for a solution; could make neither head nor tail of it; resolved to ask the excisemen at the club, determined to make a knot in my handkerchief as a memorandum, and found gipsies had cased me of my yellow Barcelona. Walked back to shoot the [illegible] ed it, the wit returned *nor of the ass*. Ar[illegible], "It is lawful to shoot rubbish here;" took the hint, fired, and blew Jerry Bentham off a bookstall.

3 P. M.—Dinner at the Adam and Eve, Camden-Town; pigeon-pie at top, and lamb chops at bottom. Tom Tiffany in the chair, and I deputy. Asked Tom for a piece of the pie, carving knife stopped, and in went his fist through the crust, penetrating to pigeon, and stuck in the beefsteak and [illegible]. "Now *work all's* in," said [illegible] Jerry, "I'll thank you for some of the [illegible]." Tom wiped the gravy from his wa[illegible] and did not see [illegible] us laughed ready to kill ourselves. Asked the waiter if he had any ginger beer; answer, "yes, Sir," and ran out, returning instantly with a stone bottle. Began to loosen [illegible] bottle hissed and spit like a roasted apple; all looked on in awful si[illegible] out [illegible] the cork and hit Tom Tiffany on the bridge of his nose; Tom [illegible] to return his adversary's fire, but the other bawled out, "Coming Sir," ran through the door like lightning; poured out foaming liquor into a glass, meaning to take a delicious draught, and found I had swallowed a [illegible] vinegar, brickdust, and soap[illegible] working partners.

4 P. M.—Prowled round the brickfields near the Newington-road, to start birds that love a warm climate. Saw a hopping raven with its left wing clipped, went up within a yard of it, fired but missed. Eyed Deputy Parkin's apple tree that hung over the New River; felt very desirous of bringing down a leash of pippins, but saw a little man in b[illegible] on the watch. [illegible] pulled his trigger; down dropt the man and [illegible] new drop. A[illegible] it, "Let's [illegible] quarry."

Back [illegible] trouble, [illegible] found to our great re[illegible] Jack [illegible] scarecrow.

Tom changed trowsers with the deceased his own being the little the worse for wear. Cannonbury clock began to toll, and we [illegible] the b[illegible] our way towards the Shepherd's [illegible] Shep[illegible] in the air, to take the chance of w[illegible] might be flying that way.

Saw a fi[illegible] enclosure, rammed down cartridge; pre[illegible] pulled trigger: no effects; remem[illegible] prescription as to pills—

[illegible]

Way, the [illegible]

and rammed down another cartridge still no effect: ditto with four more: at last, bang went my musket; I thought there was an end of me: felt senseless upon my back and when I opened my eyes, found Tom Turpentine smacking my palms with an old shoe [illegible] from an adjoining dust-heap, and Jack Jumper pouring water into my mouth, taken from an adjoining ditch

5 P. M.—Felt much soreness about my left shoulder and determined to shoot no more upon Finsbury manor, climed up an Islington coach, took a seat on the box, and put my fire-arms between my legs, and my bag in the boot. Descended at the back of the change, crossed into Lombard-Street, and, having arrived safe and sound in Bush-lane, gave Molly my havresack &c. Walked up stairs to drink a comfortable dish of Tea with Miss Swandown

A LETTER, TO THE EDITOR.

Deer Sur,

As I here's you're a [illegible] I beg, to send you a Short Tale [illegible] stolde how it turned Up that I am Sile [illegible] Wayages—You may now [illegible] ly to get clensed from the over pouring [illegible] of the Charlottetown Burrow, were I [illegible] Land is not So good as Sam Hayes, [illegible] goes in the Cra[illegible] ther of the W[illegible] Fa[illegible] I assures you they re-turns quite Fresh bean arter this Salt w[illegible]

Altho by the he[illegible] of the W[illegible] Land on [illegible] mammuns, so we disemba[illegible] Force a Salin Paket [illegible] lik I lise in a Creme Jugg, for we had the Currants with us, and my [illegible] high spirits—Well arter [illegible] and bade Fairwell to [illegible] Crack till we cum to a [illegible] Spot to [illegible] our werm rums for we a bean a Huntin of Frogs. We was met a Praisin the Ruralty of a country In, when my darter Bertha Tomsner lise ever on a Hadder on Ham bush bean al the sharp-set edge—We was sh most Fatitude et Bean decoyed by this W[illegible] and [illegible] dy darter said I[illegible] now thi[illegible] —But we settled to [illegible] but just as we Turns a Hun[illegible] Drove of bullock[illegible] of to the Left, she make [illegible] with us, and make Offer a Fa[illegible] in a Behind-part at the Bottom of [illegible] but as she Reproches th[illegible] Gat a Grate Fire Dog jumps out of his kerne[illegible] and [illegible] her Cat were as she so the Lond[illegible] I don't Prove her has [illegible] And then some Vace of farm is Dacks bee[illegible] I Think it [illegible] was Hiderafoberous, [illegible] a dis-pond-in and when [illegible] pend to be a Cook[illegible] a Ghast lookin lik a[illegible] Mo[illegible]

Well, [illegible] suffer [illegible] Varify the Sene I [illegible] selvs in and Dick road [illegible] when we cum to a Wide H[illegible] stupid Hass) tuk a Shy [illegible] Sat off [illegible] off th[illegible] Tree and we was Throne and de[illegible] Mun

I found they as is dere to Mo[illegible] most smuocated and s[illegible] Ke[illegible] that I Regrets Sins giv[illegible] to D[illegible] pleasur witch is only W[illegible]

Bo leave me Deer Sur Yours,

[illegible]

P. S. My Darter se[illegible] use of Kappital [illegible] peal to you sur if It is [illegible] throut.

CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

Madam,—Most worthy [illegible] long con sideration, and [illegible] the nati[illegible] Ob[illegible] tion. I [illegible] ratory, [illegible] my [illegible] worthy of [illegible] ration, it will be an [illegible] all calculation [illegible]

[illegible]

THE A[illegible]

Sir,—I [illegible] eration. [illegible] infa[illegible] ven[illegible] ter[illegible]

[illegible]

Yo[illegible]

Which are the
What is most
One person to
ble the other c
Produce a sm
carried it out
What is that w
name? No
Why is a Chil
When is a ma
Four th
Take t
But if
I went to a wo
not find it, wh
How should a
shall not be b
the candle be
Pray Youngst
When does a
What word is
I'll throw an e
What snuff ta'
Why are Was
always cross
Why is a mela
What is the di
Two men ate
ate 100 and
What does a 7
Why is a shor
Why is your n
How far is it t
What is most
Where did No
Who is that L
Why is a pac
What is that w
What word is
ters become
In what month
Why is a pe
Why does the
If you throw a
Why is a roo
What is that
What kin is t
Way is a Jew
Why is a min
Mike IX. les
What relation
Why is an ava
A man would

A Farmer me
he gave in one
Tom went out
then where di
Why is your
A Carpenter n
and made it fi

THE ENIGMATICAL PAGE.

(Here's a Riddle for your Boys' Day, or Christmas Fire-side.)

QUERIES.

Which are the two words, wherein the five vowels follow each other? Abstemious and Facetious.
What is most like a Cat in a window? One outside of a window.
One person tells another, that he can put something into his right hand, which it is impossible the other can put in his left. The first person grasps the other's elbow.
Produce a small stick, tell some person present, he will be completely tired, before he has carried it out of the room. Cut the stick and give a chip at a time to carry away.
What is that which never was seen, felt, nor heard; never was, never will be, and yet has a name? Nothing. What is smaller than a mite's mouth? His tongue.
Why is a Child with a cold in its head like a stormy day? Because it blows its nose, (it snows.)
When is a man thinner than a lathe? When he is a shaving.

Four things there are, all of a height; One of them crossed the other straight;
Take three away and you will find; Exactly ten are left behind.
But if you cut the form in twain, You'll find one-half doth eight remain. XIII.

I went to a wood and got it, I sat down to look for it, and brought it home, because I could not find it. what was this wonderful thing? A Thorn.
How should a candle be placed, so that every person shall see it, except one, although he shall not be blindfolded, or prevented from examining every part of the room, neither shall the candle be hidden? Place the candle on the person's head.
Pray Youngster who in witty things delight, say what's invisible yet never out of sight? I.
When does a Pieman shed scalding tears? When he cries all hot.
What word is that which is made shorter, by adding another syllable to it? Short.
I'll throw an egg against a wall, and it shall neither break nor fall. The wall.
What snuff taker is that, whose box gets fuller, the more snuff he takes? The Sniffers.
Why are Washerwomen entitled to be ranked as great Navigators? Because they are always crossing the line and running from Pole to Pole.
Why is a melancholy young Lady the pleasantest of all company? Because she's always amusing.
What is the difference between fish alive and live fish? There is a difference.
Two men ate Oysters together for a wager who should eat most, one ate 99 only, the other ate 100, and won, how many did the winner eat? 100.
What does a 74 Gun ship weigh with all her Crew on board as she sails? She weighs anchor.
Why is a short Negro like a white man? He's not at all (*at all*) black.
Why is your nose like v in civility? 'Tis placed between two I's—(eyes.)
How far is it to the bottom of the sea? A Stone's throw.
What is most like a horse's shoe? A mare's.
Where did Noah strike the first nail in the Ark? On the head.
Who is that Lady whose visits nobody wishes, though her mother is welcom'd by all parties? (Miss-Fortune.)
Why is a pack of cards like a garden? There are spades in it.
What is that which few like to give away, and yet nobody wishes to keep? A Bell.
What word is that in the English language of one syllable, which by taking the two 1st letters becomes a word of 2 syllables? Plague.
In what month do Ladies talk least in? February. Why is a Tale-bearer like a Bricklayer? (He raises Stories.)
Why is a porch stone like a Regiment? It has a Colonel.
Why does the eye resemble a Schoolmaster in the act of flogging? He has a pupil under the lash.
If you throw a man out of window, what does he fall against? His Inclination.
Why is a room full of married folks like an empty room? There is not a single person in it.
What is that which a coach cannot move without, and yet is not any use to it? Noise.
What kin is that Child to its Father, who is not its Father's own Son? His Daughter.
Why is a Jew in a fever like a diamond? Because he is a (Jew-ill Jewel.)
Why is a man in a garret committing Robbery, like a good man? Because he's above committing a bad action.
Make IX. less by adding to it. SIX.
What relation is your Uncle's brother to you, who is not your Uncle? Your Father.
Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory? Because he's always for-getting.
A man would drink a glass of wine, and not let it go down his throat; how could he do it? By standing on his head, and letting it go up his throat.
A Farmer meeting Jack Ketch, asked him the difference between their occupations, which he gave in one word, what is that word? Utility. (U-Till Ite.)
Tom went out and his dog with him, he went not before, behind, nor on the other side of him; then where did he go? On the other side.
Why is your hat when it is on your head like a giblet pie? There's a gooses head in it.
A Carpenter made a door, but it was too large; he cut it but cut it too little; he cut it again and made it fit. It was cut too little. What smells most in a Doctor's shop? The Nose.

What do we, when to increase the effect, we diminish the cause.? We snuff the candle.
Why is a dog biting his tail, like a good economist? Because he makes both ends meet.
How many sides are there to a tree? Two, inside and outside.
Why do we go to bed? Because it will not come to us.
Why is a thinking man like a mirror? Because he reflects.
Which were made first elbows or knees? Knees; for beasts were made before men.
What is that which we receive without thanks?—which we enjoy without knowing how?—which we bestow on others without knowing where it is to be found, and which we use without being sensible of its loss? Life. What was yesterday and will be to morrow? To day.
Hold up your hand, and you will see what you never did see, never can see, and never will see. What is this? That the little finger is not so long as the middle finger.
What did Adam plant first in the Garden? His foot. What is the weight of the moon. 4 quarters.
In what place did the Cock crow, when all the world heard it? In the Ark.
Behead the worst of all beings, and you will discover mischief still remaining. The Devil.

ÆNIGMAS.

Tho' blind I am, I lead the blind,
Which way soever he's inclin'd,
I bear the man who first bears me,
By which my name you soon will see. *A Stick.*

My opening jaw and greedy maw
In fire and flame delight;
While by my power the high I lower,
And gild the gloom of night. *Snuffers.*

I'm in every one's way, yet no person I stop,
My four horns every day, horizontally play,
And my head is nail'd down at the top. *Turnstile*

Two twins we are, and let it not surprise,
Alike in every feature shape and size;
We're square or round, of brass or iron made,
Sometimes of wood and useful found in trade,
But to conclude for all our daily pains;
We by the neck are often hung in chains.
A Pair of Scales.

A word there is five syllables contains,
Take one away, one syllable remains.
Monosyllable.

I am a word of twelve letters, my 9. 6 7. is the name of an animal, my 6. 9, 2. is the part of a gun, my 5 1. 10. 3. is the place where money is coined, my 5. 9 3.1. 9. is a Lady's name, my 6. 7 9. 3. is a delicious fruit, my 6. 1. 9 is a garden vegetable, my 11. 12. 2. 3. is a small coin, my 6. 12. 2. is a small enclosure, my 6. 1. 6. 6 7. 3. is an aromatic kind of plant, my 11 9. 3. is a small animal, my 8. 12 5. 2. 9. 10. 3. is that which is left, my 6 7. 3. 7. 8 is the name of one book of the new Testament my 3 12 9. is the name of a chinese plant, my 8. 4. 9. 6. is what Farmers do, my 1, 10, 2. is a traveller's house, my 3. 12. 2. is a certain number, my 10. 4. 3. is what Fishermen use, my 9. 3 5. is a part of the human frame, and my whole is a moral evil. *Intemperance.*

I move on my back—when assisted I am,
My belly is open, my arms are a span;
My sides are upright and my ribs are the same
I stand on two legs, pray tell me my name.
A Wheel-barrow.

A tall and slender shape I bear
No Lady's skin more white or fair;
My life is short and doth decay,
So soon it seldom lasts a day.
If in the evening brought to light,
I make my exit in the night;
Yet to mankind I'm useful ever,
And many hidden things discover:
A Candle.

My voice is heard a mile or two,
I talk so very loud:
I speak when lovers cease to woo,
And when they wear a shroud. *A Bell.*

I'm first at the Alehouse and third at the dram
In the midst of the breakfast dividing the ham.
I'm first in the Army, and second in battle,
Unknown to the child I am found in the rattle
I'm found in all waters, but never in wells,
I'm mixed up in witchcraft, yet never in spells.
On lasses and ladies, I wait all their lives;
But quit them the moment they call themselves wives.
With the grave and the gay I number my days
I mix in their prayers and I join in their praise
I'm never in liquor but once in the year,
Then with Statemen, and Gamblers and Rakes I appear.
I'm not in the world I'm not in the next,
But in the old saying, between and betwixt,
I mount with the atmosphere taking the lead
I visit the grave and am found with the dead,
The letter A

What force or strength cannot get through,
I with a gentle touch can do,
And many in the streets would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand. *A Key*

Slain to be saved with much ado and pain,
Scatter'd and dispers'd to be gather'd up again,
Dry yet full of nutriment, sweet though unperfumed,
And carefully laid bye to be at length consumed. *Grass.*

More constant than the turtle dove,
More beauteous than the girl you love:
More tawdry than the dress of beaux,
More fickle than the wind that blows;
What Nelson fear'd amidst the wars,
And strikes with dread the honest tars:
What far excels the mutual kiss,
Now Ladies pray unriddle this. *Nothing.*

Rich Treasures I have close contain'd in my breast,
One comes from the east, and one from the west:
When you keep them distinct they are not worth a feather:
But are good when two elements bring them together. *Tea-Caddy.*

In hunting for learning I never took pains,
Yet you'll say when you see me I'm brimful of brains;
Consult me with care and you'll presently know
What your fore-fathers thought of a century ago.
But while I'm neglected they're dead and they're dumb,
But court me you'll have me just under your thumb. *A Book-Case.*

I have to one lock an abundance of keys,
But not one will open just think as you please.
A Piano Forte.

My top's as round, as round can be,
I've one good leg, and feet just three.. *Table*

I've many teeth but never bite,
Yet oft bring hidden things to light *A Comb.*

The poor man respects me, the rich tread upon me,
And all sorts of burdens, are daily laid on me,
In this place I'm small, in another I'm bigger,
And if color'd with taste, I can make a good figure. *A Carpet.*

Two brothers we are, great burdens we bear,
By which we are bitterly prest;
In truth we may say, we are full 'll the day,
And empty when we go rest. *A Pair of Shoes.*

The longest and yet the shortest thing in the world, the swiftest and most slow, the most divisible and most extended; the most valued and most regretted; which nothing can be done without, which devours all, that is small, and gives life and spirit to every thing that is great *Time.*

A Riddle of riddles, that dances and skips,
It deceives with the eyes and it cheats with the lips,
It seldom is seen, yet oftentimes read,
Is sometimes a feather, but now and then lead,
If it meets with its match it is happily caught
But if money can buy it, 'tisno t worth a groat.
The Heart.

But seldom do I make the slip,
Tho' among the crags I skip,
Beard I have enough 'tis true,
To rival any Turk or Jew;
Some may think it all a fable,
When I say that in the stable,
I'm a doctor, and my scent,
Does many maladies prevent;
A notion much with some prevails,
That I am only found in Wales;
But after this if I'm unknown,
You'll find me in the torrid zone.
A Goat.

'Tis strange to think what wonders we can do,
Since we in number are but very few,
Nothing that's either good or bad that's said
Or wrote, can e'er be done without our aid.
That you may see we don't intend to cozen,
Our number will be found not half a dozen.
The five vowels.

I'm pure as innocence can be,
Yet all the world makes free with me;
In all the world I'm seen and heard,
Yet never spoke a single word. *Writing Paper*

We never are absent, at ball or at rout.
We're sometimes turn'd in, but most frequently out,
In dancing and running this truth you may trust
We always move most and most frequently first.
The Feet.

All shapes and features I can boast,
Tho' neither flesh, blood, bone, or ghost,
Nor male nor female, nor my sex
Could naturalist yet ever fix
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
Tell me, ye wise ones, what am I? *A Shadow.*

To me the mighty Prince resigns his crown,
And the brave Hero lays his laurel down.
To me the ambitious man submits his power,
And the base Miser quits the golden ore:
From me the slave and master have their fate,
The sage, the dunce, and the illiterate.
My boundaries could never yet be pass'd
And death his empire quits to me at last. *Time.*

Ere Adam was, my early days began:
I ape each creature, and resemble man,
I gently walk o'er tops of tender grass.
Nor leave the least impression where I pass:
Touch me you may, but I can ne'er be felt,
Nor ever yet was tasted, heard or smelt
Yet seen each day; if not, be sure at night
You'll quickly find me out by candle light
A Shadow.

CHARADES.

My first is a covering which keeps you from cold,
And defends from the sun's heat your brains.
My second delights both the young and the old
Enraptured with musical strains.
My whole's worn by those who to funerals go;
'Tis an ensign of death and an emblem of woe.
Hat-band.

If in doing my first you take too much of my second, you'll stand in need of my third. *Support*

In my first a lawyer puts his brief, in my second a counseller puts his brains; my third dances with the dancing master, bows with the courtier, and yet is never so useful as when situated near the pole. *Bag-wig.*

My first is *all*, and *so* is my next,
Now don't look perplex'd and absurd,
But put them together and tell me whether,
You cannot make out my third. Al-so.

My love for you can never know my first, can never be my second; but must be my third.
Endless.

My first includes all; my second only a part; and my whole is salutary. *Wholesome.*

My first marks time: my second spends it: and my third tells it. *Watchman.*

My first is always, my second durable; my third without end. *Ever-lasting.*

My first destroys my second, and my whole destroys my first. *Worm-wood.*

The language of lambs is my first:
My second the offspring of man;
Fill my third with milk-porridge and crust,
And eat it all up if you can. *Ba-son.*

My first is irrational: my second rational;
My third mechanical; and my whole scientifi-
Horse man-ship. cal.

Is trade your plan? wish you by trade to live?
Stick to my first, there due attendance give:
Gad not abroad, sports of the field forsake,
Lest like my second, you are apt to break;
Snug under both you may then rest secure,
Nor dream of ills which idlers must endure.
Counter-pane.

By candle-light, ladies! my first will appear.
And the less light the larger it grows;
My second few like when applied to the ear!
Though many my third to the nose. *Snuff-box.*

I give the care of my first to my second because my second is my third. *House-wife.*

REBUSES and TRANSPOSITIONS.

There is a food you once did eat,
Before you knew the use of meat;
Reverse that food, and t'will be found
Reversing will not change its sound. *Pap.*

The name of a sex, join'd to what we disdain,
Is the name of an object we seek to obtain.
Woman,

I've seen you where you never were,
And were you ne'er will be;
And yet within that very place
You shall be seen by me. *In the looking-glass.*

Three letters do compose my name,
Direct, reverse, will read the same:
Which, rightly written by Papa,
Will show you great-great grand-mamma. *Eve*

A part of dress, I'd have you guess,
By men and women often worn:
A blow no less it will express,
Which those who feel have cause to mourn.
Cuff.

Reverse a quadruped, and find
A beggar often lame and blind. *Rat.*

Cut the last figure off from the place where you rest,
What's ne'er without motion will then be exprest. *Seat.*

My head and tail both equal are;
My body's slender as a bee:
Whether I stand on head or heel,
'Tis just the same to you or me;
But if my head should be cut off,
The consequence though true is strange,
My head and body sever'd both,
Immediately to nothing change. *Figure 8*

What we all do, reversed will show, what the Scriptures declare all of us are. *Life. Evil*

Two letters, expressing profusion and waste,
Transposed, show a county to most people's taste. *X S, S X*

Five letters do compose my name:
Forward or backward read the same;
An instrument you'll find I'm made,
And useful in the mason's trade *Level.*

A word of two syllables meaning implies,
What we should abstain from, if prudent and wise:
When read the reverse, the meaning will show
What most in reality wish they may do. *Live*

Take away one letter, and I murder; take away two, and I'm dying, if the whole does not save me. *Still, Kill, Ill.*

THE EDITOR'S OWN PAGE.

Gentle Reader, Scraps are but trifles; and mine are only Scraps.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood! O thou pleasant time!
How I love to think of thee,
Sweetest hours of Life are thine—
Dearest hours of Life to me.
Soft and radient beams serene
Streak thy Vista far away,
Brighten'd by the clouds between,
Of Guilt and Error in the way.

Childhood! O thou pleasant time!
How I love to think of thee,
Father, Mother, then were mine,—
Best of Boons in Life they be,
Calm beneath parental wing,
Shadow'd from discordant care,
Which meridian hours bring,
Which declining days must bear,

Childhood! O thou pleasant time!
How I love to think of thee:
Fain would join myself awhile—
With its pastimes and its glee:
Flitting o'er the spirit comes,
Association strong and dear,
As we play with little ones,
In their innocent career,

Childhood! O thou pleasant time!
How I love to think of thee,
Pleasures I no more can join—
Places I no more can see;
Sister, Brother, where are they,
Playmate, Schoolmate, scatter'd wide
In the gloomy grave they lie,
Or in other Climes abide.

Childhood! O thou pleasant time!
How I love to think of thee:
Seeking o'er the meadows fine—
Hazel nut and acorn-tree,
In the woods and wilds to stray,
Gath'ring childish treasures there,
Flowers that prank the common way
Berries that the bushes bear.

Childhood! O thou pleasant time!
How I love to think of thee,
Sweetest hours in Life are thine—
Dearest hours of Life to me.
Beauteous glows thy distant dawn,
O'er Life's prospect dark and wild
Lovely is thy gentle morn,
I would always be a Child.

L.

THE BURIAL GROUND.

O how I love on sunny morn
Of Sabbath gentle Sabbath day,
To get me where the grey bird sings,
And Robins spread their gladden'd wings
Where Nature wildly has its way.

I love the steepy path to climb,
While Grasshoppers come clicking bye,
I like to hear their churly song,
Or idly beat my way among;
In sedgy places where they lie.

Or thread my path among the Graves
And pluck some blushing flowers there,
Or on the summit hear and trace
The Sabbath bell—the sacred place,
Where thoughtful people meet for prayer.

I would there were some rustic seat,
Beneath the tree upon the rise,
Some graven'd words of hallow'd kind,
To strike and solemnize the mind;
Of those who come but are not wise.

The Widow and the Widower,
Might calmly sit awhile to muse,
And they who've lost their Parents dear,
Might think about them better here,
And then the better pathway chuse

I would not hopeless sorrow cause,
But we should think of them that sleep,
And fondly wait the time to come,
When we this mortal race have run,
Beyond those azure skies to meet.

The Town that was, is now no more,
The Town that is shall die away,
Though many houses now I view,
Here hillocks cover houses too,
Far, far, more tenanted than they.

Here Penury hath driven some,
Though Children of a checker'd scene,
They laid the gloomy Forest low,
They made the Wilderness to glow,
The Landscape round to be serene.

Ah! here they lie as banish'd ones,
Their Country gave them not their bread,
How often did they hope in vain,
To see their native Land again,
Before they mingled with the dead.

My silver cord must slacken soon,
My Spirit go before my God,
But let my broken wheel decay,
My Bowl and Pitcher waste away,
Beneath my own lov'd Native Sod.

THE SAINTLY SOJOURNER.

When Jacob came to Jabbok's brook,
With spirit overwhelm'd with fear;
He to his cov'nant God did look,
And gave himself to secret prayer.
Ah me! he cry'd when here I past,
This staff was only in my hands;
But God Almighty has at last,
Increas'd my lot to these two bands.

He said, he'd surely do me good,
Though most unworthy I have been;
Yet love by covenant he would,
His cov'nant mercies I have seen.
God heard him plead and chang'd his name,
An Angel met him on the way;
He mighty Israel became,
E'er dawn had bursted into day.

Like Jacob, (though there be no light,)
The God of Israel let us seek;
And through the dark and dreary night,
We'll wrestle till the day shall break.
Our trembling step shall strengthen fast,
While we his many mercies trace,
We'll gain Peniel's spot at last;
And see our Keeper face to face.

O BE NOT PROUD.

O! be not proud though Beauty gleam
With rosy hue beneath thy brow,
Seest thou the Sun's declining beam:
Then see thy beauty fading so.
O! be not proud.

O! be not proud though Fortune cast,
Her silver sheen about thy way;
[illegible] lays of wealth are flying fast,
As yonder fowl of Heaven away.
O! be not proud.

O! be not proud though Fame should spread,
[illegible] laurels fine's and green;
[illegible] that decks thy comely head,
Is fading with the passing scene.
O! be not proud.

[illegible] proud of Honors here,
[illegible] which hang upon thee bright;
[illegible] Meteors soon will disappear,
And leave thee sinking into night.
O! be not proud.

O! be not proud if thou wouldst be,
Hailed as some Cherub high;
[illegible] the Throne of God wouldst see,
Let Pride within thy bosom die.
O! be not proud.

FAREWELL.

I do not like the word farewell
It falls so heavy on the ear;
Where kindred Spirits love to dwell,
'Tis there the kindred would be near;
But yet it has a sacred sound
On consecrating time and place,
Some happy scene some holy ground,
Some pleasant visage dear we trace;
But 'tis a doleful word to tell—
I do not like the word—Farewell.

When twilight lags in rosy June
And din is gone of busy day,
When faithful Friends together roam
And wish the happy hour to stay:
But sombre night comes wending on,
While bird and beast to rest repair,
They linger in the twilight gone,
O'er the dread word that parts them here:
So sad and cheerless 'tis to tell—
I do not like the word—Farewell.

The Soldier on the battle plain
His hope and courage still can keep;
The Seamen rides the stormy main
Whom heaving billows cannot shake;
But 'ere from home they go away
To leave behind them all that's dear,
With fainting hearts the word they say
And pay the tribute of a tear;
So sad and cheerless 'tis to tell—
I do not like the word—Farewell

'Tis told when Faces wane away
And Features we can scarce behold,
We've loved to look on many a day,
Ah! then the fearful word is told;
'Tis told amid the nightly gloom.
As Death's shade o'er the brow doth sweep,
'Tis told when bending o,er the tomb,
And makes us while we tell it weep;
O! tis a doleful word to tell—
I do not like the word—Farewell.

AN HYMN.

Speak Lord and let thy Servant know,
Some sweet memorials of thy love,
Such as thy chosen feel below,
Such as thy ransom'd feel above.

O! lead me in those truths divine,
Which holy Angels cannot trace,
That I am Lord a child of time;
That I am Lord an heir of grace.

Thou canst enlarge this suffering state,
With consolations worth my praise;
And make me glad at heart's abate,
And make me glad through all my days.

EVENING PRAYER.

How sweet are the moments of evening Prayer,
What a savor it leaves on the mind to be there;
How still and how pleasant the time glides away
While calmly we muse on the works of the day.

How sweet are the moments of evening Prayer,
When all in the house and the family are there:
Brought in and preserved from the dangers abroad,
And all in one spirit acknowledge the Lord.

How sweet are the moments of evening Prayer,
When Friends far away on our bosoms we bear;
We feel reconcil'd to the world and the foe,
To the ills and the wrongs we have suffer'd below.

How sweet are the moments of evening Prayer,
When God through the dear Mediator comes near;
Forgiving our sins and misdeeds we have done,
And giving us grace for the days yet to come.

THE DRUNKEN INDIAN.

He staggers and totters he reels to the ground,
His quaking eye languishly throws a look round:
The visage that faces the heavens is low,
The gleam of the sympleton beams on his brow.

But he is not savage though senseless of shame,
Assail'd and assaulted his temper is tame;
He thinks not to injure, he moves not to hurt,
The rabble that hoot him and make him their sport.

Despised and neglected, he seeks but to roam,
The camp is his house, and the woods are his home;
He cares not to toil for the fruits of the earth,
But yields to the stranger the land of his birth.

Ah! why is that crucifix hung at thy breast,
Does that charm thy conscience and sweeten thy rest;
O be not deceived whilst thou livest in sin,
Thou hast not the love of the Saviour within.

My Indian brother ah! what dost thou mean,
Arouse from thy slumber, awake from thy dream;
Thy soul is in danger, O! hasten away,
And come to the light, the bright shrine of day.

But know that the Lord in the heavens is [illegible],
No sin in his sight will he ever endure;
The creature that seeks his salvation and fear,
His image the love of his [illegible]

HEAVEN.

'Midst streams of light of living light
Behold departed saints bright,
Glittering in the heavenly ray,
Like stars in a galaxy way;
No extacy on earth can prove
What is their joy, what is their love.

Amidst the glory of the Lord.
Now they strike the living chord;
Seraphs flattering on the wing,
Gather round to hear the song;
Hosannas to the Lamb they cry,
To the Highest here on high.

They need no sun, they have no night:
The Lord of heaven is their light;
Those silver beams diverging down
Flow from the footstool of his throne.
In robes of white their palms they bear
And crowns, unfading crowns they wear.

As eagles mount their mother's wing,
So I would mount with them to sing,
As morning dews which fly away
Before the open disk of day,
So would I mount, so would I go,
And leave for ever all below.

TO THE SUN.

Blazing orb of mortal day,
Life of nature's transient way,
True to evening and to morn,
To fairest rose, to foulest thorn;
No storm can fright thy face away,
Or clearest heavens make thee stay
Sweet deserver of my song,
Take it as thou passest on.

The lordly mansion, lowly cot,
Righteous, wicked, share a [illegible]
The beams which tread the palace floor
Shoot through the casement of the poor,
Impartial in thy blessings her[illegible]
Restoring life in thy career
Sweet deserver of my [illegible],
Take it as thou passest on.

TO DEATH.

Come gentle sleep, come sweet repose
Come and let me strag[illegible]
All sight and sense [illegible]
[illegible] and seal my [illegible]
[illegible]
To transitory strife

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

As the mantle of midnight comes over the skies,
Let my infantine prayer to my Keeper arise,
O Lord! let my spirit glide down into rest,
Like the sun I have seen in the far rosy west.

My soul and my conscience, O may they be now
As the dress of my chamber, the pure white of snow,
Though stain'd with the scarlet and crimson's deep dies:
Yet mercy can clothe them all fit for the skies.

O Saviour of sinners! be pleased to make me
Like yonder bright star of the heavens I see,
A vessel of glory to beam far above,
Where spirits are resting with thee in thy love.

While I live in thy patience and faith let me grow,
And bear well the sorrows of life on my brow;
When I sicken and die, and have done with life's stay,
Be pleased in thy goodness to bear me away.

EVENING HYMN.

Now let some evening hymn arise
'Ere sable midnight veils the skies:
'Ere morning saffron hues are spread,
We may be numbered with the dead.

Yea the next dawn of mortal day
That travels up yon orient way,
With her long flittering stream of light,
May find us blanch'd in death's drear night.

O let us supplicate God's throne:
Yea bring some guardian angel down,
With peace and pardon from the skies,
'Ere deadly slumbers dim the eyes.

Then though some sudden dangers meet
The couch of restings calm and sweet,
Our waking souls shall tranquil wait
To know the mystery of our fate.

If God be ours, we need not fear
The ills which haunt the sinner here;
Jesus the Lord who came to save,
Will watch our spirits to the grave.

Though like the passing moth we fade,
And vanish to the deathly shade,
God will command our souls to dwell
With him in light ineffable.

AN HYMN FOR A YOUTH.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"

Spirit of love and source of light,
Through which Perfection's felt and seen
Oh! set my guilty footsteps right:
Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean!

This life is fading fast away:
Jesus I seek the things unseen;
Here, while my heart and flesh decay,
Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean!

Satan would tempt my soul astray,
His dark temptations intervene;
O keep me in the narrow way:
Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean!

The midnight cry will soon be heard,
Then where dear Saviour should I lean,
But on thy promise and thy word?
Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean!

Convince me of that rest above,
Where God's own glory fills the scene;
Cast out my fear by perfect love,
Lord, wash me, and I shall be clean!

DUTY TO PARENTS.

Yes I will love my Parents dear;
I shall not always have them here,
For they may die and soon be gone,
And I may here be left alone.

What if I now oppose their will,
How will it put my mind to pain,
When they in death's cold sleep lay still,
To weep remorseful tears in vain.

But if I strive to love them here,
And do my utmost to obey,
Then nothing I shall have to fear
From guilt when they are borne away.

Although my filial tear must fall,
Remorse shall not disturb my rest;
My sadness and my sorrow all,
Shall kindle sacred in my breast

With mortal illness should I meet,
And early go among the dead,
Then thy [illegible] sweet,
And count me as a blessing fled.

LECTURE EXTRACTS.

Brief Extracts from Lectures delivered at the Charlottetown Mechanics' Institute, (by the Editor,) On the Harmony of the material World.

MAN looking round upon Creation, must feel convinced that the world was made primarily for him. He sees no visible order of beings above him; could any communicate with him in their present grade; they must acknowledge him their superior, yea, they must allow themselves made subservient to him; 'tis true they can live without him, but it is as true, they are made prospectively for his existence and trial; according to his present imperfect moral state of being.

The fleeting animal that bounds wildly in the forest, is provided with sagacity enough to obey the rein and control of man, and is brought down from his skittishness to fear his voice, and to help him in his labours. The exuberant vegetable, wildly sheds its beauties to the autumnal day, but it climbs and clings, grows, shoots up, and spreads forth, only, as a raw material, given by God himself for sinful man to labour upon; for his sustenance and support. That the heavenly bodies are made for other tribes of beings, is a matter which cannot be proved with certainty, but that they are made for creature man here especially, is certain, he feels his own significancy, as an intelligent, responsible, and immortal being, in every rising sunny ray that alights upon his brow, in every lunar beam that crosses his nightly threshhold, and in every vivid spark of stellar light, that animates his eye in sombrous midnight.

When we treat on the harmony of the material world, we do not mean to prove perfect harmony, such as was in the days of man's innocency, when the rose was without a thorn, when the reptile was without a sting, and the brute without its ferocity; no! we must take into account man's moral delinquency, and extend our idea of harmony to both moral and natural laws, as they exist in relation to each other; then we shall be able to assert, that there is the strictest absolute harmony reigning through all the world.

We cannot infringe upon one of the laws alluded to without interrupting the other, an ill conceptive thought, engenders a natural deformity, so far as it influences. The very visible feature, or form is changed, by the action of thought, and the phrenological, and the physiological developements, depend upon the action of the mind, and though we cannot visibly behold any thought, we can trace it on the brow and visage.

The natural pestilential evils which exist, in doing the work of devastation, are in strict harmony, and conformity, with the moral condition of man. Not more perceptible are the natural deformities of inanimate creation, than are the moral delinquency of man, but let it be observed, that amidst the Judgments of God which are abroad, he remembers mercy; and though he has decreed in judgment, thorns and briars to spring up, to call forth the sweat of the human brow; he has also decreed in mercy, that seed time and harvest shall be sure

There is no evil generally, but has a self destroying principle, the Polar Regions crowded with perpetual masses of ice, where naught but the furious bear roams at large, amid the wide brumal waste, are as necessary to the well being of the earth, as the luxuriant plains Cold cometh out of the north, it cometh from the rich storehouses within the arctic and antartic circles; to cool and temperate the parched sultry Zone. According to the present moral condition, winter and death must exist, and we know them to be necessary in the present physical constitution of the world.

If the blightening hand of winter sweep over the comely features of summer, and steal from them the healthful hues, 'tis also to drive away destructive agents, which would feed upon its vitals, and prevent ultimately its periodical return. We are told that if it were not for the frosty weather of Great Britain, the common wasp alone, would increase so rapidly:, as to render that country uninhabitable in the short space of thirty years: the bleak and penetrating wintry wind as it sweeps and threatens to nip and destroy the roots which furnish us with summer herbage; is at the same time, hastening down the fleecy covering from the sky. If winter throws its gelid sheet over the waters, the finny tribes are only the more preserved.

The desire of propagation, and the ravening principle of destruction, actuate the animal creation principally; they check each other, The monoculus delights in putrid waters, the gnat eats the monoculus, the frog eats the gnat, the pike eats the frog, and the sea-calf eats the pike,—the haddock, pursues and devours the herring, and are themselves devoured by sharks. From these we might trace on through the whole round of animal creation, and come to the conclusion, that it is necessary to its continuance, that the principles referred to should exist and counterbalance each other.

Pain is as necessary to our present existance as Pleasure. The apprehension of pain, puts us on our guard against the external objects of nature; we might be torn, bruised, and crushed; in fact we should require a new constitution of existence, if it were not for the sensibilities we feel on touching surrounding objects. The love of life, and the dread of pain and death; are auxiliaries and safeguards, to the existence of the fluttering insect up to man

himself: so that taking all the abstract evils in connection, they are in harmony with our present probationary state of transitory and erring existence.

"All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance direction which thou canst not see;
All discord harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good,
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One Truth is clear, whatever is, is Right."

Of all animated creatures beneath the sun on their entrance into life man is the most abject; without any reason, and physical strength, with very limited instinct; he is cast upon the lap of his progenitor or parent, whose love of off-spring is inherent in his nature; (whether he be barbarous or refined,) and which powerfully operates to entwine the parental arm around the little helpless immortal, except superstition intercept those fond emotions. Who can but admire this provision, the love of off-spring! the most hideous reptile in creation possesses it, and man in his wildest condition is controll'd by it; 'tis an active agent that harmonizes the material world, and without it, man above all animals would soon become extinct. If the parent's eye did not pity him; if the fond mother had not compassion upon him; he would surely be left on the wide waste, to the loathing of his person; and to perish; but—

"[illegible] mule has claw,
[illegible] man
Owes [illegible] to the [illegible] sense,
To hold [illegible] of the head."

Man comes into the world most defenceless; the meanest animal is before him, the chick with its shell sticking to its tail will catch at a fly. Sir H. Davy relates, that a friend of his, having discovered under the burning sands of Ceylon the eggs of an Alligator, had the curiosity to break one of them; when a young Alligator came forth, perfect in its motions and in its passions; for although hatch'd under the influence of the sunbeams in the sand, it ran towards the water its proper element; when hindered it assumed a threatened posture, and bit the stick presented to it.

Pake says Galen three eggs, one of the eagle another of a goose, and a third of a viper; and place them favourably for hatching, when the shells are broken; the eaglet and the gosling will attempt to fly, while the young of the viper will coil and twist along the ground; if the experiment be protracted to a later period, the eagle will soar to the highest regions of the air, the goose betake itself to the marshy pool; and the viper will bury itself in the ground. Thus led by unerring and permanent instinct, they remain the same as St. Pierre states. "Bees every where live in republic now, as they lived in the time of Æsop, the common flies have always been vagabonds, like wandering savages; without police or restraint." But the human being at first has all to learn he must mentally labour, he must observe; continually so, even from the sensitive life of his childhood, to the rational life of his advanced age, though his actions at first are automatic, they become voluntary by association, he is here in a probationary condition; what to the inferior animals are the provisions of a life, are to him the accommodation of a journey. As the world was made expressly for him, he is a distinct being, seperate from the chain of beings. "The earth and metals may be linked together by bituman and sulphur,—and metals linked by salts with stones,—the amaranthus or earth flax may form a tie between stones and plants,—the polypus may unite plants to insects,—the tube worm may seem to lead to shells and reptiles, —the water serpent and the eel, may unite reptiles to fish,—the anas nigras may be the medium between fishes and birds,—the bat and the flying squarrel link the birds to quadrupeds,,—but what unites the quadruped to man,? it has been said the monkey and baboon, —certainly there appears a link here, but on investigation, viewing them anatomically there is a striking line of distinction. There is a remarkable peculiarity says Bell in the paw of the monkey, from that of the human hand; it is in the smallness of the thumb, it extends no farther than the root of the fingers; now on the length, strength, fine lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depend the power of the human hand, the thumb is called pollex, because of the strength, and that strength is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers, Another peculiarity of the monkey is that it cannot stand erect, or bring its heel to the ground; it never was designed to do so. Habit, or a change of posture may affect the shape of a bone, but it never can lessen, or increase the number This variation we discover in the paw of the monkey, from that of the human hand. The paw of the monkey approaches in sensibility and fineness of touch, not half so near the human hand, as the proboscis of an elephant it serves the purpose for which it was designed, namely, clinging and climbing: as the fin of the whale, the paddle of the tortle for swimming, or the wing of a bird for flying.

Although we may be pleased with the freaks and gambols of a monkey, they are truly automatic, they manifest no sagacity, such as we may discover in the elephant, or the horse, he is of all animals the most obtuse and idiotic, he really does not so much approach the sphere of reason, as the cat that purs around us before our domestic hearth; or the dog that wistfully watches, and follows us in many a weary step through sunshine and storm.

If we look at man in his savage state and examine his moral capacity, we shall find some striking traits of human character upon him, quite enough to satisfy us, he is a brother with ourselves in the great human family; though he be uncivilized, though he be reduced to the lowest condition, he is not, he cannot be un-humanized; his sensibilities are oftentimes more finely developed in secluded barbarity, than in busy society: his war-hoop, his martial song, his tomahawk and the skulls of his enemies strung around him, all convince us of his thirst for heroic glory. He is fervent in his love, and he is furious in his jealousy; he deals death to the adulterer, and the *Lex talionis* to the murderer,—compare him and his gods with some of the celebrated ones who belonged to one of the most polished nations unin-fluenced by the Christian Faith, and he will be found not worse than they. Zeno the stoic and Diogenes the cynic, fell into the foulest impurities of which Socrates himself was more than suspected.—Solon forbade unnatural crimes to slaves.—Lycurgus tolerated theft as a part of education.—Plato recommended a community of women.—Aristotle encouraged war upon barbarians.—The elder Cato was celebrated for his ill-usage to slaves.—And the younger gave up the person of his wife. And what of their gods? Bacchus revelled in his cups.—Saturn murdered his offspring.—Venus was a harlot.—Mercury was a thief.—Jupiter was a pattern of disaffection, stained with the guilt of perfidy, fornication, and adultery.

The fidelity and the love of offspring, have always been exemplified in the barbarous savage, and untutored Indian The following fine example of indian, fidelity is given by Ellis the Missionary, and it is evidently not without pathos. It is the mourning of an Indian widow, (of one of the polynesian Isles) over the remains of her deceased husband,—

Alas! alas! dead is my chief,
Dead is my lord and my friend;
My friend in the season of famine,
My friend in the time of drought,
" In my poverty,
" In the rain and the wind,
" In the heat and the sun,
" In the cold of the mountain,
" In the storm,
" In the calm,
" In the eight seas*
Alas! alas! gone is my friend,
And no more will return.

*Figurative of the Channels.

The main features of the moral law are so indelibly impressed in the human mind; that whatever declension any part of the race of mortals may have passed through, it cannot be obliterated. The physical faculties of man, as seeing, smelling, hearing, &c., are not more the same through the wide extended and dispersed race, or, the features and limbs more similar, than are the mental convictions. Barbarism, paganism, superstition and priestcraft, have striven to pervert, and mystify the common impressions of right and wrong; and to prostrate the immortal soul of man but every son of Adam, whoever he may be, wheresoever he may be, is susceptible of the reflection, that theft, adultery, murder, plunder and rapine, are in themselves evils, evils against the law that is interwoven in our nature, and so apparent as to leave us without excuse, The true God and his righteous Attributes are ever manifest by his creation; and when men form deities with certain vices, it is to indulge themselves in their wicked passions, still having a law within them counteracting those forbidden emotions, which I will not say they cannot see, but which they will not see.

God is apparent in all his works,—

"There is a tongue in every leaf,
A voice in every rill;
A voice that speaketh every where,
In the land and the sea, earth and air,
A voice that's never still

Our prejudices to certain forms of Animals arise from our Ignorance.

The Sloth has been represented ill formed for moving; that it can scarcely advance more than a few paces in the course of a week, that it has indeed so little desire for changing its place, that it never thinks of going in quest of food till forced by the severe calls of hunger, it strips a tree of all verdure in less than a fortnight; and being left without food, it drops down like a lifeless mass from the branches to the ground. After being some time in a torpid state from the shocks of its fall, it prepares for a new journey to some tree not far off, to which it crawls so slowly, that one can hardly perceive it.

'Tis true the Sloth cannot walk like quadrupeds but he stretches out his arms, and if he can hook on his claws to the inequalities of the ground, he drags himself along. This is the condition which authorises such an expression as the bungling and faulty composition of the Sloth, but this is not all, see him when he reaches the branch of the rough bark of a tree, he is most alive in the storm, and when the wind blows and the trees stoop, and the branches wave and meet, he is then upon the march. He is the midnight assassin of the feathered tribe, while his prey are in repose and apparent security, he stretches out his fore-arm (if we may so call it) and grasps within his clenched claws the victim for destruction, and death.

We cannot suggest a better form, or improve upon the objects in Nature.

'Tis not possible for man to teach even the gossamer spider, or to suggest an improvement in the construction of its filmy fleece.

You cannot improve a bird's nest, [illegible] the thick moss, the cotton fur, and silky thread with sticks, straws and ligaments: or with [illegible]ter and cement, come instruct the little bird, 'tis not possible, 'tis a more sure provider against contingences than thyself; it secures heat in the form of its nest, it knows what room it shall want for its eggs, and takes into account unwelcome intrusion. What it will do in the coming season of vernal delights, it has done centuries ago, instinct never deteriorates, it never alters; it is one of those influences that harmonize the material world, the nest of a bird is as perfect now, as it was in the first age of the post-diluvian era. The finch anticipates its downy nest, and the hardy swallow its one of cement; it also hears the northern blast, and prepares to wander, for this it is provided for its destination with a pectoral muscle which constitutes the greater part of the body, and here we see the correspondence between the strength of the muscle and the rate of flying, which is a mile in a minute for ten hours every day, or sixhundred miles a day; and if it be true, that, birds when migrating, require a wind that blows against them, it implies an extraordinary power.

When man departs from nature, he distorts; what hideous beings man has formed from his own imagination, either in the character of gods or animals, as if he could improve upon their figure. Let us look at what are called the fabulous ones, the centeurs half men and half horses. here is bad adaptation, they ought to have two stomachs, one for the man and one for the horse. The griffin is a monstrous animal, how can the eagle's wing ever raise the body of a lion.? There is harmony in the parts of an animal, there must be adaptation, and I am persuaded from what I have here stated, that there can be no such animals as mermaids, it is contrary to the laws of nature, the mermaid is a monster in nature, and such can never continue; never can propagate its species; for it has no kind, no likeness, it is contrary to nature, as it exists; and at variance with the best and most reasonable account we have of creation; that the divine Maker of the universe at his bidding, did arrange, that the beast of the field should continue after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind.

The meanest thing shows Design, or Harmony.

In reference to the provision of Providence, our Saviour directs us to the lily of the field.

There is much beauty in a flower, both in [illegible]r and the arrangement of its parts. [illegible]re is also much beauty in the adorn[illegible] [illegible] when about to meet the bridegroo[illegible] or in a monarch loaded with honors; but every filament, and all that belongs to a flower, [illegible] an office to perform, 'tis not all show in [illegible]are: though it may be in art, and oftentimes to a great inconvenience,

Let us inspect a flower botanically. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cup upwards, others hang their pensive head [illegible] turn their opening downwards now of the nodding flowers as Linneus calls them, he observes, that they are such as have their pistols longer than the stamens, and in consequence of this position, the dust from the anthers, which are at the end of the stamens, can fall upon the stigma or extremity of the pistol, which process is requisite for making the flower fe[illegible] the campanula. &c.

A grain of mustard seed appears an [illegible]ject of little observance, and an homogeneous body without parts or peculiarities, but in this we are deceived, for it is constucted of a great variety of ingredients, some common and others peculiar, consists of three parts, viz', the cotyledon, the radical, and the plumula or plume. In the garden bean, the organs are exceedingly distinct, when the external coats are stripped [illegible] we find that it easily divides into two lobes nearly of the same size and figure. Each of these lobes is called cotyledon, near to the lobes, contiguous to the eye of the [illegible] there is a small round white body that comes out between the lobes, this is called the radicle; another round body will be found lying between, and within the cotyledons which is called the plumula.

The form of these parts, and the number of cotyledons, vary in different seeds, but none are without them.

If a seed is placed in the earth when the temperature of the atmosphere, and degree of moisture, correspond with the nature of the seed, it changes its appearance (that which is sown positively dies), vegetation takes place the radicle is converted into a root, and by an unerring law of nature descends to absorb nutriment as well as to fix the plant to the ground.

The plumula, on the contrary, as it increases ascends above the earth and becomes the trunk or stem. Whilst these changes are taking place in the plumula and radicle, the cotyledons which contain the chief bulk of the seed, swell and are gradually raised out of the ground by the ascending stem, between the cotyledons, the plumula is visible, and as the name denotes, resembles a little feather, which soon becomes a tuft of young leaves

where from the stem, if there be any grow-

The cotyledons were designed at first, to supply the germinating seed with nutriment, for if they are removed from the seed at the commencement of the process, germination is immediately stopped—the farina in them being charged into saccharine matter, vessels convey it into the radicle; the radicle increases in size assumes the form of the root, gradually descends into the earth, and soon becomes capable by its own powers of supplying sufficient nutriment for the future increase of the plant. Still however, the cotyledons are needful although their situation must be changed, having risen above the surface of the earth. they resemble leaves but differ from the proper ones in shape, they are called seminal leaves, they also perform the same functions until the plumula expands into branches and leaves, when they whither and drop off

Atmospherical air is necessary to incipient vegetation; from the want of this, seeds buried deeper in the earth than is natural them, do not vegetate.

Thus much for a grain of mustard seed, same power controls it, the same intelligence is concerned in its care and continuance. is exercised in the very combining to a solar system, the grain of seed, of mustard seed is really a complex machine of vegetation, a chemical laboratory in miniature, its parts are as vital and active as belong to the growth of even the human being, moisture, heat, oxygen gas, light, all harmonize, and stoop to lend their aid to its germination and fructification.—But this is not all, the seed has its destination and purpose, and is as little the object of chance and casualty as the greatest person of human consequence that ever planted his ambitious footsteps on this nether world. There is a time for every thing under the sun, and a place also. The seeds of flowers have their direction. Some with down strole waywardly along to find a place, where they may lodge themselves to grow.

Others by their own weight sink perpendicularly. Some with hooks hang on making but a short journey, and others are carried by birds.

The flowers have their time. The primrose peers up its welcom'd head in march. The cowslip sends forth its fragrance in april, coming on in the van as it were, of the numberless summer variety. The meadow saffron, the dalia and the rich fleshy flowers come up in the rear, and the lauristinas even throws out its blossoms at the very approach of rigid winter.

Flowers even open their petals to the hour of the day.—The day lily opens at five,—the dandelion at six,—the pilosella at eight,—the marygold at nine,—and others are found opening at ten and eleven and near mid-day.

The power of the sap in vegetation is very great. Hales found that a vine in the bleeding season, could push its sap in a glass tube to the height of 21 feet above the stump of an amputated branch.

The power of germination in the seed continues a long while. Wheat found among the Egyptian mummies have been known to take root, and some of this wheat recently planted in England, was found to sustain its vitality

A seed with its usual vitality, is proof against the gastric juice of the stomach, a most powerful dissolving agent.

The meanest thing as I have said, the most insignificant insect, shows design and harmony. The gnat has a proboscis as well as the elephant; and quite as complicate, it acts as an awl proper for piercing the flesh of animals, and a pump by which to suck out their blood.—The fly is provided with a pump for sucking out the sap.—The worm has a sucker and a file to separate the solid parts, and the ants have pincers for carrying off the limbs.—The hive bee has its long tongue to collect honey; its honey stomach, to receive and elaborate it; either for regurgetation, or for the formation of wax.—Some of these diminitive creatures, and especially among the aquatic little animals, where they have a drawing force to contend with, are provided with a sucker; an organ which the animal is enabled to create a vacuum between it and any surface on which it rests, so as to produce a pressure of the atmosphere upon the upper part; and thus causing to adhere firmly.

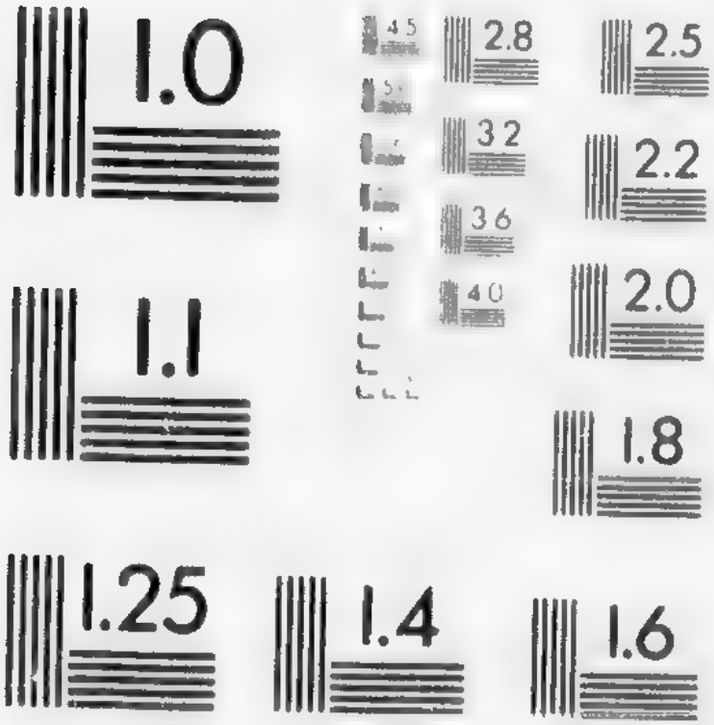
From what I have before stated with reference to the seed of the earth, we may draw the inference, that seed time and harvest shall be sure. It is a wrong conclusion upon the unerring laws of nature to suppose, that any seed sent for the sustenance of man should of itself, by its multiplied energy, lose in the course of time its virtue; give to the seed its proper soil, and as true as nature is an endless chain of causes and effects, it must bring forth. I will allow that for the correction of man, there may be such divine interposition, that the proper elements may be withheld for the furtherance of fructification. I am warranted as a Christian, by precedents, but such are only exceedingly partial and local dealings with the Almighty upon the earth.

'Tis not in keeping with the laws of the natural world, 'tis not according to the tenor and promise of Holy Writ, to talk of a seed running out, or to speak of the potatoe dying off in its virtue, and becoming no longer the support of the Human Being.

"Though I should trace each herb and flower
That drink the morning dew,
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew."

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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The primitive Elements which combine and harmonize the World appear but few in number.

Lime is a principal ingredient, carbon is another. The diamond is pure carbon, or charcoal crystallized, it is among the rarest of all known substances, and carbon is among the most abundant. We can have a room full of pure carbon for sixpence, but a pure crystallized carbon the size of half your thumb is worth many thousand pounds, you drink diamonds when you drink soda water, but you drink them in the form of gas. Diamonds will burn as well as coal, but requiring great heat, but when it does burn, it consumes utterly, its whole substance changes into that kind of gas which is pumped into soda water and is produced naturally in champaign, silex, or flint and dried grass, and very much made up of the same substance.

Water contains a most explosive element

Air by undue mixture of its own elements, may be made exceedingly poisonous.

We find nature very simple in its operations. A few gases are the constituent properties of all we behold, and radiation appears to be the prevailing disposition, from the punctum saliens in the egg to the human foetus, sound radiates, light radiates, heat radiates.

The Maker of the Universe has been impartial in the Constitution of Man.

Men are all formed of one kind, and of one blood. If there be any inferior among the race, they have made themselves so morally; they have lived to sensual gratification, whatever departures are made from the facial line, whatever appearance there may be to the lower grade, as the brute, it is because there has been an undue submission to the animal propensities. The color of a man bespeaks harmony and adaptation to the climate. 'Let us not endeavour to convert the law of climates, into the direful decree of immortal vengeance.

'Well did the poor African say, Ah Massa! a poor negro is like a chesnut, all white within, and a bad Englishman is like an apple, thought perfect, when it has many little black grains in its heart.

The effect of climate on the human frame, is worthy of remark, and lamentable is it that in some parts of the earth so strong a prejudice is cherished against not merely a sable, but colored skin. Now it is worthy of remark, that a statement was made by Sir Everard Home, some years since, on the utility of the black substance in the skin of the negro; in preventing the scorching operation of the sun's rays.

Sir Everard Home showed at a meeting of the Royal Society, that by exposing the back of the hand, or other parts of the body to the sun's rays; they become irritated, and enflamed; small specks or freckles first appear, and then on continual exposure rise into blisters, the same is true if the flesh be covered with thin white linen, but if the body be covered with a piece of black crape, though it will be hotter when exposed to the sun, yet the rays will not produce blisters. Thus the injurious effect of the heat of the sun, may be prevented, by an artificial blackening of the skin.

How strongly does this show, that the black man though too often contemptuously treated by his fellow creatures, is not beneath the notice of his Creator, rather may we consider him, as continually carrying about with him in the color of his skin, the memento of our heavenly Father's mercy.

Striking Instances of provision, under peculiar Circumstances.

Man posseses the property of resisting, within certain limits, the operations of the ordinary laws of nature. He can resist, high degrees of temperature, he has been known to support himself, in a temperature of 261 degrees, while the heat of the body rose only to 102. Now this power of resisting temperature, the living body owes to the performance of certain vital processes, which are excited to extraordinary action under extraordinary circumstances. By the same power it is capable of bearing with impunity intense degrees of cold. In climates and seasons when the thermometer indicates, a degree of cold much below zero; the temperature of the animal body, continues almost unchanged, and all the functions of life go on without impediment or injury.

The muscles of the human body have power within them for contraction. A muscle is fibrous, that is, it consists of minute threads bundled together. the extremities of which are connected with tendons. Innumerable fibres are thus joined together to form one muscle, and every muscle is a distinct organ. Of these distinct muscles for the motion of the body there are no less than 436 in the human frame, independent of those which perform the internal vital motions. The contractile power which is in the living muscular fibre, presents appearances which, though familiar, are really the most surprising of all the properties of life. Many attempts have been made to explain this property, sometimes by chemical experiment, sometimes on mechanical principles, but always in a manner repugnant to common sense. We must be satisfied with saying, that it is an endowment, the cause of which it would be as vain to investigate as to resume the search into the cause of gravitation.

Water possesses a remarkable property it becomes in certain cases much lighter than air, though in its natural and liquid state it is eight hundred times heavier than that fluid; and it has also the property of resuming its usual weight. Thus steam ascends, and if what is cold be applied to it, it will be condensed and appear again as water. Now, were it not for this property there could be no evaporation: no clouds would adorn the face of the sky, no dew-drop would rest on the flower, nor would rain descend to refresh the thirsty soil, and to produce the various and beneficial results for which it is now sent.

Again, water when condensed by cold insensibly loses its fluidity and as before becomes lighter, while all bodies are expanded by heat and contracted by cold, here is an exception. The expansion of water in the act of freezing: is a striking provision. While the parts of all other bodies are reduced in bulk; and their specific gravity increased by the application of cold, water on the contrary, when congealed into ice, is increased in bulk and becomes of a less specific gravity than the surrounding water, and therefore swims on the surface. Now had the case been otherwise—had water, when deprived of a portion of its heat, followed the general law of nature, and, like all other bodies, become specifically lighter than it was before, the present constitution of things would have been greatly deranged, many of our present comforts would have been endangered, and even our existence put in peril.

Another remarkable property belonging to water of a saline character is, although it is preserved by its saltness, it is not a pickle, but on the contrary a real lixivium which very quickly dissolves dead bodies.

It has been observed, that man is fitted for all climates. 'There would be little danger in his going to the North Pole, and simply because, owing to the manifold design of God, the parts that require to be exposed will not freeze. A man's eyes and lungs must be exposed, for a man must see and breathe, otherwise the country would be uninhabitable: and these are just the parts that are not injured by frost. This is a very singular thing, and illustrates the truth that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." One would think that if there was a part of the face more tender than another it was the eye—if there was any thing more apt to freeze than another, it was the liquid of the eye, and that the same frost that would congeal mercury, and turn the naked hand very speedily into a piece of ice, would soon freeze the eye: and yet, if it were so, many parts of the earth would not be fit for the habitation of man. Now here is the proof of infinite wisdom, that the eye is altogether unaffected, even by the extremest cold.

Again the coating of the lungs is more tender than the coating of the hand or of the ears; but if a man's lungs were to freeze, or if he could not breathe with perfect safety amidst a Canadian winter, of course, the country would be immediately depopulated. And the singular fact, illustrative of the "manifold wisdom of God" is, that the most piercing cold which makes you put up your hand involuntarily to discover if your nose and ears are there, only exhilarates your lungs.

The Structure of the human body, manifests, Arrangement and Harmony.

There is in the lowest order of animals, the rudiments of a stomach, and as we ascend in the scale of life we observe the machinery of digestion growing more and more complex, advancing step by step to perfection, part after part being added; till at last may be enumerated, organs for seizing and breaking down or masticating the food,—for swallowing it; —for transforming it into chyme, and next into chyle;—for the absorption of this chyle into the blood; and lastly, for the evacuation of its refuse or excremental parts. But what is most to be observed is, the compactness of the passage for the food, though it occupies so small dimensions, in the body, it is 6 or 7 times the length of it.

The chemical character of the gastric juice of the human stomach for dissolving the food is surprising. Some years ago an account was published of a seaman, who during ten years, had been in the practice of swallowing clasp-knives to amuse his companions. At first, but trifling inconvenience ensued, but in the end, the stomach became so weakened, as to be incapable of transmitting these bodies to the intestines. The man at length died in an English Hospital, and on examination, there were found in his stomach between 30 and 40 fragments or portions of blades,—knife springs and handles greatly corroded, and much reduced in size by the solvent power of the gastric juice. The handles being for the principal part of horn, where almost wholly dissolved.

Again, the compactness of the human heart, manifests great economy, it answers the purposes of two distinct machines, and in some other animals they are found seperate, the muscular power of the heart, is directed by a law entirely different from the irritability, as possessed by other muscles. A property of alternate activity and rest is given to it, quite unlike the contractility of other parts; and accordingly, when the heart is empty, when there is no distention of blood at all, the two cavities will continue their alternate action; nay, if the heart be taken from the animal

recently dead, it will continue to act in regular successive pulses, first the one cavity, and then the other, and so on successively for a long time, until the life be quite exhausted. The two cavities will thus continue in alternate action, as if they were employed in the office of propelling the blood, when there is no blood contained in them.

The Ventricle of the human heart does not contain more than an ounce of blood, and it contracts at least 70 times in a minute, so that, 330 pounds of blood passes through this organ during every hour that we live.

The strength of the aorta is such that Dr. Hunter found that a force of 90 lbs. was necessary, to burst the lining when injected.

The course of the blood is a beautiful arrangement. It is propelled from the left ventricle into the aorta, to be diffused through the arteries of the system, to every part, and penetrating into all the capillary vessels, thence it is returned by the veins through the venæ cavæ to the right auricle, which delivers it into the right ventricle; this right ventricle impels the blood thus received, through the pulmonary arteries into the lungs, where it is aerated, and whence it is conveyed by the pulmonary veins into the left auricle, which immediately pours it into the left ventricle. When it is transmitted by the arteries, it is of a bright scarlet hue, but when brought back by the veins, it is of a dark purple, from its containing an excess of carbon. Such is the provision made for the free circulation of the blood that as, Dr. Abernethy says. It is thrown up through tubes gradually augmented, and returns through tubes gradually diminished.

The Lungs occupy a small space in the human body. The whole internal structure is lined by a transparent membrane, estimated by Haller at only the thousandth part of an inch in thickness; but whose surface, from its various convolutions, measures fifteen square feet, which is equal to the external surface of the body. On this extensive and thin membrane, innumerable branches of veins and arteries are distributed, some of them finer than hairs; and through these vessels, all the blood in the system is successively propelled, by an extremely curious and beautiful mechanism.

A few hints on the Law of Gravity, as combining, or harmonizing all matter.

I think there can be no doubt from what we observe when globules of water fall into each other, and from what we discover in other small bodies, either in the gaseous, liquid, or solid condition; that there exists a certain influence, binding together matter with matter from the very dew drop, to the bulkiest planet we behold,—

"The very Law that moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That Law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

It is this law that "binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades and loosens the bands of Orion, that brings out Mazzaroth* in his season and guides Arcturus with his sons." Crystallization, Porosity, Density, Elasticity, Brittleness, Malleability, Ductility and Tenacity, are governed by this law. It is the (*Primum mobile*) the main spring of all the combination of matter, it is true "that even a feather falling, lifts the earth towards it; and that a man jumping, kicks the earth away." The round world as Job says† is hung upon nothing' it is bound together, by the mutual attraction of its particles, or their gravitating force, is directed nearly, to the centre of the high body, this is the centre seeking force. Man is placed upon this earth, his body is a part of it, he is in close alliance to it. The earths' dimensions, bulk and weight are in close harmony with his own feeble and fragile structure. Could he take wings and fly with the speed of light or lightning, to yonder larger planet, he would feel as he approached it, loaded with lead; nay the attraction would be so great, as to destroy the fabric of his body, crushing bones and all, or if he sought a smaller planet, he would feel himself wading in water and would float about like a feather, unable to approach the surface. This earth is his home, he sprang from it, his very blood bones and flesh, contain in them its elements.

But I would refer you to the projectile force, and gravitating power, which direct a planet; those agents through which our earth whirls onward and roundward in its annual course.

And this reference, will serve to account for the binding together of our solar system, and even of system with system.

How beautifully these two forces are arranged, for conducting our world through its orbit, if its gravity increases so does its velosity, and if its velosity increases, so does its projectile force, so that the planet cannot be drawn to the sun. If the velosity is retarded, the projectile force is diminished by the action of gravity, so that the earth cannot fly off in a tange[illegible] In closing our observations we do so glan[illegible] upward to those orbs of light which en[illegible] the solemn Firmament at the hour of silent [illegible]pose. O what an expanse for enquiry is here! what a Science based upon irrefragable truth is here!. The sweet Singer of Israel, though feeling his own importance in the sphere of animated being, yet looking upwards, and losing himself in the unfathomable glories of sidereal creation exclaims" When I consider thy Heavens &c." *Psalm* viii.

* A small reptile
† A small black

THE GLEANINGS OF PAST DAYS.

The few remaining Scraps of this book, are what the Editor has gathered from some old Manuscripts; of thirty years standing; which, but for this opportunity, would never have appeared in print. He might have added something better, but his Manuscript Volume was lent to some friend, and never returned. Should the Reader be a Londoner, and has pass'd the meridian of his days: he will be pleased to meet with such references, to old Localities.

On the Surrey side of London, there were formerly, some sweet retired spots which are now densely populated. On the Waterloo Road near the Strand Bridge, now stands a magnificent Church, on this site was a beautiful shrubbery, and extensive fish pond; the lines below refer to them—

Where that tall spire's erected there once stood,
The folied shrubbery, and the splashing flood;
Where Anglers often watch'd th' unconscious prey,
Where I have pass'd some wintry hours away.
Vain though a boy my wond'rous feats I'd show
Straggling on one skate, or some hackney'd two.
There I have mark'd old winter's hollow breath
Which gave new life, or put my joys to death.
Or wet my hankerchief and try the breeze,
Glad to behold it, if it did but freeze.

* * *

The lines below, refer to a spacious field called the squeaker field; near it stood a soap Manufactory, belonging to Hawes who represented Lambeth with Tennison in Parliament. The Coburg Theatre now fronts the spot. This was once a very genteel neighbourhood, but the Play-house ruined it. This *New Cut* is now proverbially bad.—

The Holiday Noon.

Th' umbrageous passage to yon open field,
Would many an hour of sweet retirement yield,
Near yonder spot I've often met to play,
With dear Companions of life's early day.
There near the stream we've pluck'd the tuneful rush,
The sable berry from the elder bush.
On the fell'd trunk we many a time would sit,
And trace the effer in the rivulet †
Or silent watch with weapon at our side,
We'd threaten death to all th' tinkery tribe‡
There mark'd the bubble from the mirey bog,
There heard the splashing from the restless frog.
We'd lounge upon the cover'd turf at night,
To view the heavens sparkling on so bright,
And wonder at the sight till we were lost,
Then talk of witches, sprites and some rude ghost.

† A small reptile something like the lizard in appearance
‡ A small black fish that destroys other fish.

Up one would start and tell of something nigh,
Quick at his heels we gossipers would fly.

* * *

How oft in Autumn's pleasant time we went,
Our rustic rambles o'er the hills of Kent,
To pluck the acorn, berry, hip and haw,
Then journey home and tell of all we saw.
How cows look'd wild which only look'd as tame,
As some blind mill-horse, in a fleeting rain,
Call'd those who walk'd behind us gypsies and what then?
Why boast our courage in outrunning them.
When basket store had fail'd and very dry,
We sought the half way pump in journeying by.
Punch'd out the leathern cap to concave form,
And caught the stream all lucid on the crown.

The highway pump stood in the Kennington Road, near the Oval. If my Reader knows the spot, he must allow, the strole from London in this direction, was at all times a refreshing one. Let him take his course from the Marsh-Gate, where all is bustle and confusion; in a quarter of an hour he will reach the three stags, where he will begin to perceive quiet scenery, and to smell fresh air; from the three stags he may strole up the Kennington Road, green foliage skirting the way begins to animate his eye until he reaches the common; then he may take his course, onward to Camberwell, and Dulwich. O Dulwich!—what London school-boy can forget the Half-moon Dulwich, and the Gipsey House Norwood, where he used to rest and refresh himself, with his Satchel loaded with acorns, sloes, hips and haws; and the conic shaped strawberry basket filled with juicy blackberries.

The scene below was very near the Bishops walk, by the palace, another delightful retreat, many a cheerful tug, perhaps the Reader may say, I have given up the river Thames to Richmond; stopt on the boat excursion at the Red House Battersea; had a *temperate* sip and a bite, gone on and got a bathe near the old mill; cut again with the oar through Chelsea Reach; onward again feasting one's eyes with the Villas and Parks that adorn the quiet scenery; and calling to remembrance the Bards, as, Pope, Thomson, and others; who used to muse about there.

The bathing spot.

Upon the margin of the Thames we'd stray
As Sol met Leo in his annual way,
Skim the fair stream with stone with all our might,
Or joyful hail the coming sail in sight,
Mark th' approaching and retiring wave,
And with a shiv'ring frame prepare to bathe.
With sock in hand half-hearted dipp'd the rill,
Bounding the pebbly causeway never still.

And while with naked feet we try'd the heat,
The wave within my half lac'd boot would creep,
There hungry bitten dress'd and seated first,
We on the boat stern nibb'd the bathing crust.

* * *

The Establishment alluded to below, was near the Philanthropic Chapel, behind it was West Square, the Elephant and Castle stands near the spot; Mr. Rutland succeeded Mr Warham. Mr. R. afterwards obtained the appointment as Governor of the Marshalsea Prison.

The Seminary.

In yonder house, Receptacle for Youth,
Once liv'd the man of sympathy and truth.
Warham thy name, thy placid name sounds here,
Like ancient music marshall'd on the ear;
We boys there pass'd our halcyon times away,
By tit tat to, or te ti to tum play.
Old books of hooks and strokes we often tore,
And made up pops to serve for guns of war
We plac'd to save the alley passing through,
The forms triangle, and quadrangle too.
As the air shook with staggering thunders loud
And solid lightnings cleav'd the craggy cloud
With pinafore tuck'd round we'd muse it o'er,
And he who sinn'd would say he'd sin no more,
Oft when we waited for the classes, call,
Depicted figures on the white wash'd wall.
The mail-horn, milk-maid and the muffin boy,
Would tell how time went as they journey'd by.
When morning's work was o'er we took our seat,
Beside our master's family to eat;
A symbol known we did not wish for more,
When all our knives and forks were straight before,
O! has he smil'd to see our cunning eye,
Minutely mark the unexpected pie,
The elongation of our elbow then,
The fellow nudge, the elevated grin.
And when the days' last hearty meal we broke,
Each eye in glistening language pleasure spoke
The pewter plates there held the high crown'd store,
Each man'd his round and seldom ask'd for more.
But some more nice than hungry o'en would lust
And barter all for half the bottom crust.
And O! when evening spread her gloom around
Oft in the schoolroom close we might be found.
With everlasting pencil and with slate,
We scatch'd forth scoggins and the robbers's fate.
Our dear Preceptor clos'd these scenes with prayer.
And summon'd all the inmates to appear.
Around his alter Orisons we'd say,
Sing Gloria Patriæ to the dying day.
At dusky bed time too we pass,d along,
Each held each others' coat and hum'd a song;
For we had read where we could better boast,
Of noon day courage Hamlet and the Ghost.
When fallen in disgrace through sum or task,
Too slow to learn, or timorous too, to ask.
E'er the swift sun had blaz'd the western sky,
We pass'd the busy play ground with a sigh;
Oppress'd with infant care we lagg'd alone,
The winding stair-case neatly studded down,
Reclin'd on pillow far away from sleep,
We watch'd the poplars at our windows peep,
Observ'd upon the bed post as we'd lay,
The golden tinge of dear departing day.

* * *

The Day School.

There I have heard the ding of Postman's bell,
The evening hour of sweet departure tell.
From school with mates we stroll'd the common way,
To pluck the blush from off the fragrant may.
Yet there I've been with memory heavy borne
And studying hard the tedious task to learn;
With book before and satchel at my back,
With tardy step I've trac'd the cart wheel track;
Scratch'd on some hand bill and exclaim'd with pain,
All will be well when I see thee again.

* * *

It was formerly a common custom in London, more than it is now, for Parents to send their children of a tender age, to distant Schools. Neither the disposition of the child, was consulted, nor the discipline of the Master much enquired into, any more than that a fearful awe at the approach of his school-gown was a sort of a *sine qua non*; or a first requisite.

The fondness for home, and for parent, appears this way to have been intercepted. It was so far from being consulted and cherished, as a filial grace; that it was in fact punished as a childish weakness. Every thing was done in the discipline towards the home-sick child, to beat down and stifle, those fond feelings which we naturally possess.

Several instances the Editor recollects of the unthinking and cruel practises which were exercised at the large Berkshire school to which the lines inserted have reference. It was a custom once a week in the summer months, for the scholars to bathe in an open piece of water, this was without doubt pleasurable to some, but fearfully painful to others. Several of us I know, used to dread the time, and endeavour to evade it. When this was dis-

covered, the Teachers would take the little tremblingfellow, one by the heels and another by the head, and dip him by way of punishment.

Another unfeeling custom was, to make the children eat all that was set before them, without consulting their constitutions. A portion of fat with the lean, was given to each scholar, and he was made to eat it, if not at dinner, he was to do so at supper, or be punished. Some of the scholars would eat it readily; and I remember a little fellow we used to call 'Muggy' a fat ruddy cheek Essex boy, if we could any way slide our shares, beneath the edge of his platter, we then got rid of the *'greasy ordeal'*; but as to myself, I had an indescribable antipathy to fat, and, when it came lusciously shaking and steaming, on the hot boiled buttock; I almost felt as much horror at the sight of it, as a mad dog at a running stream. A familiar instance of my antipathy, I may be allowed to mention. It happened one beautiful day in summer, that my fellow school-mate (who had accompanied me from London) and myself were called out from the school-room, to see a friend, and who should it be, but my companion's father. He invited us out for the day, we were to dine together at an Hotel; and our cheer was laid before us, 'fat rump steaks and mellow ale' being the English country fashion, but how to encounter the fat?, that was the question! The following expedient was resorted to; as we were sitting down to the dinner table, I caught hold of the old Gentleman's coat by the button hole; and drew him behind the door, and then on tip-toe reached his ear, and whispered into it, these words *'Mr Bingham I cannot eat fat'*, he very jocosely gave heed to my plaintive complaint, and I was for once allowed 'a Berkshire lean dinner'; but for years after, whenever I met the corpulent old Gent. in London, if he possibly could, he would lay hold of my coat by the button hole, and whisper this question in my ear, *'George can you eat fat yet?'*, but I never could reply in the affirmative The following lines refer to the school·

The country School.

Silent and sad we journeyed side by side;
And reach'd the country school at evening tide
The boys in file along the table fed,
On portion'd milk and slice of quartern bread,
A gloom came o'er me then yet more to know,
This early tea-time serv'd for supper too
Oh! then I sobb'd, when I remember'd there,
The Mother's side, the nook, the little chair,
The carpet stool my sister claim'd her own,
The sister struggle for that stool alone.
The evening paper read aloud by Sire,
While childish fancy stroll'd the glowing fire.
The chamber where I'd mark the skittle ball,
In distance roll and hear the nine pin fall.
Where the smith, actor, carpenter and wright,
Have hallo'd forth their 'auld lang syne' at night.
Where cobbler and where joiner quaff'd the ale;
Sedately sit to hear a neighbour's tale
With their tobacco stoppers often heard,
Their loyal sires at the carousing board.
These dreary reflections seiz'd my spirits there
And hurried down my cheek the parting tear.
I thought of home reluctantly undressed,
I laid me down and sobb'd myself to rest.
I dream't of home those evenings there serene
But never dream't of where I slept to dream.
E'er Sol's brigat rays had through the casement broke,
A wild disorder seiz'd me as I woke.
I heard a strange lulum vibrate slow,
The distant snore of strangers pierc'd me through.

* * * *

On the very spot where the Coburg Theatre now stands, there stood large brickkilns, I remember two boys, thought to have been tired and cold; one night, went and laid down upon one of them, and were found dead in the morning Opposite to these kilns stood a public house, called the pear tree; on the side of it was a countryfied looking lane, skirted with dikes and ditches. One would not have supposed this, considering how near it was to the city of London; and also to look at it as it is now; but very little was done in the suburbs of that great city during the eventful period of the French war. Erections were commenced, and new neighbourhoods formed immediately after the Proclamation of Peace.

In the lane above, was the dwelling alluded to, in the following lines. It stood by the side of a country-looking sign standing out on a very high post called the *'White horse.'*

A Playfellow' dwelling.

Beneath yon rookery of antique form,
Liv'd the companion of my childish morn,
Modest, and who with infant conscience light,
Wisdom might please, and folly might affright.
'Midst wintry winds 'midst drizzly night rains drear,
I've often found a happy refuge there.
Through sleeping fogs at night and drifting snows,
There gone with paint-box and port-folios.
And on the virgin sheet the color lay
With all the powers of genius to outvie.
Before the blazing hearth reminisces say,
Or tell to each our infant lives away

* * * *

A deceased Friend.

And since that hour 'midst youth's much fickle thought,
Time on my soul Some h appy hours has wrought.
Yes! in those seasons when the traveller sees,
The march of Orion, or the Pleiades.
As heaven's nocturnal lamp rose off the deep,
Or from far plains her tragic visage peep.
Or float all sullen through th' atherial blue,
And tinge the edges with a sickly hue,
My friend and I with flute have play'd the while
Some Hymn, or Dulce Domum on the style.

* * *

* This young friend died of a deep Consumption his last words were—'*Happy!—Happy!!*'

No spot in the suburbs of London, has borne on its bosom, more motley groups from time to time, than Kennington Common. There on the Sabbath day, you may have seen at one time; the Freethinker, the Owenite, the Socialist, the Chartist, the Johanna Southcottite (*Mr. Carpenter.*) and the more orderly and consistent Tent Preacher, with their bands of hearers around them. Here too have been erected the Hustings, where the Candidates for Parliament have addressed themselves to to their Constituents. Here too, you may stand as a spectator, and witness the return of the (*Jaded Wretches*) from Epsom Races· Landau's, Chaises, Butcher's carts, Donkey trucks, and even dog carts (if they be allowed), driving through the dust one against another; characters of all grades mingled together; some with rueful countenances, others unholily elated, with the Gamester's gain; all dashing along, from the '*refined*' din, and '*genteel*' confusion of the Race Course.

But here you may enjoy yourself on a more serene opportunity, when in the pleasant month of June you may behold the Amateur Cricketers, the trap, bat, and ball boys, the nursery maids playing about with their little ones, the kites flittering above in the air, and the lowing kine wandering onward. 'Tis here I have watched the lingering and long twilight of a midsummer eve. The lines on this page were composed there in such a season, when youthful imagination removed me from my favorite resort, and placed me bejond my native land. The Terrace referred to was opposite the Horns Tavern, but on the other side of the common, very near it stood a brimstone manufactory; between the two ran a lane which led you to Camberwell Green.

Do you know this spot my Reader?; well then now go on a little farther. Let us climb up Denmark Hill, we now pass the Fox under the hill; the steepy part is nearly overcome Gentlemen's country residences are here on either side, look now over towards London. Turrets, towers and steeples, are all spread about on the view. St. Pauls stands like a master-piece of the whole. But the thick atmosphere is wending over from the living mass; bearing onwards towards Westminster The Abbey's pile looks gorgeously, But, we must not stop here, we'll cross over to Champion hill, then pass along by a high fence, shadowed over with horse chesnut and other lofty trees Turn about right and left once or twice, here then we are with the wide and extended country on our view. Norwood, Sydenham, Streatham, Forest hill, and Dulwich, are before us; far beyond is the quiet village of Beckenham; the white spire may be seen peering up between the trees, In the distance as far as eye can trace. appears a dark woody patch, that is seven oaks. We must now return to the common, and read the fancied Emigrant's complaint, being far removed from his favorite spot.

THE EMIGRANT'S COMPLAINT.

O dear this is nothing like home,
Your nature's unnatural to me.
The thought it is foreign alone,
Dashes all the bright prospect I see.

Those Groups which hang over the plain,
Those hills and those dales where I roam,
They open the cell of my thought,
And make me hard sigh for my home,

Where the kiln bluely flakes to the eve,
Where the kite flitters up in the air,
Where the bellowing cow takes the lead'
Oh! glad should I be to be there.

Where the willow weeps over the stream
That shades the low terrace before;
Where the meek child of poverty plays.
I fear I shall see them no more.

The remaining pieces are called, Twilight Reflections. Mid-day Musings. and Pillow Thoughts. They are of a serious character, and written nearly the same time as the former pieces. I have here selected a few of them, and with these I shall finish my Scrap Book!!. I hope the Reader will not complain of them being dull or melancholy; though I would not recommend the following lines of the Poet—

> 'O say 'tis madness, call it folly,
> You cannot chase my gloom away;
> There such a sweet in melancholy,
> I would not, if I could be gay."

Yet a little of the grave, tends to sober us down, when we have become too buoyant; especially, if regulated by true Religion; we are then prepared for all the changes of life, and for the life of perpetual happiness to come.

TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

The Dwelling House.

Spot of my Infancy, 'tis here I formed the first projects of life, uninterrupted by sanguine expectations, or beclouded by pungent disappointments—gently did my dawn and nightfall glide; and my vision of futurity was fraught with felicity—hoary headed time had scarce taught me mortality. I judged man to be more contented, I thought him more happy than he is—but the sun has risen and departed, more orbs [illegible] have been elevated since that loss, and experience forbids me entertaining any longer such heart cheering opinions towards him. No! he is unhappy, his follies have always a season in his heart.

The Birds.

The Sun has now streamed the rising cloud from the East, with his gorgeous colors; and nature as if impatient to gladden the morn, has handed us even a meek beauty of the fair harbinger. His mighty stride seems to penetrate the bosom of the mist that has [illegible] from its slumbers, and [illegible] ly retiring from the brow of our horizon. The warblers of yon heavens have met together, they have their habitations, they sing among the branches: are they conscious that man is an unthankful being? do they not prompt him to think? and do they not agonize his guilty soul as he reflects, that, their songs are ever new to the Lord.? No hallelujahs appear to die in vain upon their tongues.

No hosannas are sent up to the Highest without meaning, as in man. Their sweet melodies are always uttered forth with expression.

O! happy little creatures of Creation, ye neither sow nor reap, nor idolize to yourselves store-houses or barns. Ye spread the wing before the peep of day, and sally forth in innocency, to take the crumbs let fallen from the fingers of DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Home.

The morning comes forth in the sullen draperies of the mist. She lights upon the countenance of man; she may let fall some drops, but she may yet be born to smile. Her breath is balmy and refreshing at my window, her appearance is congenial to my situation. I am upon the earth, but the earth is almost unknown to me. I am only conscious that it is the seat of mutability and rebellion. The friendship of a creature is as the cloud of heaven that passeth away. It assumes a thousand shapes in its flight, and it often leaves us to weep over the bigness of its promise. The friend! the friend of humanity, takes to himself, a burden that ill requites those tender emotions which his bosom may become the recipient of, especially, should he make the arm of flesh his stay; he then wildly ranges from the source of true happiness, he is seen a child of folly on foot for the shadow.

The Daisy Field

The babe of sorrow no sooner holds footing on the land of vice, then it becomes enamoured: though it snatches at all, and finds all transcient. It plucks the daisy of the meadow with the insatiable [illegible] miser—and all the [illegible] be observed in its deportment. [illegible] the speckled field? [illegible] fractions if unobtained. [illegible] it [illegible] how it will scramble and forget itself, it will act [illegible] beate who flies with equal vigor to seize [illegible] booty. Is it not conscious of its purple bounce, and [illegible]

Proud, impiously proud; though created as yesterday, to be sepulchered on the morrow

The G[illegible]

There echoes no sound of hoop in the place, the striding sports no [illegible] butterfly; nor the school-boys meet to dodge round the lofty elms; or see their smack plough the smooth [illegible] Ye [illegible] ery scenes of bliss, how oft from yon morass have I gathered the tuneful reed, [illegible] my handkerchief with the yellow [illegible], which nature had sprinkled over yon mantle of green. Like the vivid orbs of the second heavens they would strike the eye at a distance. Like the galaxy way thy stream was seen sparkling when tinged by a [illegible] beam.

Like the imaginary residences of fabulous deities thou wouldst appear at vesper [illegible] my cotton ball and my lute, [illegible] by the scissors of a sister [illegible] and died, were once the objects of [illegible]

The bridge, the brook, and the retired cottage are all swept away for a noisy and thoughtless generation.

Children at play.

Spirits of diminutive knowledge, divert yourselves, entwine the lily and convolvulus, deck o deck thy baby ringlets with the wild rose that steals its way through the lattice work of thy arbour. Play with the salled acorn, let the cup and ball wear thy [illegible] away; adorn thy image of life with all the habiliments wrought by thy finger; be happy! what awaits you is unknown, but the recollection of these smiling, these deceitful hours, [illegible] more will abide to the latest period of life.

V

Deceased Friends.

Our friends sleep, they sleep from morning until evening, and from evening until morning; their repose is sweet if they have fallen on the lap of divine mercy. We think of them, but we see them no more. We think of them perhaps, too often what they once were, more than what they now are, their friendship was sweet to us, and we let fall the sacred tear to their memory; but they appear to bear us good will still, their spirits seem to hover around us, though their frail tabernacles have seen corruption; though their eyes which were once wont to welcome us, have been dimmed by death, and their hands, which have yielded to the balmy influences of kindred love, have been still so long; and their visages, which have borne the dilapidations of the grave, yet they seem to exist, not only in memory, but in presence of spirit We are forbidden to sorrow for them, as those who have no hope We have a sure testimony that they live, and that their Redeemer will bring them again with him.

The Preparatory.

It is now no more a Preparatory, the school mistress has found her last home, she has departed into the grave; she has made her final exit. As she saw me coming up in the horizon of my time, so I have seen her descend in the opposite horizon. As she witnessed my childhood of early day, so I have her childhood of late day Thou wast happy then to have us around thy fire, and hear our infant anticipations, while the aged one has cryed her yorkshire cakes. and the snow lighted on the passing waggon; as the horses bells played 'midst the gloom. Then thou wouldest hear us sing our sonnet to the winter and take pleasure in our feeble lisperings. Farewell.

The Thunder Storm.

It is past the tempest is gone bye, and nature that appeared to have put on sackcloth and to have mourned; now seems to deck herself as a bride to meet the bridegroom. How salubrious is the atmosphere! and what a fragrancy arises from around. The winged tribes of the heavens are on the alert How am I reminded of a Resurrection. Though the child of faith anticipates neither the nectarious draught of the heathen deities, nor their amaranthine flowers and ambrosial fruits, yet he looks forward for a new creation, when this earth which was not, and which now is, and which shall not be; when this noisy earth, I say, shall have passed away like a scroll, then shall the perfect spirit, be united to an immortal body; and everlasting joy shall be upon the head of the believer. The thunders of God's Law shall no more be heard to terrify. And the lightnings of conviction, shall for ever cease to play. The poor weary and heavy laden child of heaven there, will find a covert from the tempest, and the storm.

The Churchyard.

Here reigns the majesty of death, here drops the feature of existence—the tender mother, the careful sire, and the once prattling infant lie here. The foe and the friend, the man of business, and the man of retirement, have all become tenants under one roof. Behold O! man the sovereignty of God, Here is one nipped in the bud, and but of few days, there lay another whose age was fourscore years and ten; and who had filled up to his cost the measure of his iniquity. One died here of a lingering disease, consumption ate up his vitals; and pressed him to his mother earth, afflicted in poverty, but whose soul enjoyed the presence of his Redeemer, and whose spirit passed the shadow of death full of evangelical hope. There lies another who thought himself the object of consequence and business, and whose motto was "Let us eat and drink for to morrow we die" but death suddenly seized him, and his boasted arm of flesh, withered to the dumb amazement of those with whom he had to do.

The River.

Where are the late companions of my youth? are they not scattered? O! what strange destinies appear to have overtaken them. How oft together over this stream we have glidden, while the hallowed bell has proclaimed the hour of rest. Too, too often, we set at naught divine authority and sinned away the sacred hours of God. Do any of my companions yet live? some sleep in death I know, and some have long since travelled far away; but do they live to God? or have they yet found mercy? do they ever dream of retribution in another world? and are they yet convinced of Righteousness and Judgment to come? 'Tis a heart cheerless sight, to glance at the inconstant and volatile days of adolescence. The innocency of creation, heightens the guilty appearances of the past. The silent distances, the far stretched out woods, this winding river, when looked at by the eye of innocency how lovely they appear, but, when under a sense of guilt they pain the memory.

But as the breeze that waftes around me, so is thy mercy O! Lord. Though I have sinned, yet, "There is mercy with Thee that thou mayest be feared"

MID-DAY MUSINGS.

Heirs of God and joint Heirs with Christ.

And am I brought so near to God? and am I made an heir to enjoy fully the vision and sense of the Lord's presence? in that happy place, whose inhabitants are altogether holy.

There is not one that loveth or maketh a lie in yonder blessed world. O! the riches of divine grace, what unbounded benefits arise, from the death of God's dear Son. We are made the recipients of his spirit. We are created anew into a holy generation, alive to holiness, and dead to sin. We live, but Christ lives in us the hope of glory. Being united to him, we trust him, we know him to be all powerful. We believe that he is able to subdue satan, who is the prince of this world, who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Blessed Saviour, let thy name be called wonderful! be thou the mighty God, when the earth shall vanish away, and the ungodly shall be driven off as chaff before the tempest.

They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.

In the confusion and din of mortality, there evidently appears, a certain number marked out for singularity of disposition, and circumspection of conduct. The dear Messiah has stated, that he prays for such who are to bear his cross, and become aliens to the world.

We are now upon the verge of two thousand years since he made this declaration and who can scruple to assert, that it is now passing, and has been since the vail of the temple was rent, and the solar beams hid themselves. How happy am I when I can search and discover, that I am one of his members—a child of his kingdom—a just one to be made perfect.

The Earth is given into the hand of the Wicked.

No cross no crown! No fighting no conquering! No labour no rest! Why should I look for peace? where peace is not to be found. Surely the wicked are rich! the wicked are famous! the wicked are glorious! but let me put earthly to each of these, and then how vain! how short lived they appear, and let me put sensual to the character, and then how can an heir of God's righteous Kingdom agree with them; but let me put devilish, and then how fit is the character for destruction; how truly fit to perform all the dire, the dismal transactions, which daily occur. O! man, monster man; by thee is committed, all the evil thou canst conceive. Nothing is too atrocious, for thy nature to do.

Ye must be born again.

We must be [illegible] for heaven, or [illegible], we [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] state between heaven and hell. He that is not for the Redeemer is against him. We are either in a state of salvation, or [illegible], how [illegible] [illegible]. What [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Saviour may say to us at the last, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world,"

Ye [illegible] [illegible] a price.

The Saint is holy, though he dwelleth in a body that would [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The saint is holy and consequently will reign in unsullied happiness, though he has it but [illegible]. He is not his own, he does not [illegible] his own will and inclination. He is bought with a price, God is his Judge, and his [illegible] is his Justifier, he is not of the world, he is not of the flesh though in the flesh. The trappings of pride, the evanescent show of earthly honors, pleasures and riches, are to him as fearful dreams, or tempting allurements; and he no sooner glances at the appearances of evil, when a law within forbids him touching, tasting or handling, not so with the natural man whose earthly mind is such, that he can only see the sable visage of evil, by its most prominent features.

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.

Yea! they are blessed, they are eternally blessed. The exit of a saint is glorious. A divine majesty hangs over his dying pillow, and he goes up to heaven no doubt, escorted by ministering spirits. Dear to the soul is the memory of such a one. To think of their disembodied spirits sharing the extacy of open vision before the supernal Throne of God. Though we once knew them in bodily affliction, or worldly distress, we know them now no more in such a condition. What a pleasure! to the spirit, to meditate on the labours of love and christian friendship below, when we rejoiced with them in their rejoicings, and sorrowed with them in their sorrowings, now to know them exposed no more to the ruthless dispositions of human creatures; and to feel happy under a divine assurance of meeting them again in the haven of immortal rest.

Blessed are they that wait upon him.

O ! God how great and overwhelming are the blessings which accompany the immortal state of Regeneration. How! inexpressibly great, is the gladness arising from a sense of being delivered from death and utter condemnation by the omnipotent arm of the Eternal.

What unbounded satisfaction there is in this life, in knowing that we are fulfilling the Divine Will; in being sensible that we are not under the law but under grace, and shall never come into condemnation. O! how free is a people in such a case, though they walk through the flames, the flames shall not kindle upon them, though they pass through the floods, the waters shall heap together as did Jordon, and the Lord will be with them in trouble. The sun and the moon shall only have power to smite, according to his will.

Rejoice O! ye redeemed of the Lord, let your harps be ever in tune; be instant in season, and out of season O ! consider that the manna falls around thy camp, and the Lord is pleased to feed thee with the bread of heaven, with nothing less than Angel's food. God has brought thee into this spiritual wilderness state, and while the heathen around thee are daily committing wickedness against his Majesty, thou art made to fear him, and to drink of the stream flowing from the smitten rock.

Watch and Pray.

He was tempted in all points like we are, who gave this important exhortation. He saw our spirits that they were willing, but that our flesh was weak, subjected to the tempter's fiery darts, he was aware that his disciples were liable to be overcome, he in his great mercy, and forethought, prayed for them, he saith thus, I pray for them, I pray not for the world. O ! thou eternal Son of the Highest, do thou address me as thou didst Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not"

O ! keep me through thy word, thy word is truth. Let me be convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. Kept by thee, no weapon that may be formed against me shall prosper, kept by thee, a thousand may fall on my right hand, and ten thousand on my left with pestilence, famine and sword; but the fatal consequences shall not come nigh me. But should some sudden calamity overtake me; should the appalling hand of desease press on me; should death threaten inevitable departure, yet O ! Lord kept by thee, thou wilt guard me, and guide me, through all the changing scenes; and thou wilt comfort me in the prospect of dissolution, and receive me in thy presence for ever.

We must through much Tribulation enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

When the mind is elevated, leaning on the pleasures of sense; when the soul is captivated by the vivid flashes of ideal glories; arising from a creation newly formed on futurity, which vanish and die like the ephemera of an hour; how then are we enraptured, and how do we make to ourselves the fatal mistake of judging the most High after our own thoughts, and limiting his dealings towards us. We absolutely dictate to him and expect that he will work the future as we desire it, because we imagine we are what he would have us to be, this conceived complacency arises from the carnal mind. We forget it to be through much tribulation, or being partially minded, we leave out the much, until God in his unerring dealings crosses our purposes. O ! my soul be transformed to the will of Jesus, consider him as a man of sorrows—and consider, that thou must have thy sorrows too; consider thyself as a servant, consider him as Lord—be patient in tribulation, for he has told thee, it would be thine to share. Be comforted in his peace, for he said, that in him thou shouldest have it. What though it may be thy lot, to mourn, to be oppressed, to be persecuted, and to weep; yet, thou mayest be blessed by him with all spiritual blessings.

It is finished.

The sinner is then justified, and consequently will be glorified. The Redeemer—the Branch of the Lord—the stem of Jesse—the wonderful Counsellor, took upon himself the weak tabernacle of humanity. He became a man of sorrows, wounded and bruised, and at last suspended on the tree for us men and for our salvation. The deed is done,—through grace the drunkard leaves his bowl—the voluptuous the banquet—the swearer his profanity; and they become new creatures in Christ Jesus. They live under a sense of spiritual freedom. Righteousness and Truth for them have met together—Mercy and peace have kissed each other. By faith they have cast themselves upon the sovereign mercy of Jehovah. It is by faith they believe, and they shall never perish.

Thou God seest me.

If God be for us who can be against us, may I walk as always in his presence, believing the truth of that declaration, that "In him we live and move and have our being" knowing this, may I walk unfeignedly before God, worshipping him in Spirit and in truth, Amen.

PILLOW THOUGHTS.

First Evening.

How short is life, I have seen the dawn and night fall of another day, and though it has gone wit' all its designs; it appears even at this moment that I first glanced at the rising sun, or its blushing beams broke in at my window. Who can deny time to be fleeting? who can tell me were I wont, now to escape that insatiable monster death? Say thou epicure; command me thou who hast past the boundaries of reason itself, rally me to eat, drink, and be merry; to think of life and not of death; to leap from the imaginary gloom of self enquiry, to the pursuit of corporeal pleasure, but how can I be lost in such a labyrinth of excess? The life-giving fluid, that gushes through the artery, the throb that tells away my second of time, bear with them all the admonitions of faithful monitors. I reject your lying vanities which draw away the immortal spirit from the chaste thoughts of the redeemed of the Lord. You may boast of felicity, it is but nominal; you may live to the gratification of the creature; but know this, as inevitable, if christian than the cross, if the assurance of eternal glory, then the loss of transitory gain. He who spake as never man spake, left this incontestible truth behind him, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" Are ye at peace with earth, 'tis well to be so, but whence seek ye the peace, have you loved the world? then the world loves its own, its tranquillity may be your's until death. Are you free from the influence of its unsound maxims and customs? have you confessed your Lord and Master and borne the natural result? then happy are ye; in such a state; saved by the grace of God you will 'ere long inherit eternal glory.

Second Evening.

Eternity, is there such a state? and am I born to exist for ever? and shall I see the Judgment seat of Christ? O, these are questions which must be answered in the affirmative, were I not assured by the words of the God—man—mediator, had I no testimony of antiquity, if I lay aside my faith as a believer in Christ Jesus, yet my portion of reason may credit the saying. Time is equally as wonderful as eternity. My mind that can quickly range through past days and years; that can fly to all distances, that can rush round the globe we inhabit, and has no bounds to her imagination, it would not be surprising was she to exist to all eternity. But blessed be God, who has taught me to live by faith. I know I have to put on immortality, it hastens, and may appear before next morning's twilight. I may never more behold the travelling sun. The sable vest of midnight may have perhaps fallen for its last time to me. The visage of mortal friendship may have departed. The luxuriant hand of nature, may have received the edict, "give no more!" and if my name is written in heaven, my min[illegible] ring spirits at this present moment may be preparing the cup of consolation, even before hand with death.

Third Evening.

The most profligate and impious that seem to parade the checkered pass of mortal transition, with all their delusive magnanimity of soul, leave this their common truth, that "*Mors est certa, Tempus incertum.*" That earth is a place of no stability, and yet they remain so inconsistant to act and live against a [illegible] tangible. Come out from [illegible] soul, be seperate! live a stranger to [illegible] pleasures, live an enemy to [illegible] die an enthusiast in their [illegible]; yet [illegible] be satisfied! that thou art born again, [illegible] God enable thee, to make thy calling and election sure.

Fourth Evening.

Time hastens, I must shortly undress for the grave. The day of my depart[illegible] is at hand, yet what need I fear, as Jesus [illegible] witness that I am his; surely I [illegible] with sweet satisfaction, at the [illegible] dissolution. What is death but a devel[illegible]ment of all that is great and good. W[illegible] there to fear and to create desp[illegible] I must die it is true, but may I not believe death has lost its sting? may I not rejoice that the Redeemer came to save Will he cast me off in my weakness? will he [illegible] though I earnestly plead with him, when the agonies of death surround my helpless, my weeping spirit? If I ask at his footstool for mercy, for life, immortal life. Can he abandon me then, I am persuaded he will not, I trust him for all. I know in whom I have believed, he will make my journey tranq[illegible] pleasant. Let me cast away all gloomy apprehensions, and live in holy cheerfulness. Let me be thankful for the days as they [illegible], and cease to mourn over them that are gone.

Fifth Evening.

Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, but what does it signify how swift to the believer? he is crucified with Christ, and his life is hid in Christ. O these few passing days! are, or ought to be of little reckoning to him, when such a glorious immortality is opening upon him Surely he may softly and sweetly, go with the tide of time, what has he to

fear, The Lord has, and will preserve him, and when the foundations of the earth give way, he will be found a living stone forming part of that spiritual building, which abideth for ever. O Lord, though my days are as a shadow, yet when I am led to think of that glorious Resurrection to which I am hastening, I am ready to exclaim, " why are thy chariot wheels so long?"—"come Lord Jesus even so"—The joy of heaven is great; the assembly is already formed; God is in the midst of them, and I am not there. They are like the birds of paradise, inhaling the balmy influences of the grove, while I as a worm am wearing out my days on the surface of this vain and benighted earth—but so it must be, they passed their time, their pilgrimage according to thy covenant O Lord, and so must I. O Jesus renew me daily in the spirit of my mind! forbid that I should glory, save in thy death, that which has secured eternal blessings to me; O let me be always looking for thy coming, and as a good steward may I be willing to give up my stewardship: and be enabled to say, "I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith· Lord Jesus, conform me to thyself, that thou mayest receive me hereafter, with a "well done thou good and faithful servant" O grant that when I lay me down on my bed of sickness! that thou mayest lay underneath me thy everlasting arm, then sickness and dying shall be sweet, and death shall be sweeter than all.

Sixth Evening.

The sun has risen, the sun has set. Another day of my pilgrimage is over, O who can say! how many immortal spirits, this tide of time, this passing day, have been thrown upon the eternal shores of immortality. The son weeps, the mother mourns, the first or last born is taken away. The fatherless are left on this ruthless stage of existence, or the widow deplores her widowhood in sighs, and paroxysm of sorrow. Such are the last scenes of our being, however vivid and playful the beams of pleasure and society, may have been around us. Though the house of mourning is sorrowful, it is profitable. We are oftentimes brought to consider, on the instability of human joys, and rejoice in the duration of eternal pleasure. O the animating thought! to be with God, to be like him, to see him as he is, well may it be said, "To die is gain" may these words be ever on my mind, especially, when I am about, to drop my eyelids in nightly repose.

Seventh Evening.

Bread has been given me this day, and garments have been provided for me. God has mercifully borne with my manner up to the present moment. O how slow I have been in most of my actions, how slothful and lukewarm in my prayers; how reluctant to self examination. O that God would give me more faith! more watchfulness, more moderation, more vigilance, and a readiness to self inquiry at all times, to be found doing his divine will, may I ever feel a readiness to die; and be possessed of a true christian courage, when entering the dark valley, and when death shall spread her sable shade over me. How has the stoutest heart which has vaunted itself against its maker and provider trembled here.

What a sacred pleasure awaits us in being ready, and having found that peace which is unknown to the world. The christian comes to a confidence, to the certainty of sharing a glorious Resurrection, and he retires to his pillow, under the blessed impression, that death with him has lost its sting, and the grave its boasted victory.

Eighth Evening.

And must I go to the grave? yes, the common tenement is ready for me, the scene of dissolution comes hard upon me. These eyes must shortly cease to behold the azure heavens—the verdant plains—the rippling stream—and the restless sea. These eyes will one day wear the dim and lifeless cast of death in their sockets—though the sun in the morning shoots forth its vivifying beams—though the moon takes her majestic course, over the vault of night, and the starry and planetary orbs resume their periodical situations, yet these eyes shall no more behold them; mortal vision will depart for ever. These hands will moulder away, and though now the touch is sensibly felt, yet they will receive the sentence, "dust to dust, and ashes to ashes"

These ears which have been charmed, by the lively feathered tribes of the morning, and which have been carried away, as it were on the wings of vocal and instrumental music, will for ever be lost in silence. How gloomy is the appearance of the grave, to the mortal vision! yet how interesting to faith—what though the eye is closed to all terrestrial objects it is also closed to all the many sinful objects of sense and passion. Though the hand crumbles into its original dust, its ceases to labour under oppression, affliction, and the various struggles of human life. The ears though they are dumb as to the world, will be plagued no more, by the ruthless blast of war, pestilence and famine; all! all! will be well to the believer—his death will be gain, come when it will, and his carriage will be for a life of ineffable delight.

Ninth Evening.

Immortality is mine, and before the twilight shall flutter upon the orient part of the heavens, and the waking warblers of the sky, shall stretch their pinions, and shake their plumage to the fragrant breathings of the morn, I may have made my exit, and be ushered into the immortal world, so fitted to the immortal spirit.

May I sleep for a blissful immortality, for a joyful Resurrection. O that ministering angels sent from heaven, may guard me through this deceitful stage of being. May I ever feel, that through the dear Messiah, I am relieved from the fear of death, and eternal condemnation.

Tenth Evening.

What is death? how common the sound to my ears, but how strange the sense to my feeling. What must it be to take a long, a lasting adieu to the sun, to the moon, to the starry heavens; to times and seasons; and to all mortality? What will dying be with me, is a question of some concern. Am I to imitate the nightly taper, whose lengthened flame falls short and shorter still, until the last short spark is left to lose itself in awful darkness; or must I die away more quickly, like some firm oak, whose root strikes deep the forest plain; struck by the flash of tempest, and left to perish by a moment's work. The Lord knoweth the day of my dying, and I w. trust him Amen, and Amen.

NOTES on the 12th chapter of ECCLESIASTES.

The above is a greek word meaning a public speaker. He tells us to remember now our Creator or Creators, as the original word denotes, a plurality of persons. We are to do so in our best days; there is here no relation to time, but it denotes our vigorous days, the best days we should choose in life, when physical inclinations are most active.

'While the sun or the light or the moon be not darkened'—This may be used metaphorically, implying the dissolving of nature or what is called the breaking up of nature; when the functions of the body cease to perform their wanted constant results.

'In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves'—The bones which in old age petrify, the cartilages and tendons turn into bones, the muscles and nerves into cartilages and tendons, and all their solids lose their elasticity, and turn in a great measure, into that earth they are going to be dissolved.

'The grinders cease because they are few', —An obsolete word signifying the teeth.

'They that look out of the windows be darkened.'—The eyes which in old age grow flat.

'The doors shall be shut in the street'—Used metaphorically; those open ways or passages, in the body of man, which the matter of nourishment passeth along without molestation.

'The sound of the grinding is low.'—This alludes to the noise made by the hand-mills, in which the eastern nations daily grind their corn. The sentence shows the feebleness of old age to labour.

'He shall rise up at the sound of the bird' —Old age shall be restless.

'The daughters of music shall be brought low'—The musical powers shall fail, fears shall be in the way, old age like infancy shall fear falling.

'The almond tree shall flourish'—The hoary head similar in color to the almond tree.

'The grasshopper shall be a burden'—This means the man himself. It should be rendered, the locust shall burden itself, shall become enfeebled, and scarcely able to support itself; so is old age, dry and shrivelled, the back bone sticking out, the knee projected forward, the arms backward, the head downwards, lank and lean, like indeed the grasshopper or locust.

'Or ever the silver cord be loosed'—The spinal marrow which has a silvery appearance, and is of so delicate a structure, that when bruised, creates either paralysis or death.

'The golden bowl be broken'—The innermost membrane, called by anatomists, 'the pious mother' because it defends the brain, and is of a yellowish color.

'The pitcher be broken at the fountain'— The collapsions of the arteries, particularly of the aorta at the approach of death.

'The wheel broken at the pit'—The lungs becoming incapable of inspiration, can receive no more blood from the right ventricle of the heart, and consequently the circulation ceases, and the man dies.

'Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'—Thus do we see in this verse, the Deity in the original expressed by another name, yet retaining the plurality of person.

What are the principal features of this chapter? Firstly, the serious consideration of the divine power of God who fashioned us.

Secondly, The folly of all human confidence independant of that power.

Thirdly and lastly, It exhorts us to reverential fear, it points out the immortality of the SOUL, and an awful day of RETRIBUTION.

FINIS.

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Subscriber's' Names.

His late Excellency Sir Donald Campbell, Bart.

Lady Campbell.

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Mrs Fitzgerald
Lady Wood
Miss Hodgson
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ADDRESS.

As this production was not undertaken for public perusal, but expressly to afford light reading to a few friends, patrons and old scholars; being therefore very limited in circulation, it is not to be considered fairly open to public criticism.

The Compiler has introduced a few religious reflections of his own, but hopes he may not on that account, be charged with egotism for so doing; he had no intention, when he first commenced the work, of bringing them forward, but considering them, though of a private nature, yet, as forming a part of his religious profession, he felt disposed to forego the reservation, and to print them, hoping, at the same time, that they who read them, may feel somewhat of the sacred pleasure, similar to that, which prompted him to write them.

Farther, the Editor cannot close this typographical performance, without acknowledging the pleasure he derived, in the very condescending manner, in which this little work was received by the subscribers here annexed. With the exception of a few applications, his solicitations were responded to in the most generous and polite manner. As he was anxious to get off his last form and make a finish, he has omitted applying to many who he believes would most readily have subscribed their names, and who must receive the above reason, as an apology for not being applied to.

Considering the simpleness and trifling character of the Island Scrap Book, the Compiler is led to infer, that they who have so readily patronised it, have done so, from a feeling sense of respect to himself and with referance to his exertions in the training of youth. Even his late Excellency Sir Donald Campbell during his mortal illness noticed it, and kindly allowed his name to be annexed, though unsolicited. It is true, the Editor, presuming upon the experience of the past easy affability of Lady Campbell, was emboldened to address her Ladyship; but he did not expect that His late Excellency would stoop to honor so humble and so faulty a performance.

In applying also to Miss Fanning, when about leaving the Island, with sadness and concern, no sooner received the work, then she hastened to secure with her own name, that of Lady Wood and others, who were in her presence.

When testimonies of respect come from persons more able to estimate character than ourselves, they confirm our decision in the course we have taken, and strengthen our determination in that of the future. The Editor acknowledges the obligation, and in doing so, feels the force and truthfulness of those words which Sir Henry Huntley remarked to him in his address, at the first School Tea Party: That—*He (the Editor) had not come to an Island, whose Community knew not how to appreciate Service and Character.*

G. Hubbard.

Juvenile and Infant Schools,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Oct. 20, 1850.